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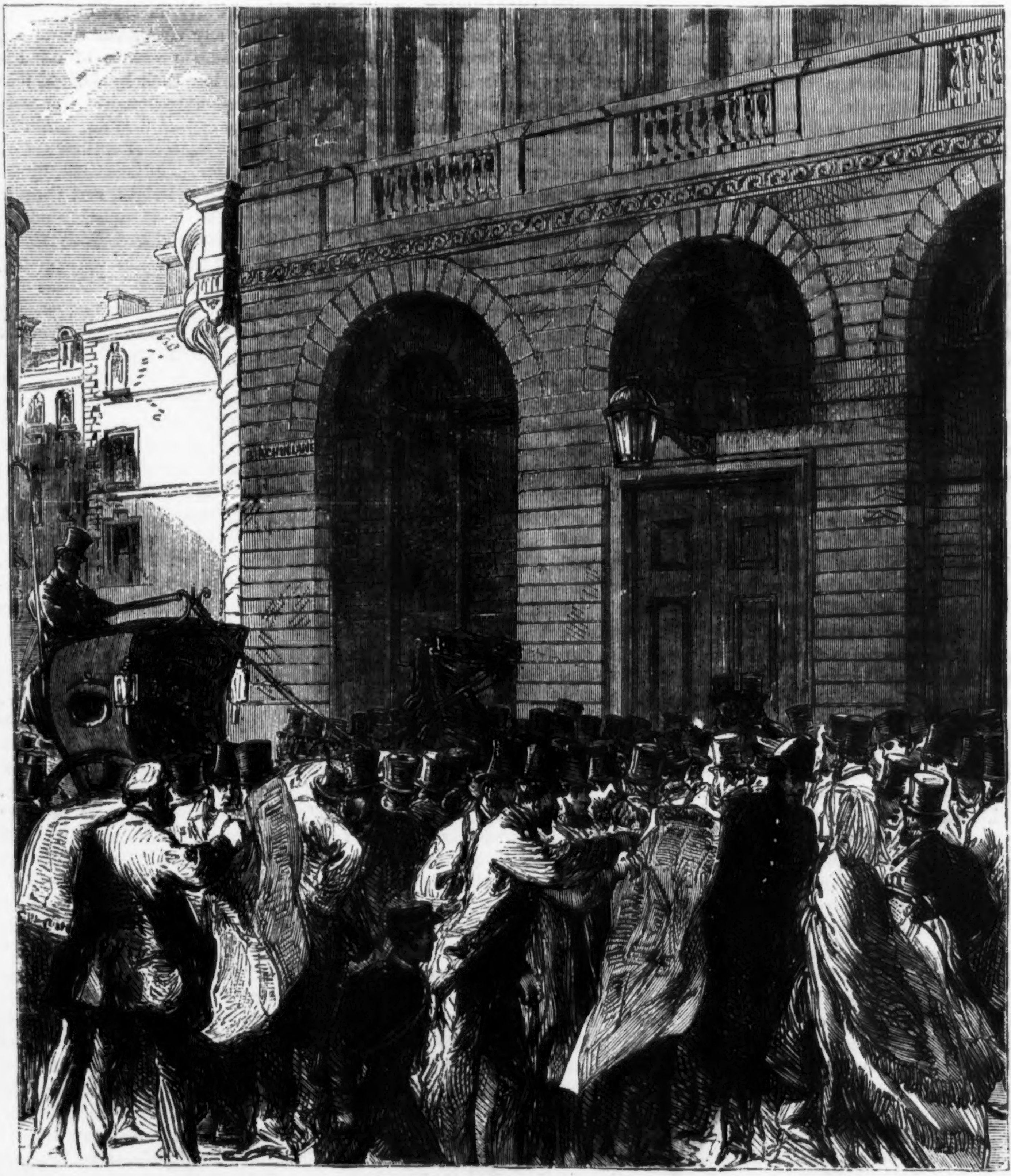
MONEY PANICS.



THE GREAT LONDON PANIC OF 1866.

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MONEY PANICS.

By Richard B. Kimball, LL.D.

Toward the close of the year 1883, some unexpected failures of some large leather-men (by which I mean men who deal in leather) in the City of New York took the business community of that city, as well as the rank and file of the class ycleped speculators, by surprise. It was an unlooked-for and unexpected occurrence, but it produced little or no effect on the aforesaid business community, or on the speculators—no more effect than the peculiar disturbance in the wells of Herculaneum and Pompeii, noticed by those sent to draw water from them, had on the inhabitants of those cities just before the outbreak which buried them centuries deep in ashes.

For, a little before that, bank presidents, discussing the state of affairs with favorite bank customers, over a chop and a goblet of brown stout, or a glass of sherry, at their luncheon, had pronounced the financial situation satisfactory. It is strange these gentlemen did not stop to consider that the traditional ten years had elapsed since the panic of 1873, and that it was time to put their "houses in order." But they did not stop to consider, and they made no attempt to put their houses in order; in fact, they kept on putting them out of order by lending their money to stock operators (gamblers), so that the respectable merchants who were connected with these banks as customers and depositors were certain, when the crisis did come, to be shut off from the lawful discounts to which they were entitled, and be forced to succumb for lack of the assistance they had a right to claim and expect.

It was some little time later, and after the year 1884 had opened, that an adventurous individual, who was credited by the "street" as the possessor of enormous wealth, and who had undertaken to carry through one of the railroad routes to the Pacific (the enterprise which, ten years before, had brought to grief the successful negotiator of United States securities, precipitating the panic of 1873)—I say, as the year 1884 opened, this prominent railroad-man collapsed, and the bank presidents and the speculators, paying slight respect to a defunct friend, began the task of explaining how the thing had happened. It was "just as they always thought. They never believed there was much financial strength in that quarter. The failure would prove a great relief to monetary circles; it would purify the commercial atmosphere," and much more of the same sort.

But, "while they were yet speaking," there came another announcement — an announcement which shook the city to its very centre, and which shook the land as well, for the crash was not alone a business one, not alone a money catastrophe—it was a moral enormity, laying bare a series of incredible frauds, positively unparalleled in their nature, disgracefully wrecking whole families, and throwing the baleful shadow of suspicion over one of the most honored names of the land. Then came with frightful recurrence bank failures and bank suspensions in New York, and over the country. The President of the Stock Exchange succumbed; and house after house of greater or lesser note followed. But this was not all. All sorts of rascalities came to light; accounts of the absconding of bank presidents, bank cashiers and of bank tellers, bookkeepers and confidential secretaries and clerks, filled the newspapers in rapid succession. To this succeeded the era of suicide. Many who could not manage to abscond cut their throats, took poison, or hanged themselves. In fact, the whole country was horror-stricken. Such are the astounding events which mark the Panic of 1884.

I propose in this article to give the readers of the Popular Monthly some account of the money panics, so called, which have burst upon us at nearly regular intervals of ten years, commencing with 1816–17. In doing this, I have the design not only to give a history of what happened, but to make some observations touching the causes which from time to time produce this collapse in the country's affairs, which takes place with such appalling regularity.

Everybody understands what is meant by "Panic." We speak of an army being panic-struck, of people being panic-struck at a fire, on the water, in face of any accident, or when exposed under any circumstances to any danger, real or imaginary, where presence of mind is lost. It is contagious; people lose their heads, and then they do just such strange and unreasonable things as people without heads might be expected to do. In fact, they commit all sorts of extravagances of action, and so the panic runs its course without hindrance till, by degrees, the turned heads begin to get right, and then, in the case of financial panics, the newspapers report a better "*feeling*." And they are right, for, so far as panic, as such, is concerned, it is all Feeling—nothing but feeling.

In taking up the history of these various money troubles, I warn the reader not to mistake the effect for the cause. He must not suppose because he discovers the first breaking out of disaster in Wall Street (I use the term Wall Street to represent our great money centre, and in a sense the money operations of all our large towns), that to Wall Street is to be charged the calamities and miseries of this constantly recurring crisis. Do not be surprised when I tell you Wall Street should not, except in a secondary way, be held responsible for it. It is chargeable to the country—the whole country—and not to the "street." It is true, in our large cities, stock gamblers ply their never-ending vocation; but, if outsiders would stand aloof, these people could only prey on one another, and the public would look on careless of results.

There is in the nature of man a restlessness which tends for ever to drive him out of the common course. In our large and undeveloped country there is the greater and more rational temptation for this. We seek constantly to undertake large and difficult enterprises. We succeed often—often we fail. The rank and file of the people of the United States take an interest in these various schemes, and adventure their time and money in them. They become encouraged, and their ideas inflated, by their hopes of increased wealth. They buy on credit more than they can pay for, and commence thus to live beyond their means. A glamour of prosperity deludes them, and they begin to discount the future, which holds out illimitable credit, and realizations in proportion. The manufacturer, stimulated by the extraordinary demand, doubles his activity, runs his mills on extra time, till a stock is produced which he cannot sell—or, if sold, which he cannot get paid for. Then comes a crisis. The farmer, the manufacturer, the mechanic, the shopkeeper, the divine, the doctor, and the college professor, if the truth be known, have adventured their money; have all indulged in their day-dreams; have all depended on a future which has betrayed them; and now they all must suffer. The veins refuse longer to collect and transmit back to the heart its vital fluid, and the collapse follows. Wall Street can no longer propel, through the arteries of trade, commerce, and general business, the life-blood necessary for their operations, and things come to a standstill. Add the unhappy effects of panic to this, and the picture is complete.

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The war of 1812 between the United States and Great Britain taxed the country, with an impoverished treasury and resources undeveloped, to its utmost capacity. There was no reliable paper currency. For Congress, in 1811, had refused to re-charter the Bank of the United States, whose term of existence had just expired, and the country was delivered over to the evils of innumerable petty banks chartered by the different States. These banks issued in a reckless manner bills with no responsible limit, which, if we except those of the New England banks, were at a depreciation of from ten to twenty-five per cent.

The war was brought to a close in 1815. The succeeding year, that of 1816, proved to be the most melancholy period ever witnessed by the inhabitants. There was neither enterprise nor the spirit which prompts it. People were discouraged. A dark pall had fallen over the land. In most of the Middle States, and in all of the New England States, there were severe frosts in every one of the Summer months, by which the crops were destroyed and incipient famine threatened. Specie payments were out of the question, and the country was delivered over to the tender mercies of petty usurers and speculators—remorseless wretches who had managed to secure enough money to control the machinery by which to start a bank(!) or to individually prey upon the distresses of those who found themselves without any ready means. The hard-working farmer, reduced to the necessity of borrowing from the local Shylock of the neighborhood, in due time was forced to give up his home and move into the wilderness. The distress was genuine and universal. The few profited by the calamities of the many, and a terrible desolation (we can scarcely call this a panic where only a real and dreadful misery prevailed) swept over the land.

The Democrats were at that time in power, and to their praise it should be said that, ignoring party judgments and traditions, they passed a Bill chartering the Bank of the United States, with an existence of twenty years from January 1st, 1817. The effect was admirable. Within two years from the date of its organization its beneficent influence was felt through the whole country. It is difficult now to figure the intense satisfaction of the people in handling "paper money" which they were not afraid to keep in their pockets over night, lest the bank which issued it should break. Another cause for rejoicing was, that these bills were equally current in Boston and New Orleans, as well as at all intermediate places.

It was now that confidence revived. The pendulum began to swing to the other side. The cotton crop increased largely year by year. The fertile lands of the Great West (at that time the phrase meant Western New York, Ohio and Michigan) offered alluring inducements to the farmers of New England, who commenced to emigrate in numbers. Manufactures were largely on the increase. The steamboat had become a success in river navigation; and the new State of Maine, with its marvelous wealth of timber, began to attract the immigrant and the speculator. The genius of De Witt Clinton had devised a plan to unite the "Great Lakes" with the Atlantic by means of the Erie Canal, and in the year 1825 this important work was accomplished.

The Bank of the United States, in its financial correspondence with the money-dealers of England especially, had attracted the attention of capitalists to the large opportunities for investment in the "States." Loan companies were organized, private agencies were established, authorized to invest English money in desirable enterprises, and we may rest assured that these desirable enterprises were at all times forthcoming. In fact, since history repeats itself, the arrangements, just half a century ago, for employing John Bull's surplus money, were very much like the mortgage and loan companies of to-day, constructed to lend English cash on Western and Southwestern mortgages, at the moderate rate of from eight to twelve per cent. interest per annum.

It is needless to say, with these aids to speculation, the period of inflation was soon at high tide. On this occasion the great excitement was in Western lands, with an alluring diversion after Maine timber lands. The country was alive with land-jobbers. They filled every little tavern and shanty through the land. It was just like the oil-regions fever or that after gold-mines, which came later. Rarely was a person to be met with who did not own a city, or, at least, a town (on paper), "out West," and who was not possessed of an imaginative wealth untold. At the same time, strange as we may regard it, no money ever figured in these transactions except what occasionally went into the pockets of the land-surveyor or the map-man, who generally, however, took his pay in "city lots."

I give an amusing anecdote current at the time, and illustrative of the state of affairs. It was in 1835 (so the story goes), when a man with an enthusiastic cast of features reached the city of Troy, N. Y., on his return from the "West," and put up at the Troy House. After looking about the place, he called up Mr. Kidd, the proprietor of the hotel, and said, "Landlord, I rather like this little place. Do you know if it is for sale?" "I cannot answer your question," was the reply, "but I presume the Mayor can tell you." "Please send for him forthwith," said the stranger; and the Mayor was summoned, and came accordingly. The same remark was repeated, and the same question put. "Yes," said the Mayor, "the place is for sale; but there is one condition I am afraid you would not be able to comply with. I should insist on three cents down." "Oh, no! Oh, no! I could not think of that. No money down; certainly not," retorted the speculator; and consequently the city of Troy remained unsold.

In the City of New York the fever of speculation was rampant. It seized not only on the doctors and the legal gentlemen, but it invaded the pulpit, where it might be supposed the clergy could find a safe refuge. It paid no respect to the bench: the ermine of the judge was no protection. In 1837 came the terrible reaction, and all classes and conditions of men went down "in one red burial blent."

I ought to have observed that the charter of the United States Bank expired on the 1st of January, 1837, the Act of Congress for its re-charter having been vetoed by General Jackson. This compelled the bank to wind up its affairs, and in doing so they certainly employed unnecessarily severe methods, which had the effect to weaken all financial credit. The local banks were in this way driven to protect themselves as best they could. There was but little money in the country, not a tenth part of what should serve as a basis for these

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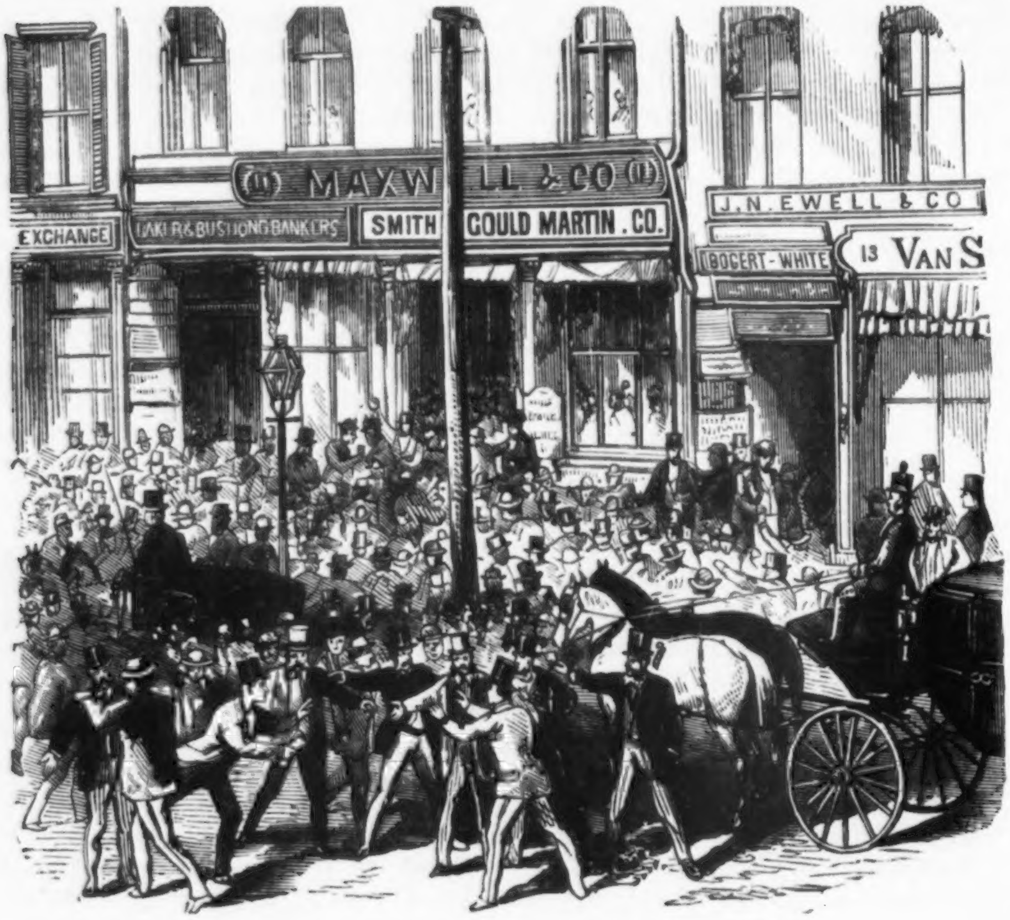


A PRIVATE BANKING HOUSE DURING THE PANIC OF 1873.

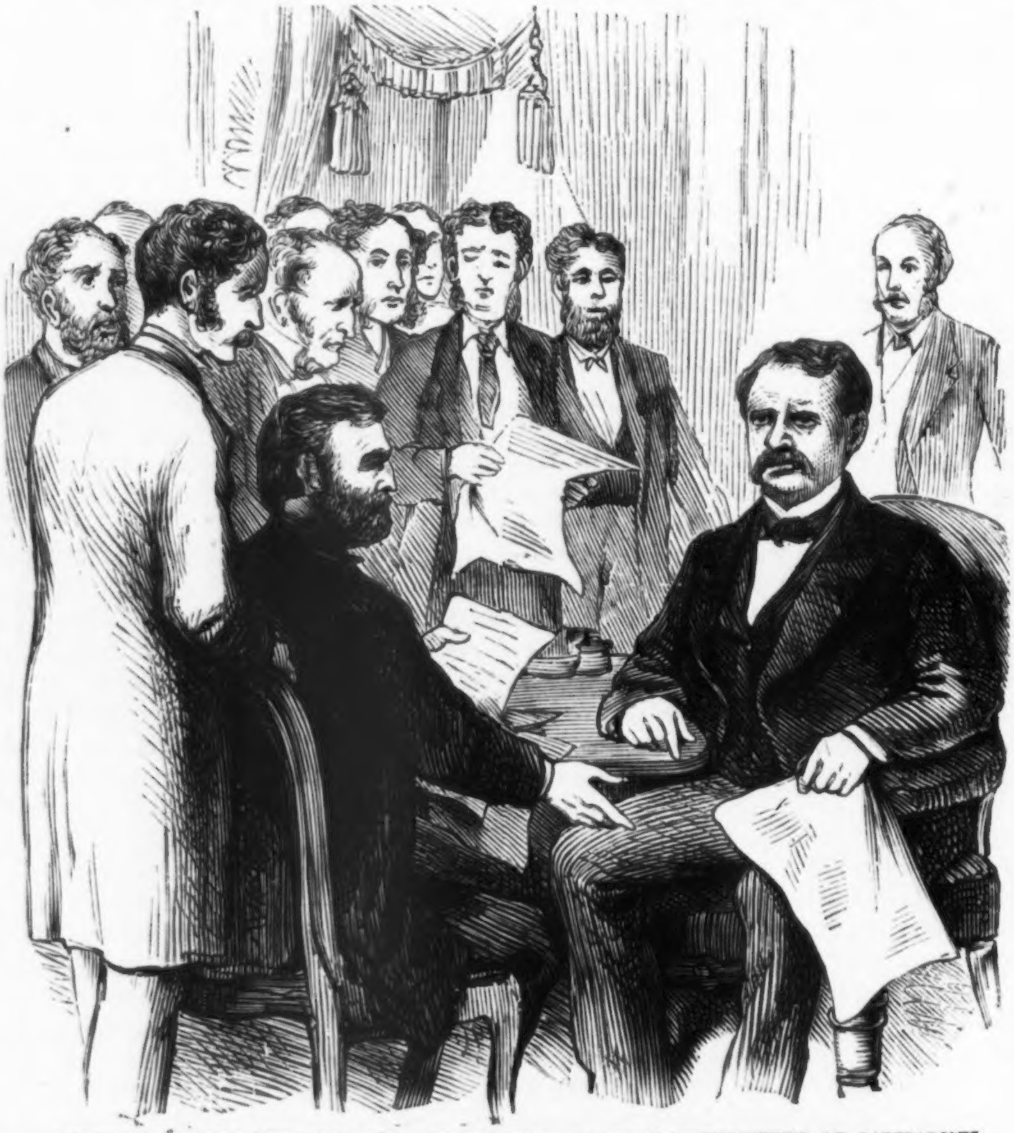
unreasonable speculations, so that a species of universal bankruptcy prevailed.

In England the money crisis was severe. Nearly all the banking-houses which had done business with the United States failed. Of these, the failure of the "Three W's" afforded the most notable instances. The "Three W's" referred to George Wildes & Co., Thomas Wilson & Co., and Timothy Wiggins & Co., all leading houses, with intimate business relations in America. A fourth "W" barely escaped. This was the then famous American house of John Welles & Co., Paris. Welles's accomplished wife (she was a Miss Fowle, a Massachusetts girl, afterward the Countess Lavalette), in the midst of the most stringent period, went herself to the Bank of France with all her jewels, and succeeded in making arrangements for money to carry the house through. I was at that time myself living in the Latin Quarter in Paris, and it is difficult to describe the distress American students were in, since they could obtain no money on their letters of credit when the banks failed; and it took (there were no steamers) sixty days to get remittances from home by the packet-ships.

In America, as I have said, bankruptcy was universal. The bankrupt list seemed to include everybody. The exceptions were those who, by some chance, remained solvent.

At length Congress passed, in 1841, a general bankrupt law, and people's faces brightened. It was an easy-going Bill, and the number who availed themselves of it was enormous. It amounted to a proclamation of the Year of Jubilee, and after the people had slipped through and were free the law was repealed.

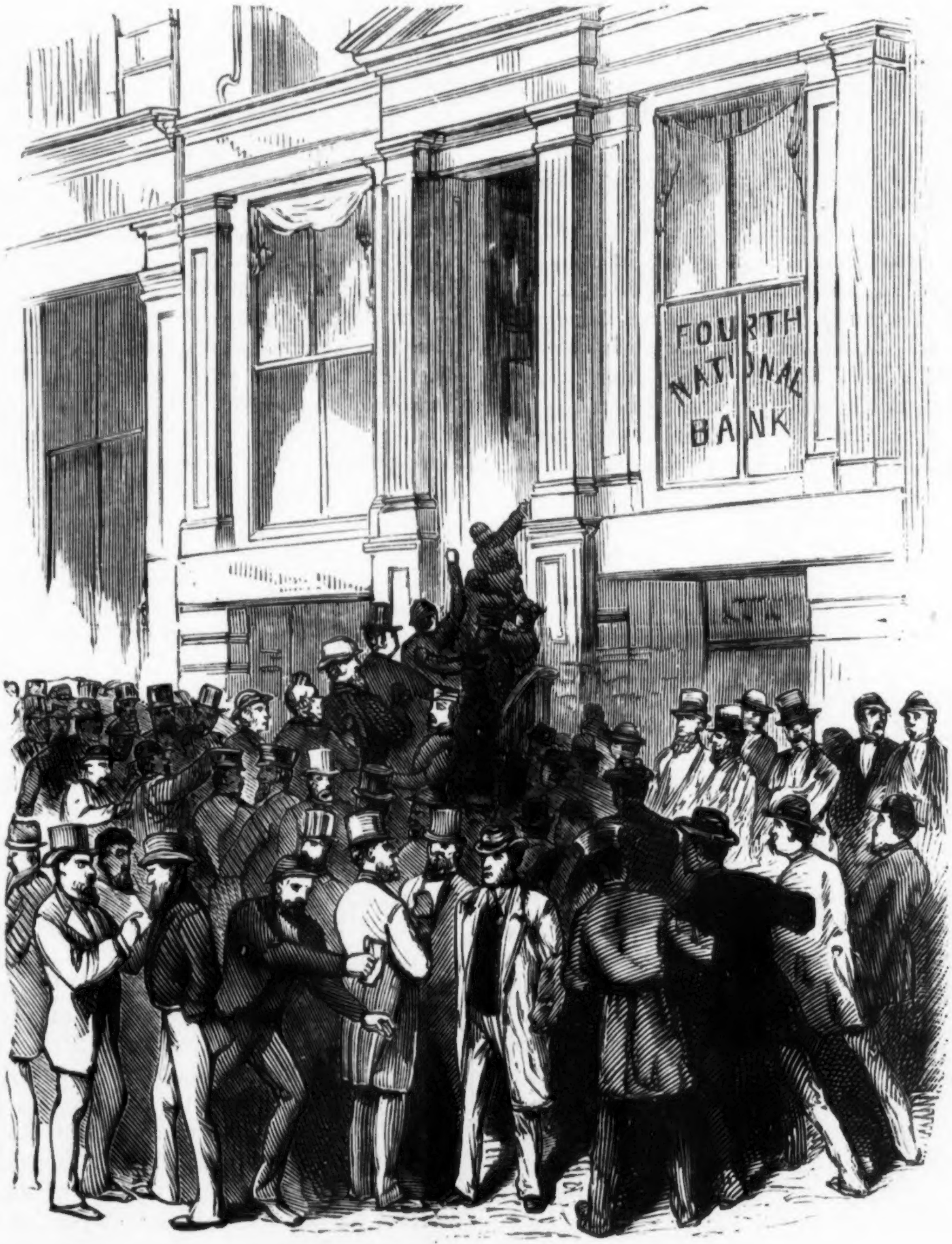
Once more hope was in the ascendant. Folks began to reflect that the country was what it had always been—vast, illimitable, impossible to appreciate in its undeveloped resources. Heretofore the people (so they said) had



PRESIDENT GRANT AND THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY INTERVIEWED BY CAPITALISTS AFTER THE BLACK FRIDAY OF 1873.

traveled too fast, or, rather, had begun too soon. But now the time had come. The prevailing tone was first hopeful, then sanguine. Railroads were commenced, reaching Westward, to develop the wealth of the land; companies were formed for schemes of industrial improvement; additional Western States had come into the Union; the grain and cotton producing area was continually extended, and the universal Yankee nation went at it again!

The next tenth year found the people unprepared as before, but not so entirely carried away by the demon of speculation as during the previous decade. There had been more of solid industry displayed through the country, and consequently more money had been accumulated, and the inhabitants were better prepared for the reaction. The excellent market for grain had attracted the farmers to the West, and swelled in a healthy way immigration to that quarter. Speculation in bread-stuffs sprang up, and formed a new element in Wall Street. Every thing was prosperous and everybody content. As usual, the people began to buy freely, the manufacturers to manufacture freely. The situation was so unlike that of the country in 1837, that the future looked very safe, indeed.



A RUN ON A NATIONAL BANK IN THE PANIC OF 1873.

The year 1847 was marked by the dreadful famine in Ireland; the potato crop was a failure, the crops in England were below par, and it was evident that large demands would be made on the United States for all kinds of cereals. It was on this occasion that Congress dispatched a Government vessel loaded with grain for the relief of the Irish. It was this famine that precipitated the crisis of 1847. For it led to wild and extravagant speculations in grain. Prices rose and rose; fortunes beyond computation were made—on paper; the bottom fell out, and the crash came. One of the most noteworthy incidents in Wall Street was the failure (among many others) of one of the oldest, one of the most honored, and, as was considered, one of the most conservative banking-houses of the city. This house had issued its acceptances for a very large amount, sending agents through the Western States to purchase grain. Cargoes were shipped to England and bills drawn on correspondents there. The fall in the market was sudden and heavy. It literally involved the whole trading community. The farmer who had stored his grain in order to get the very top of the market, and who had counted on the highest price, perhaps picking up small lots from his poorer neighbors, found himself badly shattered when prices tumbled. His distress was shared by others in one way and another. So gloom was over the land again. The Western banks suffered the most. But as all the country banks were forced to draw on Wall Street for whatever balances they might have, often seeking aid in addition, and as failures abounded, in the city the banks themselves were in very close quarters. This added to the prevailing distress, so that the Autumn of 1847 found Panic in full sway.

The Panic of 1847 proved very disastrous in London. There were not only very large speculations in grain, but also in the China trade and with the East Indies. It is a remarkable fact that one eminent commercial house which stopped payment was found, on careful examination into its condition, to have actually been insolvent for more than forty years! It had been sustained by the

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use of its enormous credits, which reached around the globe. Similar instances of a previous insolvency were found, though for shorter periods, in regard to several other firms, which led to many disagreeable exposures when least expected.

While this tenth year had, as usual, found the people of the United States unprepared, they had at least been making some effort to escape from the demon of speculation. There had been more of sober, solid industry throughout; consequently, more money had been accumulated, the resources of the land had been steadily developed, and the country was far richer than ever before, so that the inhabitants were better prepared for the reaction. The consequence was that the period of disaster was comparatively short. In 1837 Panic could not well exaggerate the distress. In 1847 Panic did exaggerate it, and the distress was to an extent short-lived.

There was now a new element of prosperity to be added to the nation's resources.

On the 9th of February, 1848, three men were at work at Sutter's Mill, situated on the American Branch of the Sacramento River, in El Dorado County, California. They were repairing the raceway, which had been damaged by the recent freshets. The overseer of the work was a man by the name of Marshall. His little daughter, attracted by the unusual spectacle of a dry channel where the water usually rushed with violence, ventured to inspect it. Presently she picked up a yellow pebble, and running to her father exclaimed, "See what a pretty little stone I've found." It was a gold nugget. The news flew like wildfire, and by the month of August of the same year more than 4,000 persons were at work in California after gold, and with most promising results. We all know what followed. The speedy settlement of the State and large additions to the stock of gold in the country.

This unexpected discovery and rapid influx of gold was the first great motor to revive the energies of the people and set affairs in motion again. So that the period between 1847 and 1857 proved to be one of most extraordinary activity in every department of industry and in every conceivable kind of speculation. This decade was the era of railroad construction; of gold-hunting, not in California alone, but in Central America and in Australia. It was the happy period for coal companies, for copper companies, for timber companies and land companies, to say nothing of a great variety of smaller schemes and enterprises "too numerous to mention." In short, the entire community was agitated. If you went into the interior you could not encounter an individual who was not the (then) happy proprietor of shares or bonds of some one of these promising corporations. All over Europe, in London, Paris, Frankfort, Amsterdam, and every other important town, you found "American securities" in continually increasing quanities. You encountered Americans at every point loaded with schemes, noisy, self-assured and entirely complacent. Railroads were built with bonds negotiated by English, Dutch and German bankers, while in France, American mining shares—gold, silver, copper, etc.—found a ready market. It was the blissful time for the stock-brokers; they were all rich; everybody was rich, or going to become so—which was to them much the same thing—and so everybody was happy.

But, alas! when the sons of men were feasting in each others houses, Crisis came also, and with Crisis, Panic. It was midsummer—August—when the swift, sharp, disastrous failure of a large and prominent Life and Trust Company suddenly closed its doors. What a commotion ensued! Bankers and brokers, merchants, solid men, speculative men, and capitalists, were telegraphed for at Newport, Saratoga, Sharon, Cape May and other points, to come home and save their property. They did come, only to find there was very little worth saving. Failure succeeded failure, and crash followed crash. The banks could no longer respond in gold to the demands upon them, and specie payments, by a sort of common consent, were suspended. Bank-stock tumbled about thirty per cent. The panic was alarming; it exaggerated the already wretched condition of things a hundredfold, and added immensely to the distress. England and the Continent were seriously involved in this sudden and unexpected overthrow.

It was on this occasion that George Peabody, the great American merchant and banker in London, was forced to seek the aid of the Bank of England in order to sustain himself. He had made extraordinary advances to a well-known banking-house in New York, with whom his relations were very intimate. When the storm burst the leading partner of that house filled his trunk with railroad bonds and shares, and started for London. He went straight to Mr. Peabody, but he had little to offer that in the crisis was available.

Mr. Peabody's application to the bank for aid was always a sore subject with him. For many years I had been on terms of personal friendship with him, and I happened to be in Europe the entire year of 1858. I saw him frequently, and had from his own lips an account of his application to the bank. In the interview he told me he stated to the governor of the bank, who was a personal friend, that he might be in a position to require a pretty large sum of money in the course of a few weeks, and he desired to know *then* if he could, in such a contingency, be accommodated. "Mr. Peabody," said the governor, pleasantly, "that is not business. What sum do you want *now*, and for how long a time?" Mr. Peabody named the amount, and was careful to make it sufficiently large and to put the time sufficiently far off. The transaction was at once concluded, and the amount placed to Mr. Peabody's credit. Mr. Peabody did not use three-fourths of this sum, as I now recollect, and he paid into the bank the whole loan some time before it became due. The rate of interest at the bank had risen to ten per cent., and the governor, in the interest of the bank, shrewdly took advantage of the fact to make the loan on those terms. I may mention, as an instance of Mr. Mr. Peabody's honesty of nature, his reply to me when I said to him, "It was very kind in you to sustain that house (naming the New York house) and carry them through." "Oh," he answered, quickly, "had I not sustained them they would have dragged me down."

At this time a great many foreign houses were carried down, by being overloaded with securities of every possible description, a large portion of which had become, at least for the present (and maybe for all time) utterly valueless. Notwithstanding affairs appeared to be involved in a universal ruin (they were certainly involved in a universal catastrophe), when the panic began to subside and the wreckage was cleared away, much remained that was good and substantial. To be sure, there were mining companies whose shares would remain utterly worthless; but gold, nevertheless, was abundant, and was being produced in large quantities. This gave substantial proof of what could be counted on as certain. The railroads, which were at first unremunerative, began to show large increase of earnings as the traffic of the new sections through which they passed increased. Coal and iron had become, as it were, necessities of life, and were in constant demand, notwithstanding many disreputable companies had gone by the board. The result was that a large number of our railroads gradually redeemed the promise of great success first claimed for them. Other roads were sold under mortgage and reconstructed, and set once more on their feet with fresh capital. Promise, which had now displaced Panic, smiled upon the situation!

The year 1859 came in with hope once more in the ascendant. But mingled with her charming forecast of events were certain dark mutterings, which, at the dawn of 1860, were transformed into dark threatenings, out of the political horizon. These greatly impeded the upward movement in affairs.

This was the year of all years the most momentous in the history of the United States. Abraham Lincoln was elected President in November. In December, South Carolina went out of the Union, and the Spring of 1861 found a rebellion—or whatever other name best suits the sensibilities of the reader—organized in the Southern States. For one year the country sustained the shock and the money pressure, with no depreciation of its bank issues. It was a year of gloom, of misery, of wretchedness. Then came the enormous issue of paper money, with its rapid depreciation in value, fluctuating suddenly and largely, as news of victory or defeat were brought. With this there now came an era of prosperity to the land. I am serious when I use the term prosperity. All the industries, all the labor resources, of the country were employed. The Government wanted men, arms, accoutrements, provisions of every kind; clothing in every shape; steamships, large and small; live stock—cattle; horses, mules—everything, for which the highest prices were paid. Issue after issue of Government bonds were made. The handling of these bonds enriched the famous banker and his subordinates who were intrusted with their sale. The country responded nobly. United States bonds were offered largely abroad. The Dutch were not afraid of them, the Germans were not afraid of them. Both countries invested largely in them. As for the English, they preferred "Confederate bonds"! We shall see by-and-by how severely they fared by the investment.

The war, notwithstanding the fearful loss of life, the enormous expenditure of treasure, and the unhappy distraction which an unnatural state of things produces—I say the war was to the people of the United States (I mean *all* the States) a source and cause of benefits innumerable. We got rid of slavery, and at the same time rid of the dangerous altercations which always threatened to disrupt the country. We vindicated the strength of republican institutions before the whole world, to the infinite mortification of England and the discomfiture of the Emperor of the French. The tremendous exhibition of *power*, North and South (as much South as North), displayed in battle array, ending in a peaceful and contented reunion of forces, put the United States of America in the first rank of first-class powers among the nations of the earth.

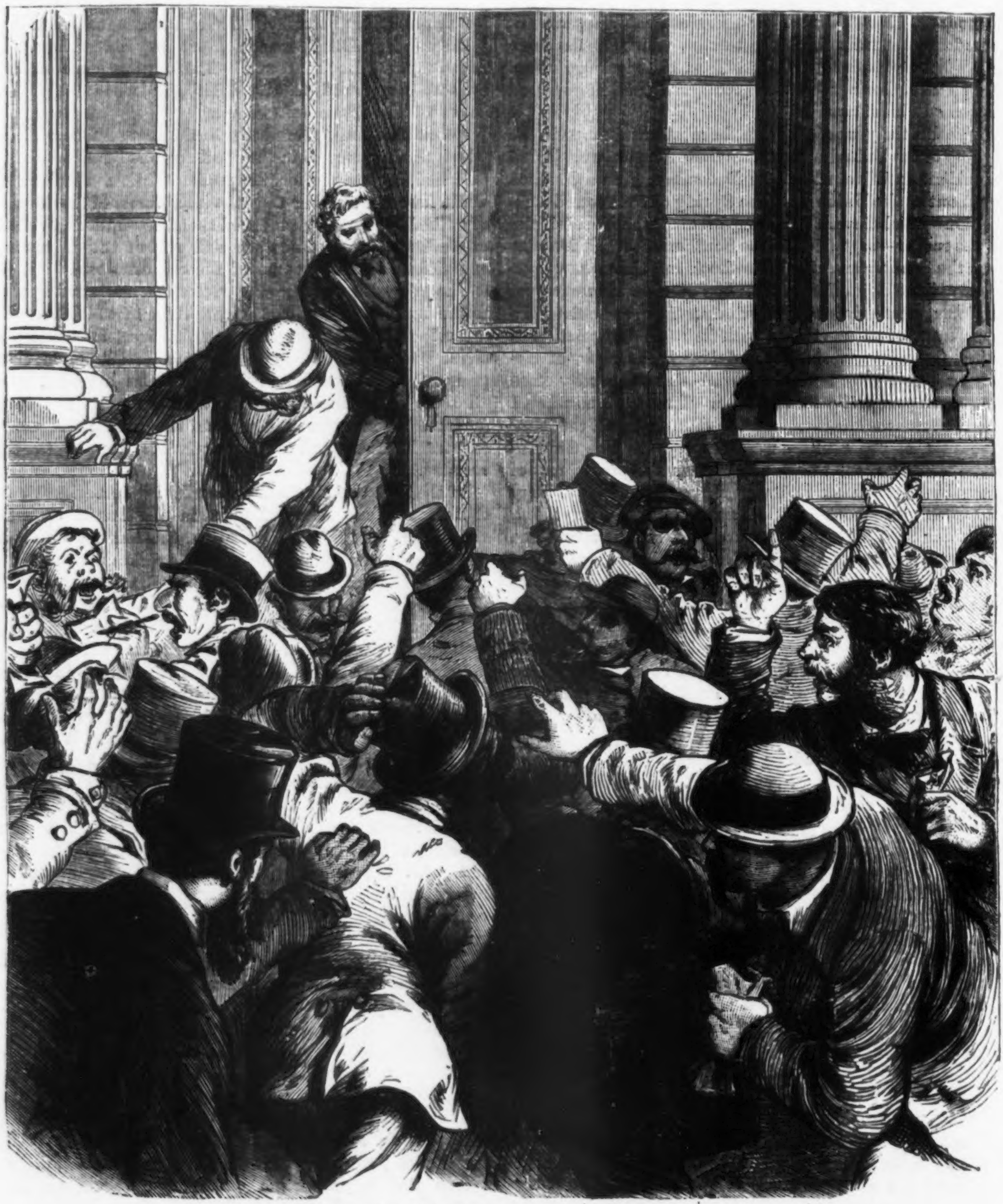
But there was another side to the picture—a side not pleasant to contemplate. There were certain hideous creations of the war growing out of the suddenly amassed wealth of the army contractor, the purveyor of army stores and equipments; of the dealer, in short, in everything required by the exigencies of war. I repeat, the sudden and overgrown wealth of these persons, often uneducated, coarse and vulgar in their notions and habits, brought into wretched prominence a new set in society. These people were blazing with jewels and vulgar adornment. They bought, at foreclosure sales, the beautiful residences on the avenues which the old and respectable families were forced to quit, because oppressed by the adverse condition of things; for they did not know how to get money, or make money, according to the new dispensation. This was termed the reign of Shoddy, and a most disreputable reign it was. It was not alone that a certain class had become suddenly enriched. It was the evil example which such as these presented to the young, who had to secure a living by unremitting industry. Their actions and conduct plainly said, "Don't work; don't be industrious. It doesn't pay. Look at us!" These were some of the evils to be placed to the debit side when taking account of the results of the war.

About this time, there came to the front another class, whom the discoveries in the "oil regions" had suddenly enriched beyond any ordinary computation. This class, while fewer in number than the inhabitants of the domain of "Shoddy," greatly exceeded them in wealth and vulgar expenditure. Anecdotes are still rife of the disgusting exhibitions made by some of these individuals.

The necessities of the war gave a tremendous impetus to the building of railroads, the chief of which was the marvelous work which connected the Great East with the Great West, the railroad to the Pacific. True, in Congress, the construction of this road was attended with all sorts of political jobbery, terminating in the open disgrace of many members; but the road itself was a substantial fact, and of inconceivable benefit to the country.

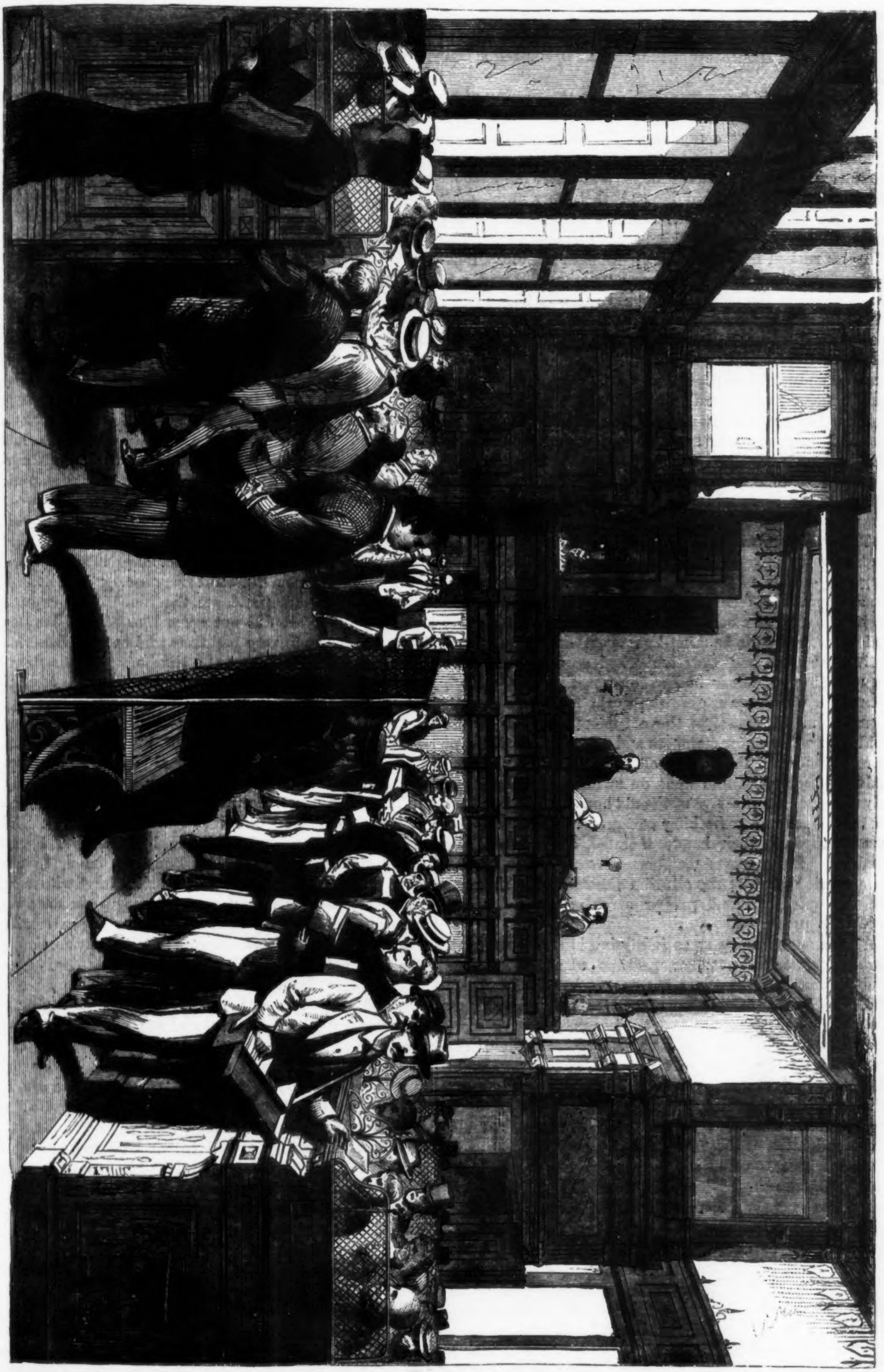
In the midst of all these extraordinary demonstrations, these marvelous accumulations in the hands of individuals, this tremendous inflation, the tenth year again made its appearance, and demanded a reckoning. At least such was the judgment of old-fashioned, cautious people. But no reckoning was permitted. "The time has gone by for panics. The country is too rich to be frightened by bugaboos," was the language of the sanguine. Many judicious people, however, declared it was time to return to specie payments; they admitted that, so long as paper money was easy of manufacture, so long it would be possible to put off the evil day. But was it best to put it off? The answer of the country was "Yes." And the evil day was put off six years, namely, from 1867 to 1873. There was an ample explanation, and, in a sense, a good reason for this, in the condition of things after the close of the war, which made it of the first necessity that, with the still low credit of the Government, no money crisis should come upon us. So the Government went on manufacturing bonds at a large rate of interest, and resumption of specie payments was not attempted.

Let us stop here, and take a glance across the water at our English friends. In England, as everybody knows, the sympathy of the wealthy classes was entirely with the South. They thought that their mercantile and commercial interests would be greatly served by the dismemberment of the States. This influenced the commercial classes. The aristocracy, with an instinctive dislike of republican institutions, expressed, without reserve, their satisfaction in seeing, as they supposed, the "Great Republic" come to an ignominious end. It is true that a proportion of the middle classes, and nearly all of the lower classes—the artisans, mechanics, and day-laborers—of England sympathized with the North, and bore without a murmur the diminished cotton supply, which compelled them often to work on half-time. But the power, the wealth, and the influence of England were exerted against the North in the controversy. The result was that that country became a gilded Mecca for our brethren of the Southern States, and thither they resorted. There they sold "Confederate bonds," and disposed of "Confederate Cotton Loan," as fast as they could be manufactured, at prices far above par (United States bonds could be purchased below fifty per cent.), to eager, sympathizing John Bull. It was not a happy period for the Northern man to visit Great Britain. He encountered Southerners at all the leading hotels; he met them in great variety and profusion in private houses; he could not call on his banker, or on a leading merchant, without finding them already in possession of the private office, and in close consultation with the principal; he was subject to continually-repeated stale jokes and witticisms about the collapse of the "Universal Yankee Nation." This, too, from personal friends, who, notwithstanding any previous intimacy, appeared to take delight in causing him chagrin and annoyance by specially marked attentions to all hailing from the other side.



CLOSING THE DOORS OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE ON ITS MEMBERS, IN THE PANIC OF 1873.

While our war lasted there was no disposition in the English to invest in the various enterprises which were in full progress in the North, stimulated, as I have said, by the continual increase of paper money. After absorbing quantities of "Confederate bonds," which became a feature in the stock market, they turned their attention



MONEY PANICS.—THE CLEARING-HOUSE, NEW YORK.

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to other schemes in other quarters. There were large ventures in Italian railways and Italian irrigation companies, and other Italian schemes. Others found in Germany and Russia opportunities for promising speculation.

This period is specially noticable for the passing of an Act by Parliament (in 1862) authorizing the creation of "limited liability" companies. In other words, companies where the liability of the shareholders is limited to the amount of their investments, and where no personal responsibility is involved beyond that, very much after the plan of the New York statutes providing for the organization of various kinds of corporations. The English rushed into this "limited" plan with impetuosity and recklessness. The word "limited" stared you everywhere in the face. You could scarcely take a bath, ride in a cab, order an overcoat, or lodge in a hotel, without the aid of a "limited" company. There was much harm in thus adapting the machinery of the Act to the smaller industrial occupations, for it caused a less careful attention to the details of the business when personal responsibility was not at stake. The experiment was still more dangerous when applied to banking business, to bill-brokers and large discount-houses. The Englishman was wedded to the joint-stock system in banking, where every shareholder is individually responsible to the full extent of the liabilities of the banking-house.

The new corporations made a strong bid for public patronage by offering unusually large rates of interest on deposits—often as high as five per cent. To pay this and to make dividends, the sums lodged with them had to be invested at a considerably larger rate. This could only be done by the banking-houses embarking in speculative schemes, and they embarked accordingly. The largest discount-house in London was that of Overend, Gurney & Co., known over the world for its solid, sure foundation. At this time the old members of the house sold out to the junior members and retired. The latter at once transformed the famous old concern into a "limited liability" company, and went on swimmingly under the advantage of the prestige of the old house. The business of this house was something enormous. Amounts daily passing through their hands, if stated, could scarcely be credited. The younger members were ambitious. They were carried away by the alluring situation of affairs, and they accepted without proper scrutiny the notes and securities presented.

At this time England was indulging in an extravagant, reckless speculation never perhaps witnessed in the United States. But the crisis was at hand. In April, 1865, the Southern Confederacy collapsed, her armies were disbanded, and the Stars and Stripes floated once more over the whole country. What a commotion in England! For suddenly the bonds of the South, so eagerly sought after, became like waste-paper. The shipping merchants who furnished steamers to run the blockade, and helped fit out *Alabamas*, went to the wall. That was not all. The termination of the "American War" had apparently a baleful effect on the whole class-speculative in England. Italian railroads required more money; irrigation companies asked for further installments; Russian schemes and German schemes required further investments of cash to develop their promised results. Then came Distrust.

An important, indeed, a very large, commercial house in Liverpool suddenly suspended without notice or premonition of trouble. This house had large relations with the railway magnate Sir Morton Peto. There was a disturbed state of feeling in London consequent on this failure, which ordinarily might have passed without serious notice.

On Wednesday morning, May 9th, 1866, the house of Overend, Gurney & Co. applied to the Bank of England to re-discount a large amount of bills. The bank, carrying out its settled policy not to discount for discount-houses, peremptorily refused. The next day, Overend, Gurney & Co. applied to the bank for a loan on a large deposit of what they called securities, such as they had ventured large sums upon; it was refused, and thereupon Overend, Gurney & Co. closed their doors. Their liabilities amounted to £10,000,000 sterling—over $50,000,000!

Meantime the limited liability corporations were running to the Bank of England for aid on their so-styled securities—not a shilling could they get. Sir Morton Peto's firm then went by the board with £4,000,000 sterling liabilities, and everybody felt that the next day—Friday, May 12th, known as "Black Friday"—would witness extraordinary scenes.

I was in London at the time. My headquarters in the City ("in the City" is a term used in London to express what is meant by "down-town" in New York) was at a prominent American banker's. All the American houses during the crisis stood firm and unscathed, for they had had nothing to do whatever with prevailing speculations. The representative of the American house I speak of was one of the junior partners and a personal friend of mine. I was in his private office Thursday afternoon, and on leaving he asked me if I was coming into the city the next day. I gave a doubtful response. "You had better come in," he said, "and see the fun." The expression grated on me. It did not seem like him to employ it. It struck me as in very bad taste and out of place that he should speak in this way at a time of so great a financial disaster because his own house was in a safe condition. I told him so with considerable emphasis.

"My friend," was his reply, "it was my duty to represent our house in London from the commencement of the Rebellion through to the close. I had, socially, many friends here, and I counted, aside from attending to affairs, on having an agreeable time. Instead of that, I lived the entire period in a species of purgatory. To be sure, I had abundant invitations to dinner; but wherever I went I found myself confronted by Southern men, to whom were allotted every possible attention, and who treated me with marked discourtesy, while my presence seemed rather to be tolerated than enjoyed by my entertainers. All the conversation was directed against my section, and was of a nature to make my ears tingle. It is impossible to describe to you how much I was harassed and annoyed. Of course I stopped accepting invitations. This was not all. I encountered much the same thing in the street. Every morning when I came to the City I was met with insulting observations and jeering questions, such as, 'What news this morning from the Dis-United States?' 'How about the Yankee Republic?' and so on. At last I settled into a regular habit. It was to come in the morning, attend to my business, and at the close of the day go to some quiet place and dine, thence to my chambers, where I took a cup of tea. Then I locked my door, smoked my cigar and went to bed. Now, d——n 'em, let them break."

And they did break!

I came in on the morning of Friday, May 12th, as my friend advised, and I can never forget the scene. I had witnessed a great many panics in various countries, including our New York panics, with their exciting and turbulent demonstrations, but I have never seen anything which equaled in desperate, furious commotion, the scenes in Lombard Street on that memorable 12th of May, 1866. The streets in the vicinity were blocked at an early hour by an eager crowd, anxious to draw their money from the banks, and by another and not altogether inspiring set who gathered as spectators. Respectable old gentlemen, with bags in hand, would approach, draw the gold and come out, frightened by the chaffing of a curious mob, some of whom would propose a division of the spoils. Frequently the parties would return and redeposit. Said an old gentlemen, who was about to draw out his money from a prominent bank (for all were distrusted), to a young man who was making a deposit, "How much are you putting in?" "Four thousand pounds," was the answer. "Is it your own or your employers' money?" The young man named a substantial city house as his principals. "I think I can trust their judgment," said the old fellow, and left the bank with his money undrawn.

At this time the "limited" houses were all forced to suspend, and large numbers of first-class merchants. The joint-stock banks stood firm, as well as the private bankers, who did business on the same principle. The Bank of England came boldly to the relief, and advanced on the occasion over four million sterling ($20,000,000) to Lombard Street, at from nine to ten per cent. interest. The next day the Bank-charter Act was suspended by the Government, by which the Bank of England is allowed to over-issue (a virtual suspension of specie payments), and the relief was instantaneous.

A leading London paper gave the following description of the panic: "The money unsettledness of several weeks which the day before rose to a gale, culminated in a tornado, the frightful force of which was far beyond all precedent in the memory of the living, and which, if it had continued twenty-four hours longer, seemed likely to involve in disaster and wreck all the money interests of the country. Owing to the moral courage and promptitude of the Government, the fury of the commotion was as short-lived as it was violent. This trouble was entirely limited to England, and there was no general unsoundness in commercial affairs."

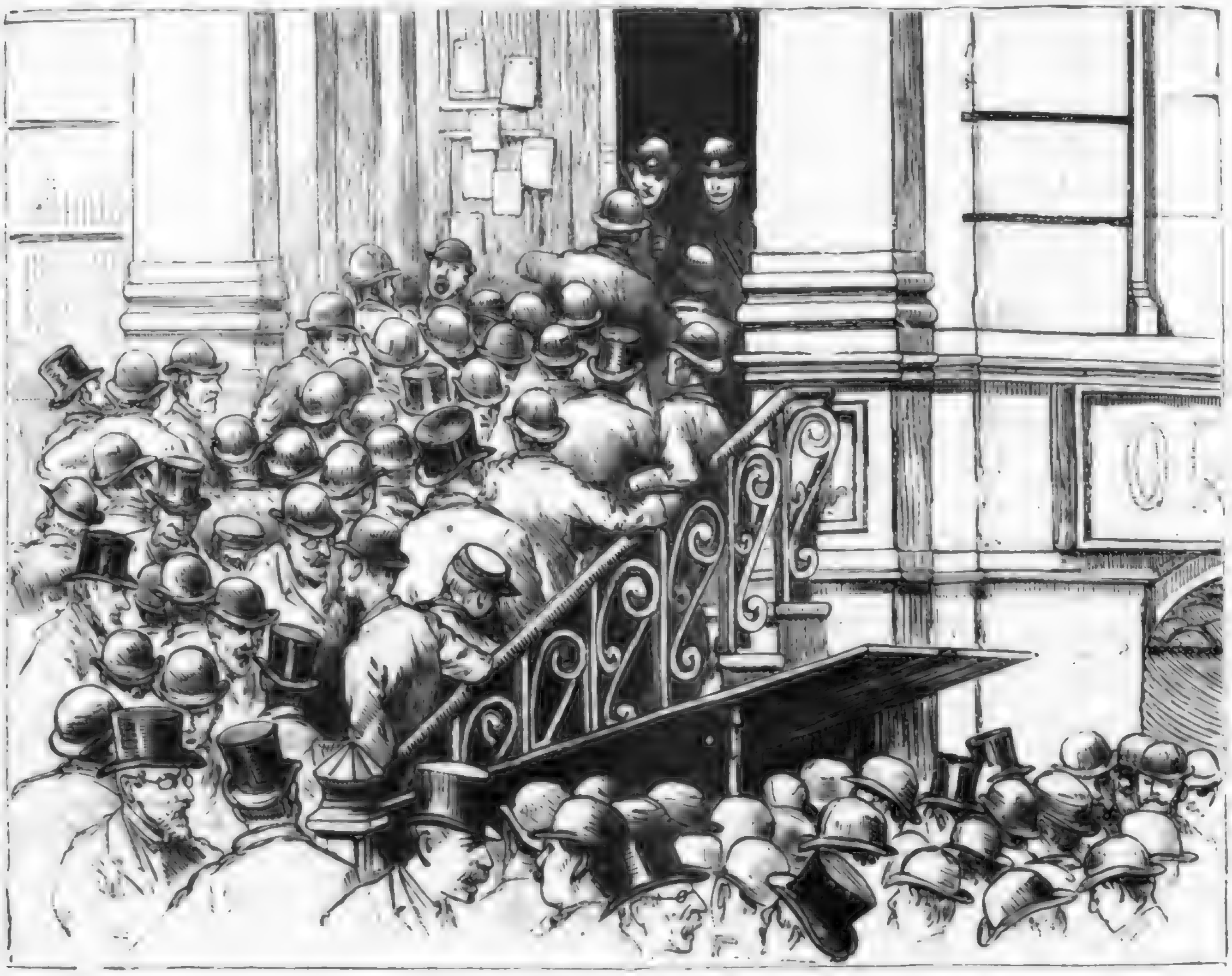
To return to our own country. I have remarked that the enormous issues of paper money postponed the crisis which, in the nature of things, was sure to come. The country at large was in a sounder condition than it had ever been before. True, the nation had incurred an enormous indebtedness, but the money had been distributed everywhere through the land. The farmer had found an ample market for his products at large prices, payable in paper. But with that paper he could pay off the mortgage upon his place, counting dollar for dollar. The mechanic had all he could do at good rates, and the laborer received high wages. As to the manufacturer, it was with him a season of perpetual harvest. The fact is, while the nation as a body had been depleted, it was only to send out its wealth in small channels to the people. Of course, instances of overgrown accumulation, such as I have mentioned, were abundant, but it did not interfere with the prosperity of the industries.

Meanwhile the tide of speculation was at the flood. And now began to be gravely considered the necessity of a resumption of specie payments by the Government. The very idea gave speculators of every description a cold shiver. Those were halcyon days with these gentlemen, and they got up meetings to declare that the United States should conduct its affairs independent of other nations! Why should we pay our bonds in gold and silver, when greenbacks were good enough for us? This wretched twaddle gained but few adherents, and it brought the sober thought of the country to bear upon the situation.

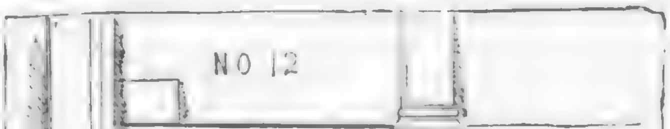
Toward the close of the Summer of 1873, the sudden, precipitate failure of a prominent house, which had acquired large wealth by successfully making a market for United States bonds during the war, brought on the memorable panic of that year. This house, bold and courageous, undertook a northern route to the Pacific. It was a great enterprise; but they had faith in it, and they endeavored to inspire the same confidence throughout the community. They succeeded in part, but not wholly, and failing to mobilize their scheme, they were obliged, without note or warning to constituent or correspondent, to succumb. The scenes which followed could scarcely be exaggerated by even the sensational journals. A large proportion of what was termed the circulating medium (*i.e.* greenbacks) was rapidly hoarded, and as failure is inability to deliver when called on what we have not got, nearly all of business New York failed. Not that it stands exactly in this way recorded; for those who had deposits in banks (imaginary deposits, for really they were no longer there, for the banks, as is their habit, had employed them) checked against the amount which stood to their credit. These checks were duly "certified" to be good, only they could not be honored if they were presented to the counter for payment, but by a fraternal and certainly wise and judicious arrangement between the banks, by which they undertook to sustain each other, bits of paper were originated which were supposed to represent greenbacks, and passed current as such between them, like the present gold certificate, with the difference that one was imaginary, the other is real. By this plan the danger was tided over, and a great catastrophe averted. It amounted in a local way to the suspension of the Bank Act in England.

The Stock Exchange undertook to stay the overwhelming tide which was sweeping everything before it, by closing its doors. The monster which had seized the "street" threatened to devour everything in its path, and common cause was made against it. I am sorry to record the fact that the numerous speculating concerns which called themselves bankers showed no disposition to combine or unite to stay the inroads of the destroyer. On the contrary, much jealousy and much uncharitableness were manifested, and the word seemed to be "each one for himself." This crisis passed over and affected the entire country with force and disaster; for, it turned out, that all sorts and conditions of people had been speculating as of yore—that is, had become interested and had invested in the various schemes with which the country was filled. Real estate met with a terrible fall, or, rather, downfall. Many persons who had gone to bed worth millions, by universal acceptation, awoke to find their property not worth the supposed light mortgage which was recorded against it. Some quitted the city; some committed suicide; some quietly accepted the situation. While many instances of embezzlement and fraud were discovered, and various money institutions suspended, never to be revived, this cannot be called an era of fraud in affairs generally. I do not speak of the extraordinary career of Tweed and his ring, which, about this time, came to its disgraceful close, nor of the many and varied imitations of this ring in other States, because these are not to be classed under the head of "Money Panics." I repeat that this was not so much the period of personal fraud and rascality, as of the fraud and rascality of rings and combinations.

The panic, like all panics, subsided. The crisis came



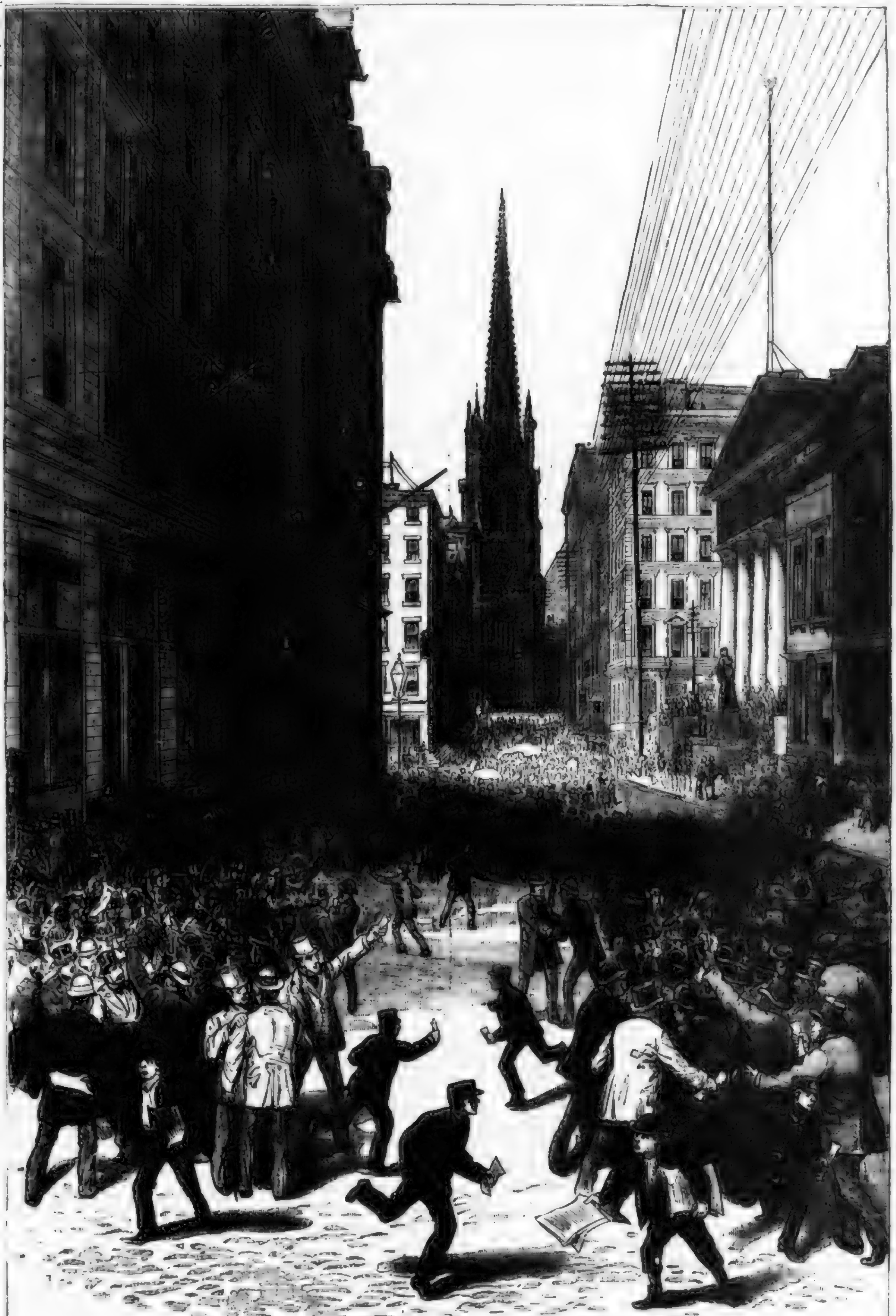
SUSPENSION OF THE METROPOLITAN BANK. 1884.



REMOVING SECURITIES DURING A PANIC.

to an end Prices were marked down, and folks went to work again. To be sure, the same people did not occupy the same fine houses, ride in the same carriages, or drive the same fast horses. But the houses were still there, firm enough. The carriages and the horses had not suffered collapse. Other people occupied the houses, rode in the carriages (freshly varnished with brand-new coats-of-arms), and drove the fast horses on the road. On the first day of January, 1879, our Government resumed specie payments, and took at once a first rank among solvent, faith-keeping countries, *primus inter pares.* This enabled the banks to resume. Preparation for resumption had long been going on, and, when it came, the result stultified the predictions of the croakers and the pessimists, who had predicted another terrible crisis in affairs. From that time tremendous strides were made in development of every kind of industry, and in pushing forward the various enterprises which had already been planned or undertaken. This brings us to the consideration of the present condition of affairs, and of the crisis to which I alluded at the commencement of this article.

One of the inevitable results consequent on the remarkable promise held out to the sanguine and courageous in the surroundings of a young country, with an enormous territory and a rapidly increasing population, is that many valuable projects, which are sure in the end to be remunerative, fail, perhaps, just as success is about to be realized, leaving the work finished and the projectors bankrupt. Then we come upon another



A VIEW IN WALL STREET, LOOKING TOWARDS TRINITY CHURCH, DURING THE HEIGHT OF THE PANIC, MAY 14TH, 1884.

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class, shrewd, keen, remorseless. They form combinations, or possibly, when strong enough, work each for himself. The expenditure of years in money and labor falls into their hands at an insignificant outlay of cash. They reconstruct the broken railroad corporation. Once in control, it becomes a simple matter to re-capitalize the road at twenty times the original amount, and perhaps to make it in combination a trunk line. This has brought a new class of men to the front, who have displaced the army contractor and all of Shoddydom, before whom the wealth of the oil-regions is dim, and the splendors of mining kings fade. The deposits of these overgrown men of wealth were not acquired by the legitimate application of capital combined with industry, nor by honest inheritance, but by the appliances of a fertile, cunning brain adapted to the exigencies and misfortunes to which early though valuable enterprises are subject. The wealth got together in this way is like that of the gambler without his sense of honor, and of the highway robber without the peril which he braves. These people have no conception of human responsibility, nor of any duty to the mass of humanity they see struggling around them. Their lives are cold and rayless, and their only satisfaction is in the successful prosecution of their unscrupulous designs.

A recent traveler in Portugal gives an amusing account of the exaggerated mode of salutation among the inhabitants. The beggars in the street and on the highway are entitled to a certain style of address. A workingman takes rank with an English magistrate, and must be saluted as "Your Worship"; an ordinary tradesman, as "Your Lordship; while "Your Excellency" is reserved for all the upper classes. This habit is so complete that even the street-boys maintain it, and you frequently hear such expressions as, "Your worship is cheating," "Your lordship has stolen my kite." Between the years 1873 and 1883 there came into vogue, financially, something of this habit of exaltation in titles by the exaggerated and ridiculous rating of individuals (agreed on among themselves as a mutual admiration set) whose means, like those of the unlucky Antonio, were "in supposition." It was, "Your worship who is worth five millions," "Your lordship who is worth twenty millions," "Your excellency who is worth a hundred millions." These men all had a peculiar appreciation of each other. They were all of the class I have just attempted to portray! So long as affairs went swimmingly they swam together in a delightful accord. But when symptoms of financial trouble were pregnant and disturbances were threatened, came loud complaints of, "Your worship is cheating," "Your lordship has stolen my kite." It is still fresh in the recollection of New Yorkers how a distinguished Atlantic Cable man sailed for England, and how one of the most prominent of New York's citizens, who had once been a candidate for the Presidency, went to the steamer to see him off, and how, on the return of the distinguished Atlantic Cable man, he published an accusing communication against his supposed friend and coadjutor, in which were charges (denied, of course) that can be properly paraphrased by "Your excellency has stolen my kite," and much to the same effect. I mention these little items, not because it is of the least importance to the public which one depleted the other, but as characteristic of this class, which class had a strong hold on the vitals of Wall Street when the last panic broke upon us as described in the beginning of this paper. The panic came in a way unlike any which had come before. It has been characterized as the "Rogues' Crisis." I need not describe it, for it is very fresh in the minds of every one of us. Examples of unparalleled and audacious fraud and rascality in affairs; examples of idiotic and criminal trustfulness in the offers and promises held out, characterized one set of disasters. Embezzlement, forgery, constructive robbery by people trusted offically, characterized another set. Mixed with this was the now tremendous strain throughout the country by overdoing generally. A few of the rogues have been arrested and await trial. A few committed suicide, and many fled. We know all about this, for we all read the newspapers, and the close of the year finds us doubtful if the worst is over.

Probably the worst is over.

We hear it sometimes remarked that money panics are peculiarly the growth of American soil. That, owing to our "way of doing business," the "condition of our currency," and I know not what else, they may be termed an American malady. Nothing is further from the truth. They come from the causes I have already explained, and break with equal force in Vienna, in Berlin, in Paris, in London and New York. I have spoken of London in 1866. In 1873 the panic in Vienna far exceeded in intensity that in New York. We may say the same at other times of panics in Paris and Berlin.

I have thus endeavored to give some account of the state of the country at its various periods of financial trouble, beginning almost at the commencement of the century. What I desire especially to impress upon the reader is that these troubles do not originate at the centre and work toward the circumference, but, on the contrary, the centre is disturbed by forces from the exterior portion. In other words, as I have before intimated, while the first signs of a money crisis appear at our money centres, these are by reason of disturbances throughout the country. There is much senseless twaddle directed against "Wall Street" and the Stock Exchange, when, in fact, were it not for this great money centre and its stock-board, very few, indeed, of the useful enterprises of the day could be carried through. If what are termed "outsiders" would but keep clear of *speculating* in stocks, the business of the stock-brokers would be confined to purchases for investment and to gambling with each other, to which the public would be indifferent. It is time the people should discriminate in this regard. They should distinctly understand that to the stock-exchange boards through the country we are indebted for the country's advance in material prosperity. For it is by the machinery of these institutions that we are enabled to mobilize large values which will yield an income. This emphatically marks the new order of things in affairs. Time was when public improvements were the work of the state, and enterprises of various kinds were measured by the ability of a single proprietor to promote them. All this is changed by the plan of mobilizing, by which everybody is invited to help do everything. Its tremendous results are now seen in all civilized states. It supports governments. It brings armies into the field, and sustains them in a long war. It builds our railways, floats our steamers, opens our mines, transports with regularity and speed all articles, great and small, and sends our messages from one end of the earth to the other. It builds and conducts our hotels, our factories, our machine-shops. It develops our water-power, it experiments with our inventions, it works our patent rights; in short, it does almost everything for everybody by bringing almost everybody to do something.

This new element is *mobilization.* It works by means of pieces of paper called shares or certificates, bonds or obligations, all of which pass under the name of securities. By this machinery coöperation is secured, and coöperation is a giant. With good results which come by its aid come also much that is to be deprecated, and in this way: It is very well and very safe to mobilize values where those values will yield an income, but in the excitement of the times, when everything is flush, and money abundant, sanguine persons, honest, doubtless, in their confidence of results, come forward and attempt to mobilize schemes which they believe will have value in the future. Arguments are framed and printed, and considerable money employed; they partially succeed, but not sufficiently, and at last they are obliged to acknowledge themselves mistaken in their own strength, or in their hopes, or in the thing itself. These are the sort of schemes which breed panic. Yet the country could not get on without the sanguine and courageous and restless men. It is to them really that we owe our material progress. The "solid men," so called, those whose time is spent in seeing their money is carefully invested, are of little use in the world.

I have referred to the new order of things carried especially to perfection by the aid of steam and electricity. This has enabled us to bring the system of transposing, forwarding and dealing with large sums to a state of ingenious perfection. Our new system is born of the necessities and sharpened intelligence of the age, and breathes the spirit of energy and confidence. The old habit was one of distrust and suspicion, but it also was the child of necessity. The securities of the ancient capitalist consisted in Arab steeds, Milan armors, in silks and drugs and choice perfumes, in paintings, in wines, in jewels and in gold. He lived, he could not help living, in a state of constant dread, not only of predatory nobles and rapacious sovereigns, wherever he sojourned, but also of the common marauder and robber, at sea and on shore—the land rats and the water rats of society. There are dangers to the capitalist now. He does not live in terror of a De Lacy, or a De Montreal, with his free lances, but he does fear, and perhaps must always be in dread of, a far more dangerous, because subtler, enemy—in dishonest trustees and treacherous officials and confidential agents, some of whom inhabit his counting-room and have control of his books. These know how to deal marvelously with figures. They learn more of his affairs, for they make it their study, than he knows himself. They suck the marrow of his finances, so that when he thinks himself firmest he is seen suddenly to topple, fall and shrink to nothing. Nevertheless, the change is all on the side of the present. It is the railway against the old stage-coach. True, there are frequent "accidents," but when we consider the millions who ride so swift over the world scathless, we "find" in favor of to-day.

One of the great elements in all our business transactions is confidence. For—I say it not irreverently—we transact business by faith rather than by sight. The idea is nobly progressive. Subject to abuses and betrayals, its operation is in the main successful. By its aid we make a dollar do work which, years ago, would have appeared miraculous. It flies from point to point, over sea and land, with lightning speed. It is in London to-day. To-morrow the cable places it on duty in New York. The next day the same dollar is in San Francisco. In an incredibly short time it appears in China or Japan, to travel immediately back to London, and thence on its ceaseless course. All this time the substantial coin itself rests safely in the vault, never even to be handled, except under some disturbance in the exchanges, when it at once does duty in the way of settling balances. All this is the work of faith, applied in the management of the great barter trade of the world. We are liable, of course, to be deceived or disappointed. Invoices may be short; their quality may prove inferior; transfers may be forged; or we may have confidence in our confidential clerk, and he embezzles; we may trust to a savings-bank or some other bank, and its guardians squander its funds. But our faith in the march of affairs should not waver. These particular cases do not invalidate the principle; they only teach us carefulness and discretion.

I have no intention of entering further into the causes which led to our recent difficulties, nor, with a self-sufficient presumption, telling the readers of the POPULAR MONTHLY how they are to be avoided. Are not all these subjects oracularly disposed of by bank presidents, capitalists, and solid money-men, all eminent financiers? Have we not ready-made formulas, nostrums, salves, unguents and various emollients, in the way of prescriptions, furnished by all sorts of people, from the Secretary of the Treasury down to the merest curbstone broker who flies around the street? As if there was any physic which will make men honest, conscientious or careful; which will restrain avarice and selfishness and render the "operator" no longer reckless, grasping or unscrupulous; which will protect against a weak credulity and over-sanguine nature. Just so long as these elements exist in our common humanity, just so long we shall be exposed to disastrous outbreaks in financial matters. Physicians and quacks are equally useless to prevent disaster.

Meantime the country will go on in its prosperous career, rejoicing as a bridegroom to run his race. Impediments are to be expected. Without them we should not be sufficiently stimulated. But they are merely impediments. They do us good, for they give way if resolutely met, and we gain vigor and courage from the encounter. The traditional frog, in mounting from the well, jumped up three feet and fell back two, a somewhat discouraging performance, many would think; but there was a clear gain of one foot per diem, which brought the adventurer at last to the top into the free, open air.

Let us take all the consolation we can from the moral of the fable.

NOT QUITE WHAT HE WANTED.

THE love of fun is not unknown among the serious-looking celestials who, during the last few years have been collecting in some parts of the Australian colonies. A storekeeper, wishing to advertise his articles in the Chinese language, engaged a celestial to paint him a sign, expecting, of course, that it would be a very enticing one. It did not answer his expectations, however, for the only perceptible effect it had on "the relations of the sun and moon," as the Chinese term themselves, was to excite a grin of the broadest dimensions. At length the storekeeper, by a considerable bribe, obtained a translation in English of the advertisement, and found it to be as follows: "*Don't buy anything here; storekeeper is a rogue!*"

THE COTTON-PLANT FOR ORNAMENTAL PURPOSES.

THE cotton-plant is chiefly interesting as yielding a product of immense commercial and industrial importance; but the London *Garden* suggests that it also deserves cultivation for its large yellow hibiscus-like flowers and the woolball-like capsules which succeed

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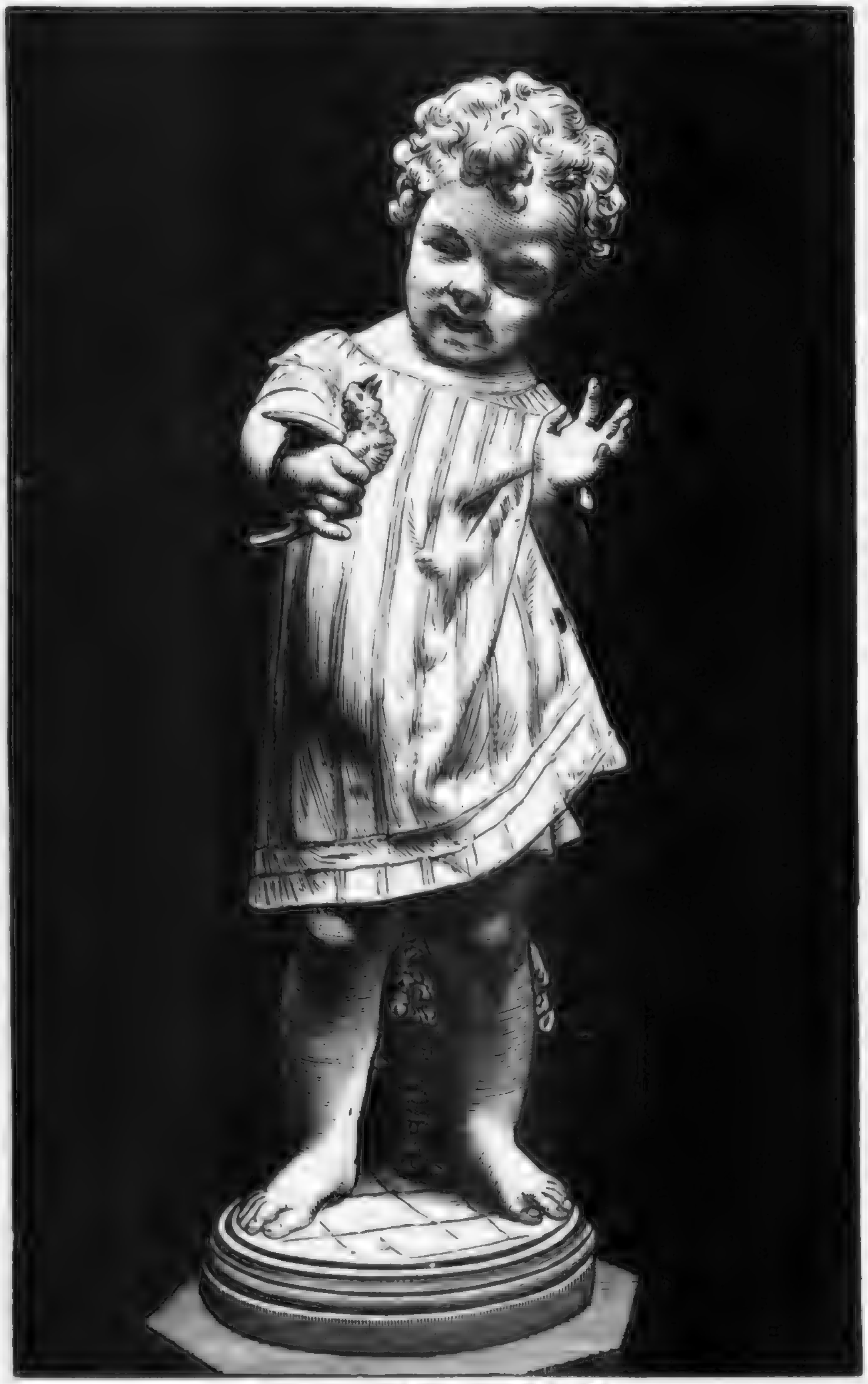
them. A well-grown specimen of it could not fail to prove attractive. Its cultural requirements are extremely simple, and the seeds are easily obtained. Liberal treatment, and a warm, moist house would no doubt produce perfect cotton-plants in about six months from the time of sowing.

In the Southern States, the seeds are sown in March or April, germinate in a week or ten days; and, in about a fortnight after germinating, the seedlings are thinned out. In from three to four months from sowing, the plants are in bloom, and, as the flowers fall, the capsules rapidly swell, and continue to form and develop until frost nips them. The cotton-pods are picked as they ripen, otherwise they would hang on the plants a long time. There is no reason why handsome pot specimens of the cotton-plant should not be grown by following the main lines adopted for its cultivation on a gigantic scale.

The flowers are exceedingly beautiful, but, like those of many of the plants of the Malva family, they last only about a day. Being produced, however, very freely, their fugacious character would not rob the plants of their beauty, and as each flower is followed by a ball of white fleece, which will remain on the plant as long as it is allowed to do so, it will be seen how handsome a well-managed cotton-plant must be.

The use of cotton for clothing and other purposes is almost prehistoric. Herodotus found it in India two thousand years ago. He says, "Certain wild trees bear wool instead of fruit, that in beauty and quality exceeds that of sheep, and the Indians make clothing from these trees."

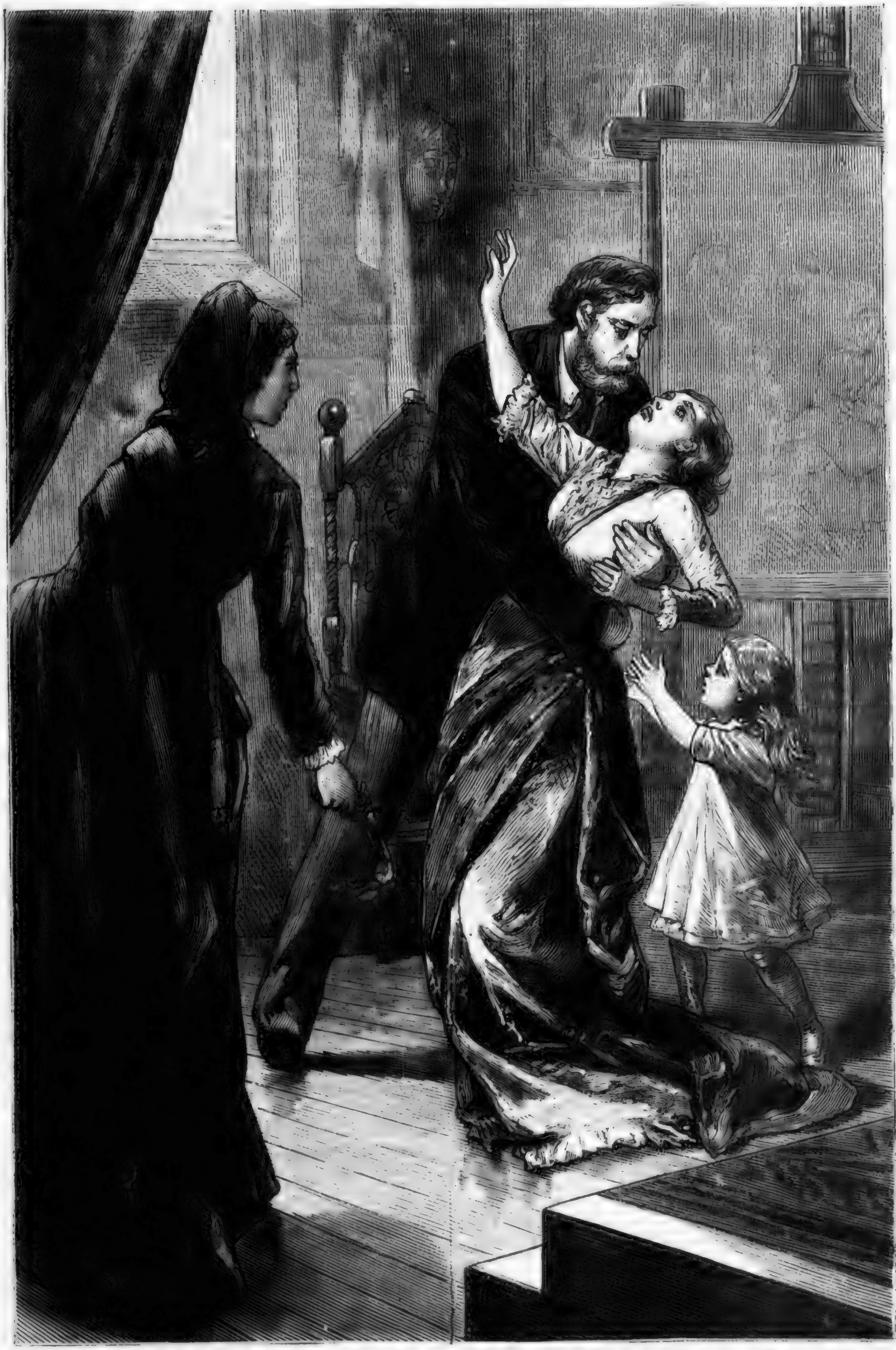


JOY.—FROM THE WELL-KNOWN STATUE.

THE HUMAN FRAME.

THE proportions of the human frame are strictly mathematical. The whole is six times the length of the feet. Whether the form be slender or plump, the law holds good; any deviation from it is a departure from the highest beauty of proportion. The Greeks made all their statues according to this rule. The face, from the highest point of the forehead where the hair begins to the chin, is one-tenth of the whole stature. The hand, from the wrist to the middle finger, is the same. From the tip of the chest to the highest point of the forehead is a seventh. If the face, from the roots of the hair to the chin, be divided into three equal parts, the first division determines the place where the eyebrows meet, and the second the place of the nostrils. Height from the top of the head is regarded as equal to the distance from the extremity of the fingers when the two arms are fully extended.

STRONG and sharp as our wit may be, it is not so strong as the memory of fools, nor so keen as their resentment; he that has not strength of mind to forgive is by no means so weak as to forget; and it is much more easy to do a cruel thing than to say a severe one.



A VERY STRANGE WOMAN.—"MYRA HAD STRUCK THE PISTOL ASIDE, BUT NOT BEFORE IT HAD GONE OFF. SHE HAD SAVED LOUIS'S LIFE, BUT SHE HERSELF HAD RECEIVED THE BALL IN HER BOSOM."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

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INCOGNITA.

By Morgan Evans.

I saw the slight tremor, the flush on her cheek,
As we crawled up the hill-side—a perilous way—
Or plunged into darkness with terrible shriek,
Then burst with a scream into dazzling day.

Swiftly we sped by the fleeting mills,
Furnaces, factories, fields of grain,
As we rumbled and rolled through the echoing hills,
Then clattered and clanged on the open plain.

And we talked of the sea as it stole up the sand,
Creeping ripple by ripple, as still as a pond,
Where the road lined the edge of the bay as a band,
On our way round the marsh to the blue speck beyond.

The glittering bay, like the gleaming shield
Of a Norman knight, when the battle is done—
That lies upturned on the lonely field—
Lay flat in the glare of the evening sun.

And we pleasantly talked of the world around-
The lime-washed cottages, white and gay,
Of the peasants who stood in the swathes unbound,
To waft us a welcome upon our way.

And when we had traveled a hundred miles,
She rose and left me, and gently bowed,
With a quick "Good-by," and the sweetest of smiles,
And then passed from my gaze thro' the clamorous crowd.

My love! oh, my love! you are gone away,
And I never shall see your blossoming face,
Though I sadden and sicken at heart and pray
For the light that is lost from its shining place.

And my soul goes hunting the whole world through,
Weary and tired of its terrible task—
Its hopeless longing and search for you,
And the "Never!" that's answered to all I ask.

I have mourned for years for the one that left;
I have peered into faces and passing eyes,
But ever in vain; I am still bereft
Of that beauteous form, of that wondrous prize.

No more shall I look on her like again,
For the dews of the evening fall around:
And the night which follows the day of men
Hurries me on to the dark profound.

Mayhap, when the dawn breaks over the hill,
I shall see her glory, and touch the hem
Of her garment; and rise with a joyous thrill,
And place my hand on her diadem;

And call her my Queen—my Goddess of Love!
Through days, and months, and seasons, and years.
And ride with her in the realms above,
On the thundering wheels of celestial spheres.

A VERY STRANGE WOMAN.

Chapter I.

Myra Gilmore was looking in at a metropolitan shop-window that was exceptional in the beauty of its arrangement. The dazzling show of colors, well combined—of goods so brought into notice that one saw at a glance the resources of the establishment—gave evidence that mind as well as taste controlled its exterior.

Mrs. Gilmore was looking for dolls, and the most lovely among the many perfect things could scarcely rival her face—a face at once expressive of goodness, and exquisite in all its features.

"I think there is a doll that would suit Imogene," she murmured. "She wanted a baby that would sleep, and that had hair almost white. I believe I'll buy it without looking at the others. It is exquisite; and Louis would like it, too,"

She still lingered, however, unconsciously challenging the admiration of the shifting crowd no less by the perfect taste of her attire than by her large, wonderfully expressive eyes, and making room for a young girl, apparently twelve or thirteen, who, instead of looking at the shop-window, looked at her.

Presently the persistent gaze of the child attracted Myra Gilmore's attention; she turned to her, and saw nothing but hate in the dark eyes fastened upon hers.

"I should like to kill you!" said the child, in a voice of concentrated passion; "and perhaps I will, some time."

"Why, what in the world do you mean?" asked the astonished woman, drawing back a little. "What harm have I ever done to you, my child?"

"You have taken my mother's place," said the girl, and vanished.

"Good heavens!" cried the woman, *sotto voce.* "What does the girl mean? I have seen that face before. I am quite certain of it, for I never could forget those eyes. Taken her mother's place! What can that mean? But, oh, what am I to think? The girl could not certainly insult me in that way without some cause apparent to her. Perhaps she mistakes me for another person. At any rate, I will think so. I will buy the doll and go home. I must see Louis."

She entered the shop. Half a dozen clerks who had been watching from the inside, unseen by her, sprang forward. Everybody loves to wait upon wealth and beauty, and Mrs. Gilmore was not unknown to fame. Her husband's pictures brought immense sums of money, and all the world went to the Academy whenever one was hung there.

No, she would not have it sent; the package was small, and her residence only a little way up-town; so she took the parcel, wrapped her fur cloak about her, and tripped along, lost in thought.

"It is evident that woman is not vain, though she is beautiful," said Joe Bernart, the last favorite of the Upper Ten. "Did you see she did not even notice *us?*"

"Oh, that's Louis Gilmore's wife!" said his companion, swinging his dainty cane. "Been married ten years, and the two are as spoony as ever. They say he found her somewhere abroad—a poor orphan, or a pretty waiter-girl, or something of the kind—and elevated her to his heart's throne, where she evidently knows how to keep her seat."

Myra walked rapidly home, striving to forget the little scene at the shop-window, but somehow it persisted in annoying her. The many friends she met scarcely received due attention for their nods and smiles. It was only when the doors of the mansion where she lived flew open, and she heard the musical, ringing tones of her only child, Imogene, that her brow cleared, and her beauty shone forth transcendently.

"It is mamma—I know it is mamma!" cried the child, running down the broad staircase, the dainty reins of knit wool, which had been the work of loving hands, held at their extreme end by a swarthy-faced young Frenchwoman, in an unmistakably foreign cap and with an unmistakable idiom. "Oh, my beautiful mamma! And you have got the doll with blue eyes and white hair! Look, Angelique; she brought it home herself: she knew I wanted it so much. Thanks, dearest mamma. Oh, I do thank you so much! Is it not lovely, Angy? And will you dress her for me? Make her a little peasant, you know, and let her have a Tyrolese cap and a black silk apron."

"I am glad you are pleased, my darling."

"Oh, indeed I am!" exclaimed the little maiden, her wonderful face aglow, "and I've been just as good as could be—haven't I, Angy? I said all my lessons, and only missed one word. And then Angelique was so kind as to play horse with me, and the reins are splendid! Come, Angelique, let's hurry and dress my pretty new doll."

"Has papa come home yet?" asked Myra, every cloud gone from her face, so that she looked more like the sister than the mother of the beautiful piece of flesh and blood so like her.

"Yes, I think he has. Angelique said she saw him go in the study, and I wanted to go there, too; but I had not got through my lessons, and remembered that I was to be so good, and I just wouldn't."

"That was right, dear. I think I'll go see papa."

The woman went first to her room, a perfect boudoir in pink and gold, substituted for her fur cloak a graceful shawl, and, casting one glance at the bewitching countenance her mirrors gave back to her, she went downstairs and out across the yard into a gorgeous affair in stucco, built in mediæval style, and that opened at once into a large saloon—its only room—splendidly lighted and furnished. This, as easels and pictures, and lights and shadows in hangings, and casts and antique armor at once proclaimed, was Louis Gilmore's *atelier*.

The artist had just donned his velvet coat and cap, and was brushing his mustache, evidently with not a thought as to what he was doing, when his wife entered.

"The best of news, my darling, from Europe," he said, brightly, as soon as he saw her. "Ned has written me. He sold my picture for ten thousand pounds, and sent an order for two more. What an enthusiast he is! Besides, Vernon wants a companion to the 'Moss Gatherers,' just as soon as I can get it up. Don't you congratulate me, my beautiful darling!—you who brought me all my luck? But, hey! what's the matter? Is that a tear, and in *your* eye? By Jove! I'll paint it. I never saw a tear in that place before; and, if you'll only stand still—— What is it, my love?" for she had hidden her face in his shoulder.

"A little thing, Louis, but so terrible—so real, I mean;" and she told him her story.

He looked puzzled.

"It must have been a mad creature," he said, excitedly.

"No, a girl so young could scarcely have been mad," she made answer. "And, besides, I have seen her before. Don't you remember about three years ago, when we were riding out with Imogene, who was then a baby, we stopped to buy something of some poor creature, and a little girl came up to the carriage and looked at us? You remarked that there was something singular in her eyes, and she really frightened me, though she said nothing. Well, this is the same girl—I am sure of it."

"Perhaps; but she must still be mad, to make such a threat as that. It must be attended to," said Louis. "And furthermore, my dear, you must ride. I cannot have you walking about the streets subject to annoyances. Besides, you are too pretty. I cannot bear to have my sweet, innocent wife exposed to the rude stare of the crowd."

"I do hate a carriage," said Myra, plaintively. "When I walk, I am happy. I tread on air, though I miss the dear old mountains I used to climb. Why, Louis, I should die if I could not walk much and often."

"Well, I'm not going to let you die, if I can help it. You must have some companion, Myra, since you hate riding. I can fancy most of our carriage ladies of New York, hearing you say you hate a carriage. What if I buy you a dog?"

"I hate dogs!"

He laughed heartily.

"Even those 'divine pugs,' as Miss Eldridge calls them. Well, then I must try to get out with you myself, for go alone you shall not. It seems to me you might often take Imogene and the nurse."

"Yes; but some—we—always make a spectacle," murmured Myra, poutingly, her face looking more charming than ever with this new expression.

"And you hate spectacles, I suppose?" laughed her husband. "I expect the plain English of that is that everybody stares at my charming wife and child, and the picturesque ugliness of the *bonne*. Very well, we must arrange it someway. Only don't let that thing trouble you. Evidently the girl is put up to it, and hopes to make some money by the job."

"Oh, but she is well dressed and rather pretty," said Myra, who the more she thought of the matter the more it troubled her. "I can't get her look of dreadful hate out of my mind. I do hope I never shall meet her again."

"She had better not meet me," said Louis, severely, "or she will find herself in the hands of the police. I won't have you frightened out of your wits by a beggar."

"And that would be terrible, too. But, Louis—about my taking her mother's place! Do you wonder it startled me? Could I help thinking—that——"

The man looked at her with a somewhat sarcastic smile. He was not handsome, this painter of great pictures, but he looked all the grandeur, goodness, nobleness, genius there was in him.

His face was rare in its expression, startling from the depth of his piercing eyes, and the warrant they gave that he could read men, and women, too. There was little color, but that indescribable beauty, not of outline or tinting, but of soul, for want of a better phrase, and the sun shone on whomsoever he smiled.

That smile had won many a heart that he had never cared or tried to win.

"Well, darling, go on," he said.

"Oh, Louis, forgive me!" she cried, and came forward like a penitent.

"There is nothing to forgive, dear. You have been badly frightened, and I don't wonder you scarcely know what to think. But trust me; don't doubt me, whatever you do."

"Never, Louis; I never can—I never will!" she said.

"Thanks, love."

And kissing her, he led her to the door, and, after she had gone, stood for some moments lost in thought.

"There is evidently something underlying all this," he said to himself. "I remember the girl—I met her myself not long ago; a girl with a strangely concentrated

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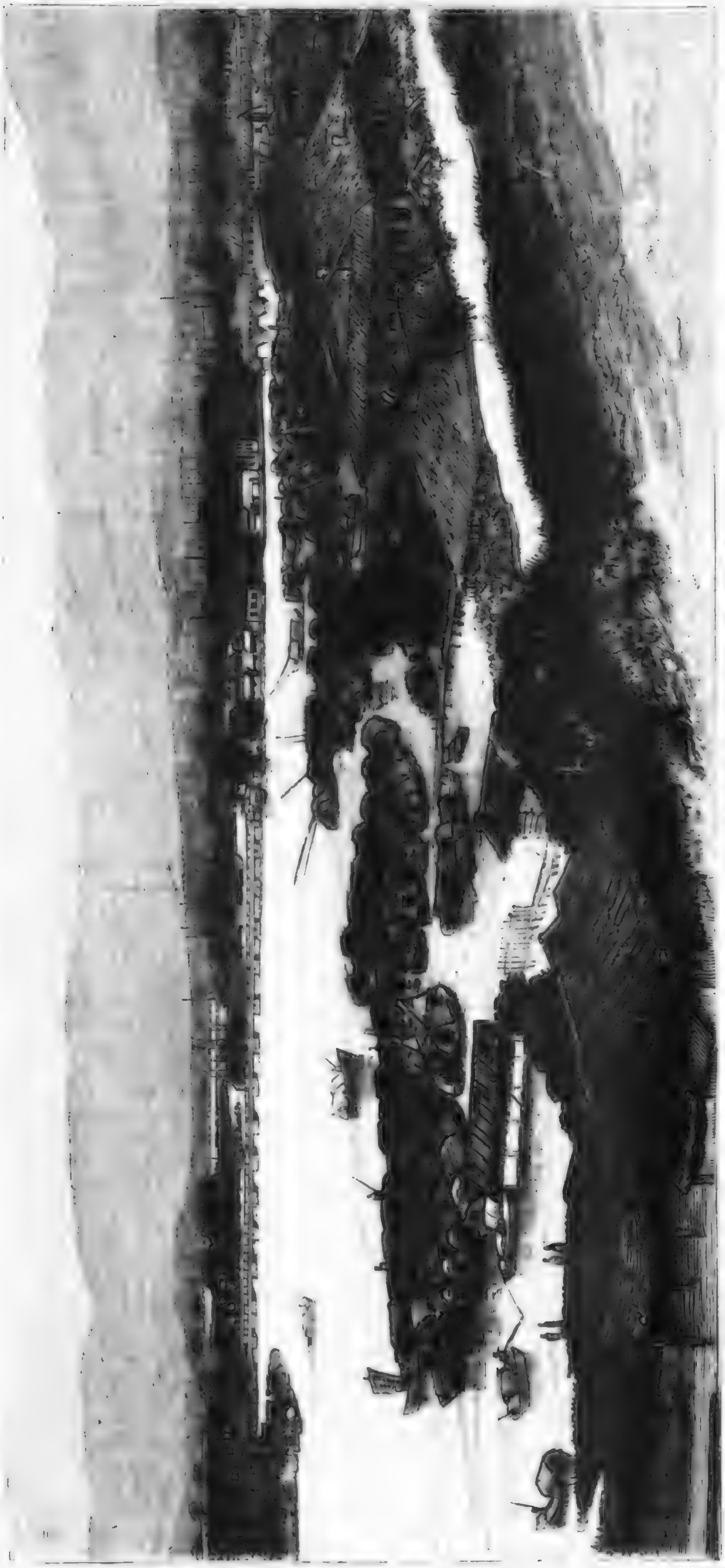
expression, as if she were cherishing some terrible evil, to work it out by-and-by, when she thinks the time has come. I don't in the least understand it. The next time I meet this girl, if I ever do, I will learn something of her intentions. It cannot be any woman that I ever knew—this mother the child tells about. I'm sorry they are troubling my darling, though, and it must be put to an end—some way it must and shall be put an end to!"



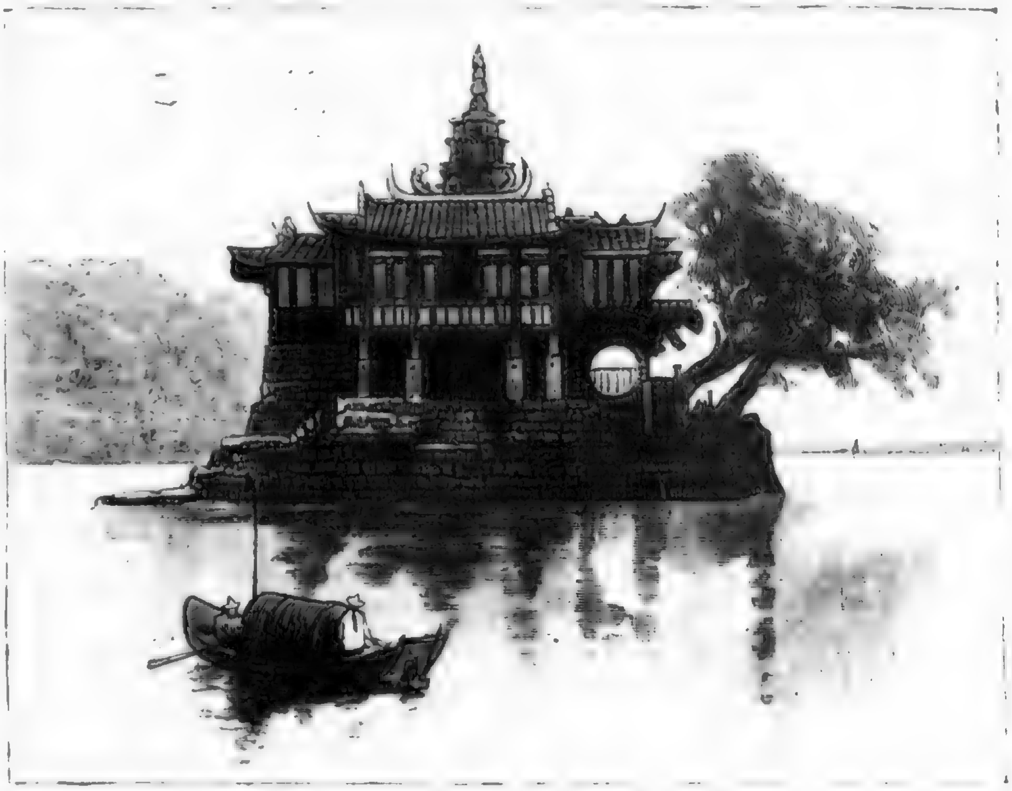
VIEW OF FOO-CHOW.—FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.—SEE PAGE 536.

Chapter II.

A woman sat in a large, well-furnished upper room, the appointments of which suggested that they had once belonged to better times. A bright fender, elaborate in its adornments, and a brighter fire, gave a sort of charm to the surroundings. The woman herself brought up visions of departed prosperity. The comb in her hair, though battered and worn, was real silver, and the old, old ring she wore on one of her slender fingers contained a valuable diamond, that flashed as it turned from white to rosy red, and then shot forth rays of yellow flame at every movement of the hand.

The woman was of that style of beauty which is called commanding. Her features and manners were aristocratic, and everything about her, from the bit of saffron-colored old lace she was mending to the quaint fashion of her headgear and dressing of her neck, proclaimed that at some time she must have enjoyed privileges which, through poverty or some equally powerful reason, had of late years been denied her.

There was, however, a restlessness in her eyes, a twitching of her lips, and now and then a motion of the hands, that did not seem quite natural. She inspired a certain kind of dread in the mere looker-on, whatever those accustomed to her society might feel. As her landlady sometimes said, there was a flightiness about her that was absolutely distressing at times;



FOO-CHOW. – ISLAND JOSS-HOUSE.—SEE PAGE 536.

but that was not often, and she was subject to fits of depressing headache.

The woman was apparently not yet thirty years old, and still there were white hairs here and there amid her brown locks. She was evidently at this moment expecting somebody, for she looked often toward the door, and anxiously.

At last the welcome click of the latch was heard, and the door flew open. The same girl who had frightened Myra entered, her arms full of what looked like yellow floss, and which proved to be an enormous cat, that, leaping from its shelter, went straight to the fire, and contentedly purred as she felt the reviving warmth.

"I found her down-street," said the girl. "I wish you didn't hate her so. You always put her out in the cold when I am gone, and some time I shall lose her."

"It would be no great loss!" said the woman, dryly.

"Yes, it would—to me," replied the girl, tugging at her cloak, which, though not fashionable, was thick and warm. "I'm so tired of wearing your old clothes made over," she added, petulantly.

"Did you get the money, Rachel?" asked her mother.

"Yes; don't I always get it? But that only pays for the rent and enough to live on, and your 'proofs,' as you call them. I wish I could save up something for a new dress! But what's the use? You are always promising."

"Wait, child—wait till justice is done, and you shall have all the dresses you want."

"Yes, wait till I am as old as Methuselah, I suppose," said the girl, dragging down, as she pulled off her hat, a wealth of golden hair. "I don't believe it will ever come. I am getting desperate. I shall do some evil thing yet, if you don't hasten matters. What are you waiting for?"

"For proofs, child," said the woman, solemnly. "They will certainly come, and then you——"

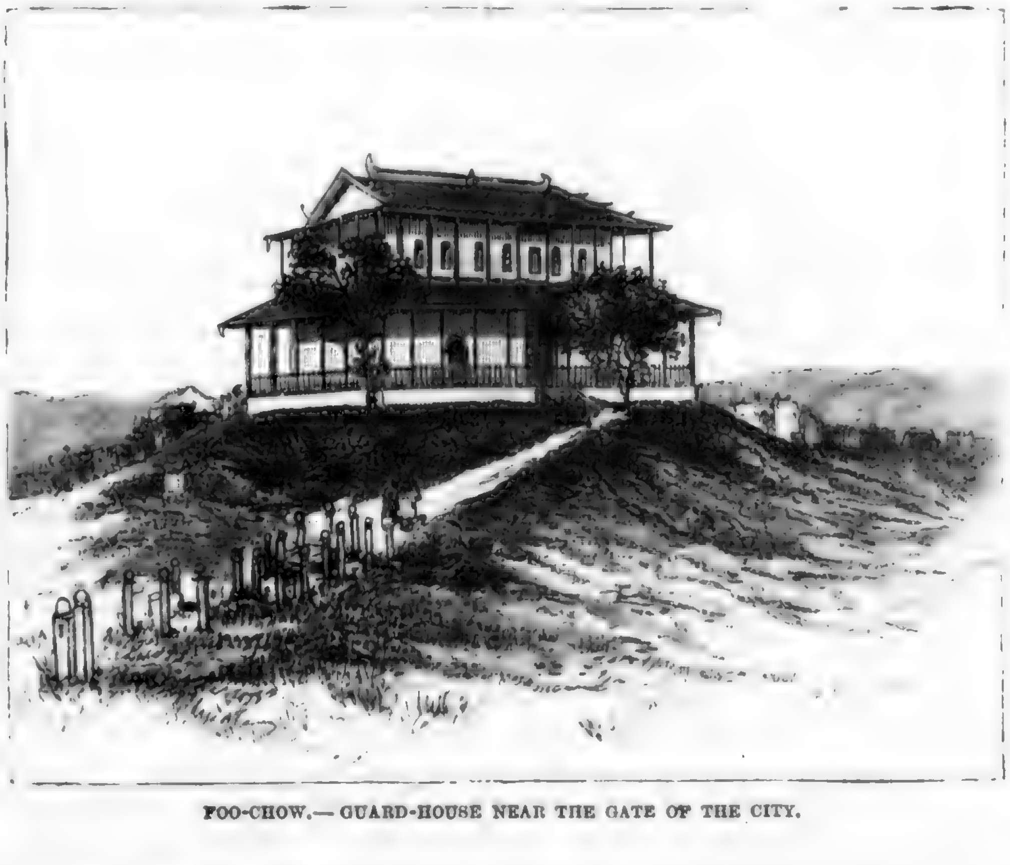
"I saw her—I saw her to-day," said the girl, excitedly, as she drew a chair up nearly opposite her mother. "Oh, how lovely she is! You are pretty, but it seems to me that you never could have been as beautiful as she!"

"You have a bad habit," said the woman, angrily. "Why do you tell your thoughts? When I was married they called me the handsomest woman in the city."

"Well, I don't know about that," said the girl; "but she looks like eighteen, and not a year older. I spoke to her; for, instead of liking her, I hated her for being so lovely. I don't wonder she was frightened. The words came to me, and I spoke them."

"What did you say?" the woman asked, excitedly.

"I told her I would kill her some time," said the girl, deliberately, her large eyes fixed on the fire. "When I thought, looking at her, of all you and I have suffered, it made me wild. She taking your place, and her child taking mine! If we were in our rightful position, just think how different it would be! I should never have to wear these old-fashioned, cast-off duds. Mother, when



FOO-CHOW.—GUARD-HOUSE NEAR THE GATE OF THE CITY.

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are you going to see about it? If you really did marry him years and years ago—when he was only a poor struggling young man—secretly, because of your fear of your father, and he left you to travel, and for years never wrote, never knew what had become of you—left you to be blamed and cursed, and sent away from home burdened with me—why don't you face him? The mean, contemptible wretch, to bring home another wife, and live here in splendor and opulence! Oh, it makes me furious to think of it!"

"I tell you it will all come right," said the woman, her long thin hands working nervously. "For these years of shame and misery and penury he shall pay dearly enough. I have almost all the proofs in my possession. What I need is only one signature, and I look for that every day. Patience, child! You shall have enough to wear and to eat, while she, my rival, my deadly enemy, shall sit in the ashes of disgrace, and die in want and ignominy."

"There! I like you when you look like that—when you talk like that. I only wish you would go and confront that woman. Little she thinks how she has been deceived, though that is terrible. They say he worships her, and you may see her face in many of his pictures. And yet," she added, rising, "were he ten times the wonderful man he is, and my father, I shall always despise him. Do I look like him in any way? I hope not?"

"No, you look like your grandfather," said the woman, who seemed in ecstasy as the girl thus expressed herself. "You are like your grandfather, too—as like as is possible, you being what you are, a Gilmore. But then you have gifts," and she glanced about the room, where here and there certain rude sketches, unartistic, but showing proofs of unmistakable talent, were pinned against the wall. "And you will be a handsome, haughty woman, for you have more spirit than I have, and, of course, more beauty. I was beautiful once, though," and she sighed.

"I don't see as beauty does much for one, then," said the girl, scornfully, as she proceeded to hang a brass kettle over the coals. "It's the ugly women of genius who do great things. I have read that. Beauty stands in one's way. Everybody is teasing you, and never letting you alone till you get married I'll never get married, though. Give me the money for the baker. I've got to buy some bread, and we owe him for last month."

The woman counted out the money in the girl's right palm.

"The lines run crooked," she muttered, scanning the comely hand. "I wish I knew what that means. I want a great fortune for you."

As the girl disappeared the cat slunk under the sofa at the furthest end of the room. The woman rubbed her hands, chuckling like one in ecstasy.

"Good! good!" she exclaimed. "I shall outwit them all. Then will I give them scorn for scorn. Then, when I ride in my carriage, will they look down upon me? Then will they avoid me? Frown at sight of me? Oh, they shall pay me double for every insult they have heaped upon me, and I—I will never forgive them—never! no, not even my own father! Rachel shall be great; she will be great anyway. She is wonderful for a girl of thirteen. She will be a grand woman, a splendid woman! And I, at last, shall be righted before the world!"

CHAPTER III.

"HUSH, dear; do not not make so much noise! Mamma's head aches."

"But you were well enough before that letter came," said the child, creeping softly up to her mother's couch. "Let me lie down, too—put the pretty train away, and let me lie down."

"No, no; go to your *bonne*, child; I can't have you. There, there, come and kiss me, dearest. I didn't mean to speak cross, and I can't bear to see tears in your eyes. Come and let me kiss them away, and snuggle close to me, little one. See if you can take the ache out of mamma's heart."

"I thought it was your head?" said the child, coming closer, as her mother's arm encircled her.

"Both, dear—both head and heart; but I am better now, since I hold you. I'm going to be such a kind, good, dear mamma, to you!"

"And papa; he is kind and good always, you know," said the child, jealous because of something she fancied she saw in her mother's face, heard in her mother's tones.

"Yes, darling, papa is—papa!" and she sighed so heavily that tears came again in the sweet eyes of the child.

"What did the letter say to you, mamma?" asked Imogene.

"Never mind, my dear—it was a letter that I should not have read, because it was anonymous."

"And what does that hard word mean, dearest mamma?"

"It means that the person who writes it dares not, for some reason, put his name to it."

"And has papa seen it?"

The woman shuddered.

"Dear child, no! Papa would only think it written by some crazy creature; but let us talk no more about it, my darling You only torture poor mamma."

The letter had reached Mrs. Gilmore's hands about eleven o'clock that morning, and ran as follows:

> "MADAME—I have reason to know that your reign is almost over, and that the rightful claimant of the name you wear will soon be in your place. The dastard whom you call husband deserted the woman he swore to love and protect thirteen years ago, left the country, and, after wandering half over the world, found the stranger who unconsciously committed the crime of marrying him. *The waters are troubled, and the angel will soon descend.* Farewell till you hear from me in another way."

There was no signature, but the words had struck terror to poor Myra's heart. She knew that the man she believed to be her husband, and whom she adored, was fifteen years older than herself, and that she had met him when, weighed down with grief at the loss of both parents in a far-off country, at a little mountain inn, where she had just been engaged as a companion by a traveling lady.

It had been a case of love at first sight on both sides, and she had never for a moment had cause to repent her choice. Though every word in the letter stabbed her, yet its incoherent ending impressed her strangely.

Whether to show it to her husband or not she could not decide. It seemed such a monstrous charge, and it would be so unwifely to allow that she for a moment believed there was one word of truth in it, and yet—and yet—how could she hide this new trouble from him? She had always run to him like a child in any grief.

Hark! there was his tread upon the stairs! Doubt vanished at the first sight of his honest, loyal, loving face.

"Come, my queen!" he said, joyously, "I'm going to put both you and Imogene on canvas. My picture is almost finished. I only want two faces, and why not yours?"

"But you always paint me," said Myra, slowly rising.

"Yes, because I can get nothing that suits me so well. But, what is the matter—have you been crying?"

"No, indeed," she said, speaking cheerfully.

"Mamma's head aches," said Imogene.

"Ah, we must have a brisk walk in the open air," he said.

"And her heart, too, added the child," prompted by his special notice of her.

"That's more serious," said the man, uneasily. "How long have you been suffering that way, Myra?" he asked, going toward her.

"Ever since she got the letter," said Imogene, graciously adapting herself to the character of the child fiend of the period.

"What letter, Myra?"

"Dear, I received a letter from an old schoolgirl friend of mine, and she is in great trouble," said Myra, flashing upon the child a lightning-like glance. "It came just when my head felt so badly, and it's pulled me down a little."

She told the truth. Such a letter had come with the other.

"Oh, that is it. Well, let's go into the studio. A little change will do you good. Come, pet."

And he caught the child up in his arms.

They went down-stairs together and crossed the yard and entered the studio, the place being seldom locked in the day-time. Everything was just as he had left it save one. His chair was occupied by a vailed figure, which sat as immovable as a statue. It did not even turn its head.

"Who is it?" whispered Myra, her courage failing her.

"Only a lay-figure," said her husband, in a low voice. "Fred has been here, I don't doubt, and played one of his practical jokes."

They went slowly forward, the artist laughing to himself. No, it was no lay-figure. The statue rose, it had life, it lifted its vail, revealing features stately and handsome yet.

Could it be a customer? Some one who wished for a painting of the dead? Sometimes he had such orders.

"Madame?" he said, courteously.

"Why do you bring *her* here?" asked the strange woman, pointing imperiously at Myra.

"Because she is my wife," he said, somewhat surprised at the question.

"That is a lie, Louis Gilmore," was the answer. "*I* am your rightful wife."

Myra uttered a cry of terror and turned pale as death.

"Leave this place, woman!" exclaimed the artist, as he folded an arm about Myra. "I have been troubled enough with your insane fancies. I will have you arrested if you stay another moment. Who and what in thunder are you?" he added, almost losing his head in his indignation.

"You know well enough who I am. You married me before you went abroad, years ago, and then shamelessly deserted me and my poor child. Then you dared to bring home this woman, whom may Heaven curse!"

"Oh, Louis! this is dreadful," said Myra, faintly. "I had only you in all the world. God help us both!"

"You are a wicked woman! Go away!" cried little Imogene, in a passion. "You make my mamma, cry. Send her off quick, papa!"

And the little foot came down imperatively.

"My darling, don't let this matter trouble you; it is outrageously false. I swear I never saw this woman in my life, to my best recollection," said Louis, rapidly. "Come into the house, and I will find some means to get rid of her."

"You shall find means to get rid of me!" shrieked the woman, her face distorted with hate and jealousy. "You shall never have the opportunity."

And before he could move or speak the woman held a weapon at his heart.

One loud cry, and Myra had struck the pistol aside, but not before it had gone off. She had saved Louis's life, but she herself had received the ball in her bosom.

There were days of silence after that—days and days on which scarcely a footfall was heard in the house.

Even Imogene had been sent away, and Louis sat in the darkened room where his idol lay battling for her life. Doctors came and went, and two skillful nurses held sway over the curtained bed, vying with each other in attentions bestowed and care judiciously exercised.

Outside, all the world was talking. The affair had been in the newspapers, and at every breakfast-table the first question was, "I wonder if she is still alive?"

* * * * * *

God was merciful to Louis Gilmore, though he often despaired. His was the first smile that met his wife's returning consciousness. Week after week he sat by her side.

His was the first arm upon which she leaned when, weaker than a child, she had to go back to first principles and learn to walk again.

Once more in the pretty boudoir, growing daily stronger, he felt, as he watched the flitting color, that she was all his own again, and one day he told her the story.

"The woman was insane, dear, as I supposed all along. She was considered 'strange' by everybody who saw her, and few were in the secret of her great trouble. Her father, whom it seems she offended beyond pardon by her marriage with some one of his servants, has been here to apologize, and he was deeply and sincerely sorry that her first outbreak of violence occurred as it did. It seems she has held the hallucination for years that I was her husband—ever since she sat for a picture, just before I left the country—an event I had forgotten—and has imbued her daughter with the same feeling. Her father tells me that he has always kept a sort of supervision over her, settling upon her monthly a sufficient sum to enable her to live in comfort, much of which she spent in efforts to prove what her crazed brain believed to be actual truth. It is all over now, dear; the poor woman is where she should have been long ago—in a lunatic asylum—and the child has at last been taken home, and will be cared for as befits her present station, as her real father is dead. You were always my inspiration, darling; you brought me good luck. You have been my good angel and the savior of my life. How can I reward you?"

"It is reward enough to have come out of this great trial and terrible danger as I have, and to know you for what you are," she replied—"the best and dearest husband in the world."

THE earliest known occasion of the name pianoforte being used is in a playbill dated May 16th, 1767, of which a copy is preserved by the Messrs. Broadwood, piano manufacturers, London. It is a curious historical broadsheet. The piece announced is "The Beggars' Opera." Part of the attraction is thus given: "Miss Buckler will sing a song from 'Judith,' accompanied by Mr. Dibdin upon a new instrument called pianoforte."

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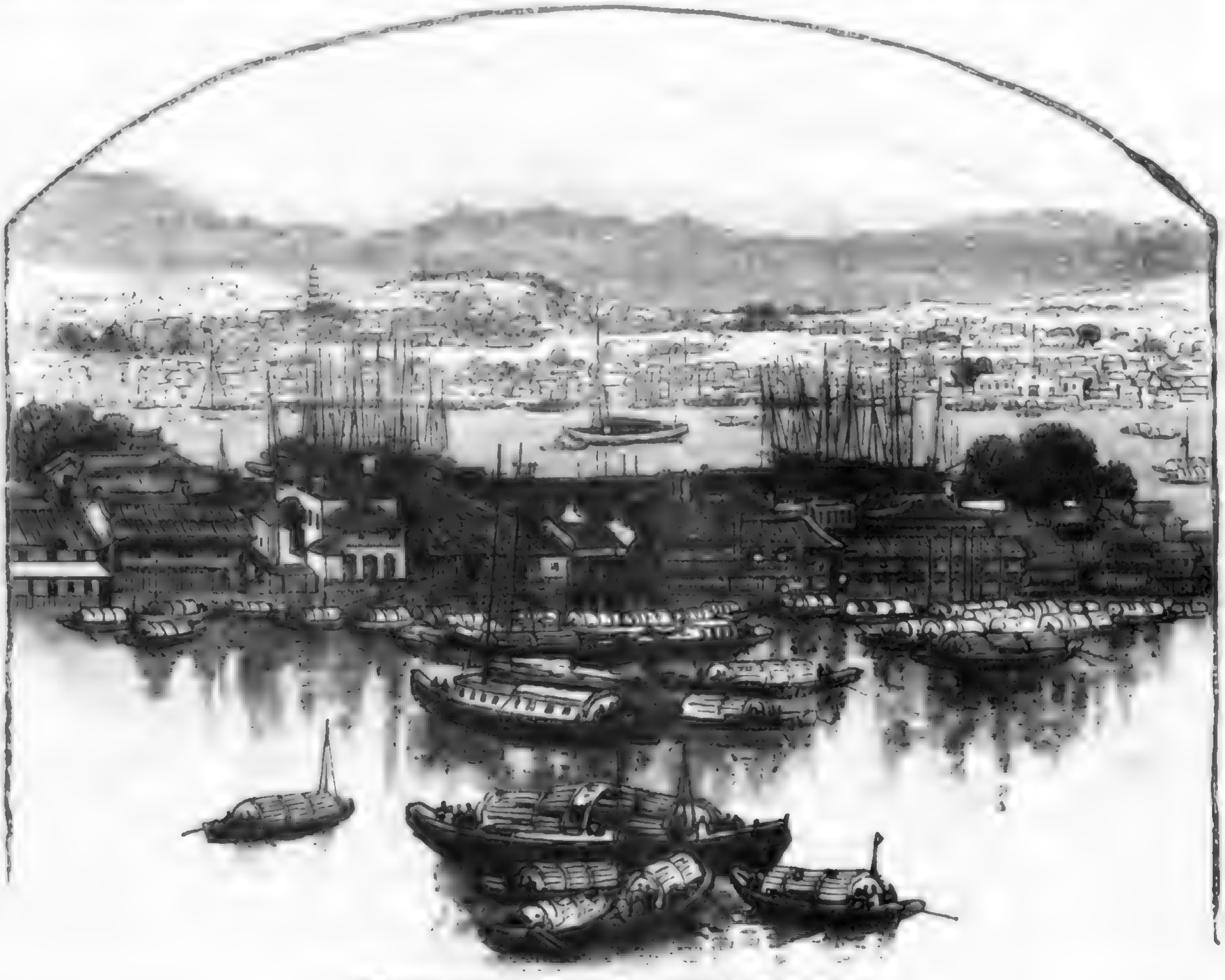
FOO-CHOW,

BY REV. S. L. BALDWIN.

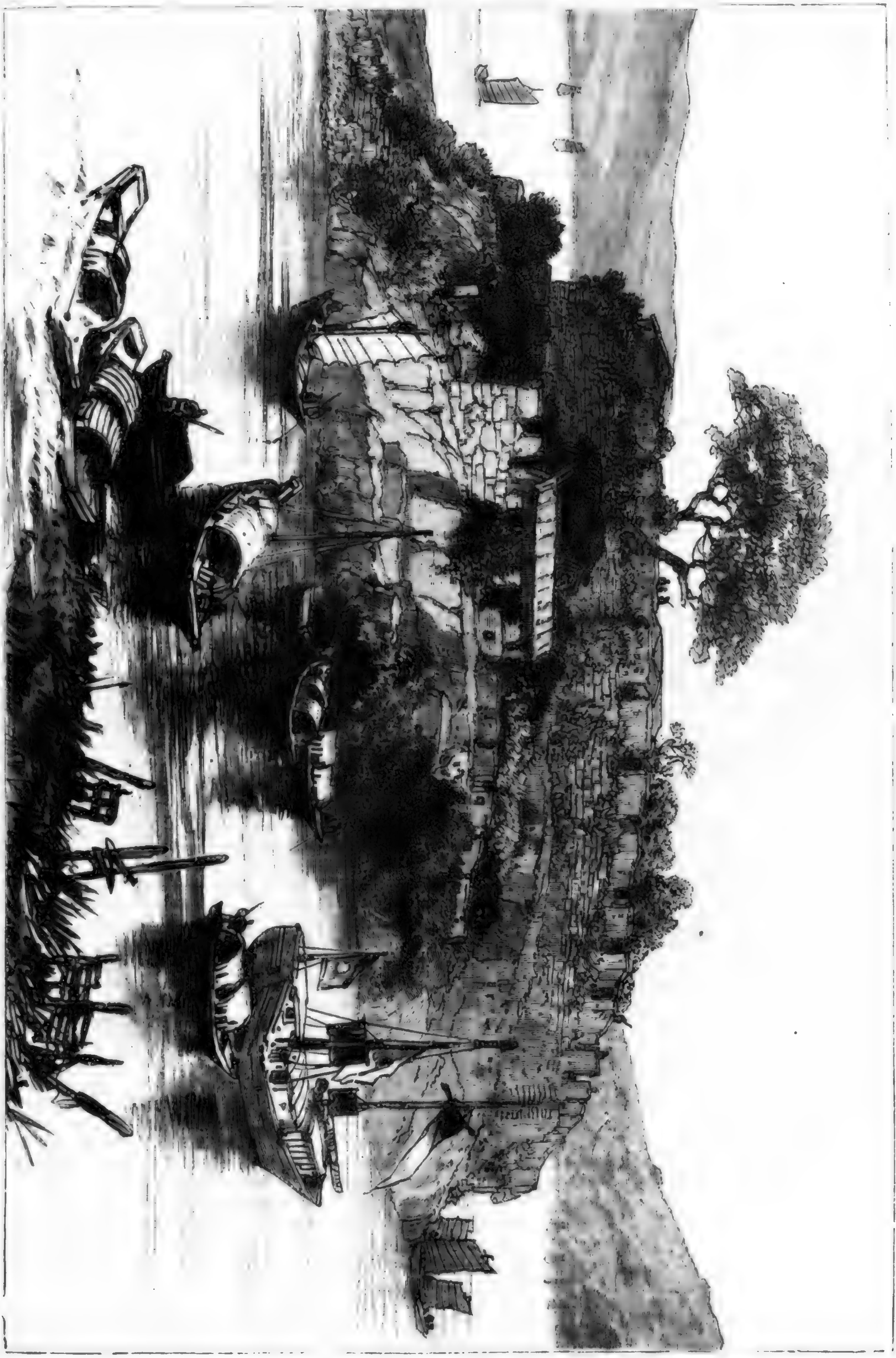
THE City of Foo-chow, around which so much interest has lately gathered, on account of the operations of the French navy in its vicinity, is the capital of the Province of Fo-kien, which comprises a territory as large as Ireland, and nearly three times as populous. The city takes rank in the first class of Chinese cities, and has a population of about 600,000. Its situation is exceedingly beautiful, occupying the northern part of a vast amphitheatre, nearly twenty miles in diameter, formed by the mountain ranges which circle about it. The surface of the plain is dotted with beautiful knolls, and here and there a high hill rises, sometimes terraced from base to summit, and covered with growing vegetation, and sometimes presenting an almost perpendicular side of rugged granite. The River Min winds its course through the valley. Groves of orange, lungan, and other fruit trees, add variety and beauty to the plain. Both inside and outside the city walls the giant banyan-tree is frequently met, stretching out its long, horizontal branches, with grateful shelter from the hot rays of the sun. Often its branches are covered with graceful ferns. Here and there a beautiful camphor-tree stands in solitary grandeur, with its straight and symmetrical trunk rising for twenty-five or thirty feet without a branch, and all its deep, rich, dark-green foliage at the top. Hundreds of acres are covered with the green, waving rice crop. No fences mar the beauty of the scenery, the fields of different owners being separated only by little ridges of earth eighteen or twenty inches high, which are hidden from view as the crop attains its growth; so that as the observer, standing on a mountain-side, looks off over the plain, it seems like a vast carpet of richest green. Amid such surroundings as these the walls of the city rise, thirty feet high and twelve feet thick, constructed of brick, resting on a solid granite foundation. The wall is six and one-quarter miles in circuit, and from it many fine views of the city and surrounding country may be obtained. Native poets have not been insensible to the beauty of the situation, and one of them, indulging in a little poetic license, exclaimed:

"Ten thousand miles around Foo-chow,
Spread out the terraced hills."



VIEW FROM PRINCESS'S GRAVE. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

The most prominent landmarks within the city are the White and Black Pagodas, and the North Watch-tower. The Pagodas are nine-storied towers, erected 900 years ago. They are not, as many suppose, temples for idolatrous worship; though a few idols may be found in the lowest story, just as they may in almost every public building and every private house. The Pagodas were erected to preserve the city from the evil influences of atmospheric currents, which, according to the theory of the Chinese, may be deflected by these high structures, and great calamities thus be warded off from the city. The North Watch-tower is a two-storied building, erected on top of the wall, at the summit of a high hill, which position makes it a prominent object. From its shape, and its location on this summit, it has been called by foreigners "Noah's Ark."



FOO-CHOW.—THE OLD FORT AT MINGAN PASS, SILENCED BY THE FRENCH.

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The city, of course, abounds in temples, many of which are elaborate and costly. One of the most celebrated is that erected in honor of the great Chinese sage, Confucius. It contains handsomely-cut pillars of dark granite, of great size and strength. The chief object of attention in the main room of the temple is the tablet of Confucius, which is of wood, six feet high and one foot wide, painted red and partially gilded. The inscription on it, in large gilt characters, is: "The Most Ancient Holy Teacher, Confucius." Before this tablet, on stated occasions, the chief mandarins of the province bow down, in reverence for the great philosopher; and on his birthday numerous offerings are made, a prominent feature of which is an ox roasted whole. After the spirit of the ancient sage has satiated itself on the essence of the offerings presented, the worshipers and their attendants fall to and devour the substance with such gusto as to give assurance that the viands have not lost any appetizing quality by reason of the sage's previous feast upon the essence thereof.

There are also large temples devoted to the worship of the gods of Buddhism and Tanism, and to various national and local deities of greater or less renown.

There are many *yamens* (or public offices). Chief among them are those of the Viceroy, the Tartar-general, the Governor, the Treasurer, the Provincial Judge, and the Rice and Salt Commissioners. The Examination Hall, or Provincial College, is also a building of note. It is surrounded by a high wall, and consists of long rows of low compartments, provided for the students who come up to the provincial examinations. An avenue twelve feet wide runs through the centre, on each side of which the rows of cells branch off. Each cell is about two and one-half feet deep, four feet wide, and eight feet high. Ten thousand students are thus accommodated, who must remain for ten days (with two recesses of half a day each, however), and write essays upon themes given out to them by the examiners, to test their knowledge of the Chinese classics. Only 300 out of the 10,000 can receive the coveted degree.

It is difficult to describe the general appearance of such a city as Foo-chow. As you stand on Blackstone Hill, and look out over the city below you, the first impression is that of a sea of tiles, as all the roofs are covered with gray tiles. Then the beautiful foliage of the banyans, the lichis, and the bamboos, attracts attention and charms the eye. The tall red poles, indicating official residences and temple grounds, are numerous. The Pagodas come in for their share of admiration. The river, with its thousands of curious boats, with sails of bamboo, or of cotton cloth, and great awkward junks with their big eyes, present an animated scene. The nearer mountains, in their quiet beauty, and the more distant ranges, towering up in grandeur, complete a picture seldom rivaled, and not easily excelled.

The city is in southeastern China, in latitude 26° 5′ north, and longitude 119° 20′ east. As it is approached from the sea, Sharp Peak Island, with its beautiful hills, crowned with the sanitariums of the three Protestant missions at Foo-chow, is observed to the south of the entrance of the Min. Steaming slowly in, we seem confronted with great hills, and are wondering where there can be any passage through, when suddenly a little opening appears, and on we go through the narrow channel, between the precipitous sides of the Kinpai Pass. Here the Chinese forts, well built, and armed with Krupp guns, until the recent attack, guarded the entrance. Close down by the shore were batteries which, if effectively manned, ought to have made considerable havoc before they were captured. Now, on either side of us, are high hills, beautifully terraced. On the narrow plain at the base of one of these is the thriving market-town of Kwantan, with its native custom-house, and its noisy, bustling crowd of excited buyers and sellers. Little villages of one-storied wooden houses, with their tiled roofs, nestle along the mountain-sides. Now and then little mountain streams and sparkling cascades pour their waters into the river. As the steamer winds its way cautiously among the junks and sampans, we notice on the south bank a huge rock, resembling a man's leg, and terminating in a well-formed foot, with heel and toe clearly discernible. Soon another narrow pass, called the Mingan Pass, appears, with a picturesque island in the centre, surmounted by fortifications. On the right was a pretty and prosperous village, which it is to be feared is now a scene of desolation.

Proceeding on our way, passing a few more villages and some fertile rice plains, we soon come out into a broad bay, twenty miles from the mouth of the river, whose ample waters afford a fine harbor for the ships and steamers engaged in foreign trade. This is the now well-known Pagoda Anchorage, so called from a Pagoda on a large island situated on the north side of the river at this point. On this island were two ship-chandleries, or general stores, one owned by an American, and the other by a British, firm. A British Vice-consulate was also located here.

At the upper end of this bay, on the mainland, was located the Arsenal. This was an immense manufacturing establishment of gunboats and transports, where, under direction of French and English instructors, natives had learned to construct a gunboat from the engine down to a second-hand on a chronometer. It had numerous workshops, in which about 1,800 workmen were constantly employed. There were also schools of theoretical and practical navigation, designing, naval construction, engineering and chronometer-making. Many intelligent young Chinamen had been instructed in these various branches. On the grounds were large and commodious residences for the foreign instructors and the native officials connected with the establishment. About $70,000 monthly was paid by the Government in keeping it up. French shot and shell soon laid it all in ashes.

Just opposite the Arsenal is the east end of an island, fourteen miles long, which here separates the river into two branches, which reunite at the upper end of the island, as only vessels of very light draft can ascend the river any further. We are obliged to leave our steamer at the Anchorage, and stepping into a handsome steam-launch belonging to one of the foreign firms, we pursue our way ten miles further up the river to the foreign settlement on the large island just mentioned. On our right looms up Koo-shan, or Drum Mountain, whose summit is 3,000 feet above the level of the sea. Away off to the left, on the mainland south of the large island, is a precipitous cliff, where, high up in air, is an anvil-shaped projection. Foreigners have called it "Lovers' Leap." It looks like the veritable "jumping-off place." Soon the buildings of the foreign settlement come in sight, most of them lying on the north side of a sightly hill. The handsome brick structure of Jardine, Matheson & Co., and the solid granite building of Russell & Co., the oldest and best-known American firm in China, are among the most noticable. In a fine position on the crest of the hill are the buildings of the British Consulate, and the residences, schools and church of the American Methodist Episcopal Mission, adjoining which is the British church, built of granite, with facings of dark granite or porphyry. The hillsides for miles adjoining the foreign settlement are covered with Chinese graves.

Now we have reached the foreign settlement, but we are still three miles away from the city. We must turn our faces northward, and the first thing to be encountered is the River Min. We at once cross from the large island to the small island in the river over a granite bridge, and are soon in the midst of a dense population, for this island, scarcely larger than Governor's Island in New York Harbor, has a population of several thousand. On leaving this, we enter upon a granite bridge, with forty solid buttresses placed at irregular distances, and connected by stones three feet square, and varying in length from twenty-five to forty-five feet. On these, as sleepers, are laid the stones which constitute the platform of the bridge. It has granite railings, mortised into granite posts. For nearly a thousand years has this bridge resounded to the steady tramp of the multitudes, crossing and recrossing; and it seems ready for another thousand years of service. So dense is the throng, that we sometimes find it difficult to keep our footing. Here is a peddler of wonderful salve cutting his own flesh, to show the marvelous curative properties of his salve. Here is a dentist, with a string of hundreds of teeth, the evidences of his skill. He pulls no teeth with cruel forceps, however, but puts a corroding powder about the tooth, which loosens it from the gum, until it can be taken out with the fingers. Here, too, are men with eyes and noses eaten away by disease, piteous applicants for charity. But the bridge is passed, and we plunge into the main street leading to the city. It is only about ten feet wide. There are no wagons or carriages. All the carrying of persons or goods is done by men. The coolies carrying the sedan-chairs, and moving at a rapid pace, call out to the burden-bearers, who are in the way, according to the burdens carried, either "Slop-buckets, out of the way!" or, "Turnips to one side!" or, "Opium, give us the road!"

Generally the crowd is good-natured, but once in a while there will occur a brisk fisticuff battle between coolies who have come into collision. On either side the street are stores and shops, some common enough, and others handsome and elegant. Swinging signs in front bear such high-sounding firm titles as, "Perpetual Longevity," "Myriad Profits," "Flourishing Prosperity." Here is the "Eternal Happiness Oil-store," and there is the "Celestial Fragrance Drug-store." Here are showy drygoods-stores, in which you may find rich silks and satins. Now, hold your nose as you pass the fish-market, for the odor is rather strong for unpracticed olfactories. Here are carp, and mackerel, and suckers, and soles, and cuttle-fish, and eels, and catfish, and crabs, and lobsters, and clams, and muscles, and sturgeons, and sharks, and sea-blubber, and almost everything that sea or river or pond can produce. Now we come to the "Tea Pavilion," an open, breezy saloon, where tea is furnished in delicate little cups, and rice and cakes and other delicacies may be obtained. But who are those men in cages, just at the entrance? The cages are high and narrow, just wide enough to hold a man. Their chins rest on the edge of a board at the top, and only the toes of their feet can touch the bottom. They are under sentence of death by starvation, and are purposely put where men are eating and drinking all the time, to aggravate their punishment. What is the crime that is met with such awful penalty? They have been found guilty of kidnapping girls from their parents for a life of shame. It seems a terrible punishment; but if all kidnapping were thus punished, perhaps no parents' hearts would mourn, as do some in our land, besides those of Charlie Ross.

But we pass on, and soon find, by the sound of merry hammers upon the tin and copper and brass, that we are among the kettle-makers, for all the avocations are carried on in the front shops, and we see them all in active operation as we go along. Soon the broad arch of the South Gate is before us, the massive doors are open, and we are in the city. Our watches tell us that nearly an hour of fairly brisk walking has been required to bring us from the foreign settlement.

As early as the latter part of the seventeenth century, the East India Company made an effort to establish trade with Foo-chow, but it proved unsuccessful. The treaties of 1842, following the opium war with Great Britain, named Foo-chow as one of the five ports to be opened to foreign trade; but there was great local opposition to the admission of foreign commerce, and so many difficulties had to be encountered, that foreign trade can scarcely be said to have fairly commenced until 1853—the American firm of Russell & Co. being among the first to secure a permanent lodging there. From that time onward, for seven or eight years, every Summer witnessed the arrival of a splendid fleet of the swiftest American and English clipper-ships, which bore away their cargoes of fragrant tea, on which great profits were frequently made. But now all this has changed. The beautiful, clean and tidy clippers have given way to smoky steamers. The American flag began to disappear during the time of the Civil War, and is seen only occasionally on some bark or schooner at the Anchorage. The American firms have gradually withdrawn from the port until only one—that of Russell & Co.—remains. Business is precarious, and fortunes are not so easily made. Yet Foo-chow still holds a leading position among the great tea-ports of China, exporting annually about fifty million pounds, valued at somewhere near twenty millions of dollars, and importing about 560,000 pounds of opium, valued at about twenty-three millions of dollars. This gives some idea of the fearful ravages of the opium trade among the people. Twenty-five years ago only the wealthier classes indulged in the habit. Now men of all classes—officials, merchants, mechanics, farmers, soldiers, boatmen and coolies—are smoking opium. The victims of the habit soon begin to show its effects in their sallow faces, unsteady gait, and general weakness. Many are hurried to the grave by it. Patrimonies are squandered, ancestral lands go to waste, houses are ruined, furniture parted with, and even wife and children sold away, until the poor slave of opium is left penniless. Cases are frequently occurring in which suicide, sometimes from a purposed overdose of the drug, ends a life which it has rendered wretched and despairing.

These two items of trade overshadow everything else. There is a considerable importation of cotton goods and of lead, which is mostly beaten into sheet-lead for the teaboxes; and large exports of sugar and of timber, of oranges and of olives, are made from Foo-chow to the more northern ports. As is true of all the other ports of China, the great bulk of foreign trade is in the hands of the English, whose interests are nearly five times as large as those of any other nation. Indeed, taking in her colonies, England has a considerably larger share both of imports and exports than all other countries put together.

It may be of interest to name here some of the peculiar customs of the people. Much has been said of the custom of binding the feet of Chinese women. It prevails among some classes in all parts of the Empire, but

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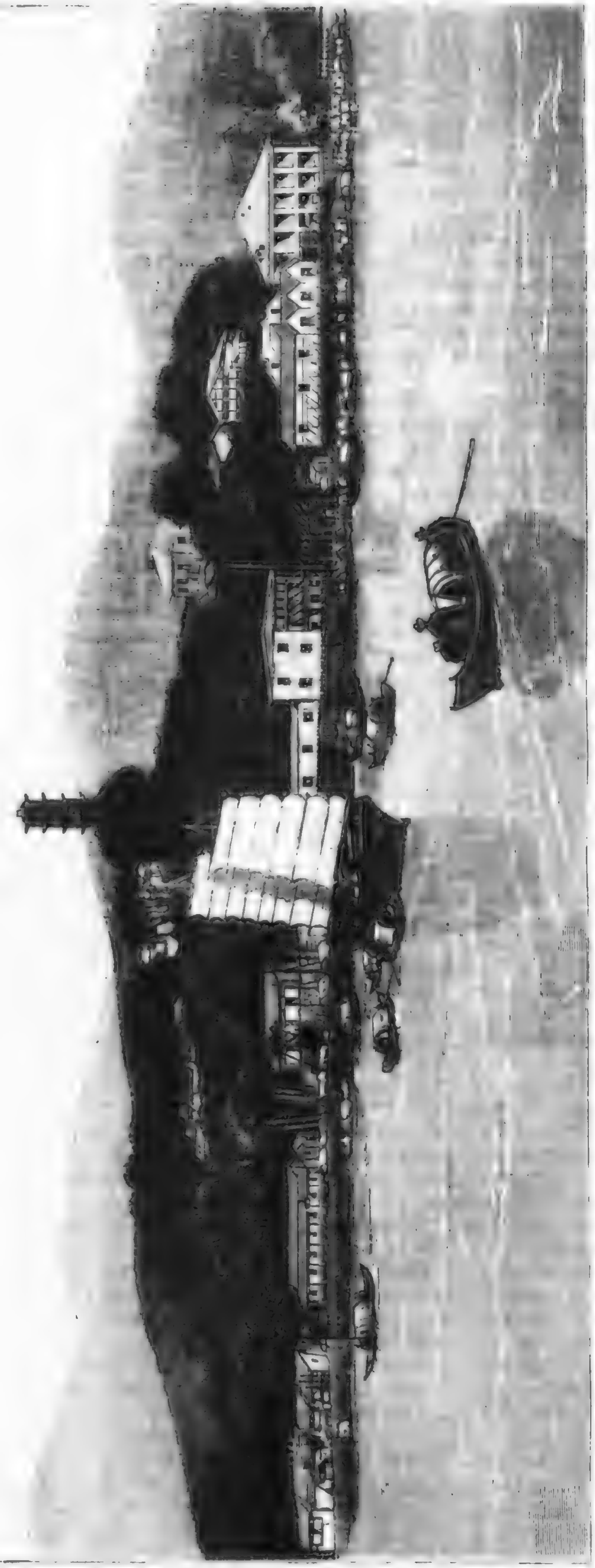


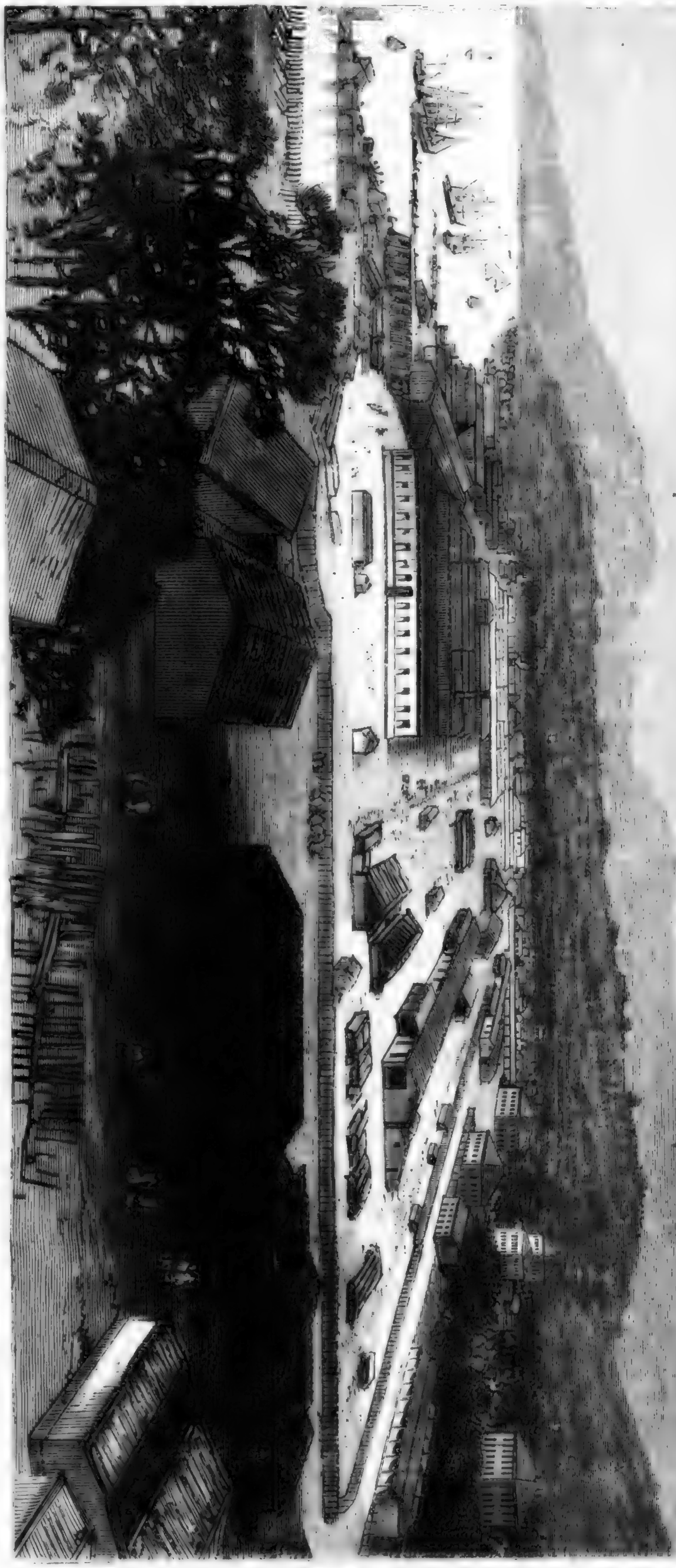
PAGODA ISLAND.—FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.

it is, at Foo-chow, carried to an extent scarcely to be met with elsewhere. While at some ports all the women have bound feet, and the binding is more in appearance than reality, allowing them to walk about readily on feet not badly compressed, at Foo-chow the binding is a very real and serious matter. There is a respectable laboring class of women with feet of natural size; but the "real ladies" of Foo-chow wear shoes that are only from two and one-half inches to three inches in length on the sole. To make this possible, girls of five or six years of age have their feet bound with tight bandages of cotton cloth—all the toes except the great-toe being turned under the foot. This bandaging is kept up, in spite of the great pain occasioned by it, for several years, until the foot is crushed and distorted, and withers and shrivels up until it can be incased in a delicately-embroidered shoe with a two-and-a-half-inch sole. Of course the ladies who have this high mark of fashion are not able to walk, in the proper sense of the word. They go hobbling about, sometimes with a cane, sometimes resting a hand upon the shoulder of a child or a servant. But this class have little use for walking, as they spend most of their time in the inner apartments of the house, secluded from all observation, and with no companions but the other female members of the household, and when they go to visit other ladies, they are carried in close-covered sedan-chairs, to screen them from observation.

In time of a lunar eclipse, the people turn out with gongs, drums, old tin pans, and anything else that will make a noise, and beat away with great vigor. If the eclipse is total, as the darkness increases, the pounding becomes more vehement and excited; and when the whole surface is obscured, the din is perfectly terrific. Men shout, "Drum away! Pound away! The dragon has the moon all inside his mouth now. If we don't make him give it up, it will be gone for ever!" Then, as more and more of the moon's surface comes out clear, they encourage each other to keep on until the dreaded dragon is compelled to yield it up entirely. When finally the moon sails off fair and clear through the heavens, they go off home with gongs and drums under their arms, in the happy consciousness of duty discharged, and congratulating one another that the moon is saved for future usefulness.

Nearly two-thirds of the way up to the summit of Koo-shan, the high mountain near Foo-chow, is located this celebrated Buddhist monastery. It is reached by a gradual ascent over solid granite steps, circling up the mountain-side, with rest-houses here and there, in which the coolies put down their sedan-chairs and refresh themselves with a pipe of tobacco while they rest. Half way up is a tea-house, where cups of the fragrant beverage are always in readiness for the travelers, and the attendant priests are always ready to receive large fees for dispensing the same. The views from some points of this road back over the plain below, and out beyond the hills at the mouth of the river to the open ocean, are exceedingly beautiful. The near approach to the monastery is amid most charming scenery. The broad and ample stone pavement winds in a graceful curve around a spur on the mountain-side. On each side are immense camphor-trees, tall and beautiful pines and graceful bamboos, whose delicate leaves gently rustle in the lightest breezes. The sweet tones of the ancient bell, constantly tolling, sound out more and more distinctly; and soon the numerous buildings of the monastery are in sight, their tiled roofs gray with age, nestling in a sequestered nook, surrounded by camphor-trees.

The first temple was built here in the year 899, and others have been added at various times. Three immense images of Buddha, each represented as sitting on a lotus-leaf, occupy the rear end of the main temple, while on each side are images of nine of his ancient disciples. In the large area in front of the Buddhas are kneeling-stools, upon which, twice a day, the eighty priests of the monastery kneel as they commence the recital of the ritual service before the gods. Afterward they march in single file around every row of their stools, chanting as they go, two priests taking the lead, one of them jingling a small bell, and then pounding upon a queer-shaped hollow piece of wood.



FOO-CHOW.—THE ARSENAL BEFORE THE FRENCH ATTACK.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

In their other temples are images of Kwan-yin, the Goddess of Mercy, and of various deified Emperors and other divinities—Chinese additions to Buddhism. In the main temple, incense is kept burning night and day before the great Buddhas, and it is a strange thought that, for a thousand years, the fire of the incense has not gone out at these altars of Buddha.

Weird legends connected with the place are numerous. It is said that a king of Foo-chow was once on his way up the mountain-side, attended by some of his soldiers. a very holy priest was sitting with his legs crossed, in devout meditation, directly in the king's path. A soldier commanded him to get out of the way ; but he remained imperturbably in his place. At a second, and more vehement command, he got out of the way, but in such a manner as to astonish the whole company. He rose directly up into the air for a considerable distance. The king begged him to descend, and promised to give him whatever he might ask. The modest priest responded with a simple request for as much ground as he could cover with his robe. This was readily granted, and the priest began to spread out his robe, when, lo ! it expanded as he spread, until it covered the whole mountain-side, and the fields below clear to the river. Thus it was that Koo-shan became consecrated ground.

In a shady dell, not far from the monastery, is a trickling rill, with high sides of precipitous rock. The appearance of the bed of the rill impresses one with the idea that it must some time have been a stream of considerable size. The legend is that a devout priest was once seated in meditation near the stream, and being disturbed by the noise of its waters, called out, "*Hak!*" (Stop !) Immediately the rush of waters ceased, and ever since the stream has been only an insignificant rill.

Another legend tells how a pious priest died, and after his death his hair continued to grow. Barber after barber was summoned to shave it, but could not succeed. At last a sister of his, living many miles away, heard of the trouble, and made a pilgrimage to Koo-shan. When she arrived the dead man opened his eyes. She announced her purpose of shaving his head, which she did with entire success. She promised to return periodically and perform this kind office, which promise she faithfully kept until she was sixty years old, when she asked him what he would to do when she died. The old man made no answer, but wept ; and from that period his hair ceased to grow.

These are only specimens of scores of quaint legends with which the priests entertain visitors to this sacred spot.

On one side of the monastery is the inclosure for the sacred animals—cows and pigs, deer, goats, chickens, ducks, geese—that have been presented to the monastery, and are fed and protected until they die a natural death—the Buddhists believing that there is great merit in preserving animal life.

In front is a fish-pond, which for 750 years has received many varieties of fish, and where they are allowed to live out their natural lives. It is one of the amusements of visitors at the monastery to throw crackers into this pond, and witness the struggles of the fish, as they come to the surface and chase the floating crackers all around the pond, in their eagerness to get possession of them.

The Roman Catholics publicly began their work in Foo-chow over 200 years ago. They suffered very greatly in the persecution which prevailed about the middle of the last century ; and during the present century their efforts seem to have been mostly directed toward keeping in the faith the descendants of the old Catholic families. They claim in the neighborhood of Foo-chow about 3,000 converts, mostly among the boat population ; and in the whole Province of Fo-kien about 30,000.

Protestant Missions entered upon the work in Foo-chow in 1846, when the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions opened a mission there ; and were followed the next year by the American Methodist Episcopal Church, and in 1850 by the English Church Missionary Society.

The work was very slow at first, as many prejudices had to be overcome, many suspicions as to the real object of the missionaries to be obviated, and much preliminary work in the study of the language, the preparation of books, and the instruction of the people, was to be accomplished. Nearly ten years elapsed before a single convert was received, since which time considerable progress has been made. The American Methodist Episcopal Church now has an organized Conference in the field, with five foreign missionaries and twenty-two ordained native ministers constituting its membership. Besides these, there are forty-five unordained traveling ministers, and forty local preachers. The number of full members is about 1,700, of probationers about 900, and of baptized children about 600—making a Christian community of about 3,200 souls connected with this mission. The English Church Mission has nearly the same number, and the American Board Mission several hundreds, so that the three missions now aggregate a Protestant community of about 7,000 souls.

The native Christians are subjected to many persecutions by their heathen neighbors. Ancestral lands are often left to descendants, with provision for annual ceremonies of an idolatrous nature, to be performed in turn by the heirs. When the Christians refuse to perform such ceremonies they are often obliged to relinquish their share in the inheritance. Sometimes the dwellings of the Christians are destroyed, and their farming implements carried away by their heathen neighbors. Occasionally a Christian has to render his life a forfeit in fidelity to his religion. Yet, in general there is toleration for Christianity, and in many places a feeling of even decided friendliness toward the Christians.

Of late years, one of the most important developments of the mission work has been that of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. The work of lady physicians in treating native women, in hospital and dispensary, and at their homes, not only medically, but surgically, and in cases requiring very skillful and delicate operations, is coming to be very greatly appreciated by the natives, and opens doors for the missionary work which would otherwise long have remained closed. The work of Christian ladies in the schools, and in training native women to act as "Bible women," or "evangelists," in taking the gospel from house to house, has also been of inestimable advantage to the progress of the missions.

The societies support many free day-schools, and a few large boarding-schools for boys and girls. The Methodist Mission has a printing-office, which prints several millions of pages of Scriptures and tracts every year. Bishop Wiley is now on his way to China, and expects to visit Foo-chow, and to open the Conference Session there on the 19th of November.

It may be well, in closing this article, to correct a few of the mistakes into which the newspapers have fallen in their notices of recent events. We have frequently seen the heading, "Bombardment of Foo-chow." It will be readily seen, by the readers of this article, that Foo-chow has not been bombarded at all ; and that no French shot or shell have fallen within several miles of the city—the Arsenal, which was the chief point of attack, being located ten miles below the city, and no vessels, except of very light draught, being able to proceed further ; and the forts subsequently attacked being between the Arsenal and the mouth of the river, and, of course, still further away from the city of Foo-chow. To speak of the bombardment of Foo-chow is like calling the bombardment of Fort Wadsworth, on Staten Island, the bombardment of New York.

One dispatch spoke of the "foreign settlement" as being looted by a Chinese rabble after the French attack ; but the foreign settlement is ten miles up the river from the scene of disturbance, and the buildings looted must have been the few buildings occupied by foreigners at Pagoda Anchorage, in the neighborhood of the Arsenal.

The *Tribune* informed us that the Island of Hainan belongs to the Province of Fo-kien, and is governed by the Viceroy of Kwangtung and Fo-kien. The island belongs to the Province of Kwangtung, off the coast of which it lies, and which province is not associated with Fo-kien in a viceroyalty.

A Chinese doctor is represented as saying that most of the streets of Foo-chow are as clean as Broadway. That is a statement that must be taken with very many grains of allowance. Some of its streets are respectably clean, as compared with other Chinese cities ; but no one who has ever walked through them would think of soberly comparing them with Broadway for cleanliness. So, too, the statement that the British Consul lives in a Buddhist temple is very misleading. He lives in a handsome consular residence in the foreign settlement, built by the British Government. He has, however, a building on Blackstone Hill, in the city, which was once a temple, but is now used as a place of recreation by the consul and attachés of the consulate, who occasionally spend a few days there.

Foo-chow is an interesting city, as to its situation, its surroundings, its people and their avocations, and its important connection with the past history and future prospects of the great Empire of which it forms a part. Long may it be preserved from the ravages of war, and allowed to work out in quiet and peaceful industry an honorable history among the great cities of the world !

LARGE VINES.

Captain Phelps has a grapevine which, according to the *Pacific Rural Press*, is the largest in the United States. In 1867, the large vine that was famous in Southern California, was cut down, and exhibited at the Centennial Exhibition. It measured fourteen inches in diameter. Captain Phelps's vine is twenty-five years old, and is thirteen inches in diameter. It is of the Mission variety, and it has never received the benefits of irrigation. It stands near the house (south of Stockton about two miles), and covers about four thousand square feet of ground. If it had been permitted to run where it wished, it would have covered a much larder area ; but it was found necessary to cut it back in order to save the roof of the house. The largest crop produced by it was two or three years ago, when, after selling a ton and a half by actual weight, the remainder was estimated at two tons and a half.

In the *Bulletin of the Torrey Club* for January, 1882, Professor Bessey reports finding in Wayne County, Ohio, a colony of vines, supposed to be *Vitis labrusca*, the trunks of which were, some of them, over a foot in diameter. In a subsequent number of the same journal, Mr. Ravenel states that in March, 1881, while in Darien, Ga., he rode out to Blaisden's Bluff, on the coast, some twelve miles northeast of Darien, to see a celebrated grapevine. It was just in leaf, and, judging from the wood and bark, appeared to be *Vitis æstivalis.* On measuring the trunk at eight feet from the ground, it was found to have a circumference of forty-four inches.

A DAY-DREAM.

By William Reid.

Once in the musing twilight
Of advancing Summer day,
I sat at the window gazing
On the landscape far away;
Thinking sadly, dreaming madly,
Of a bright and fair young maiden
Who should have been my bride:
Of a fair and beauteous maiden
Who should have been my bride,
With her throbbing hand in mine,
Sitting gladly at my side.

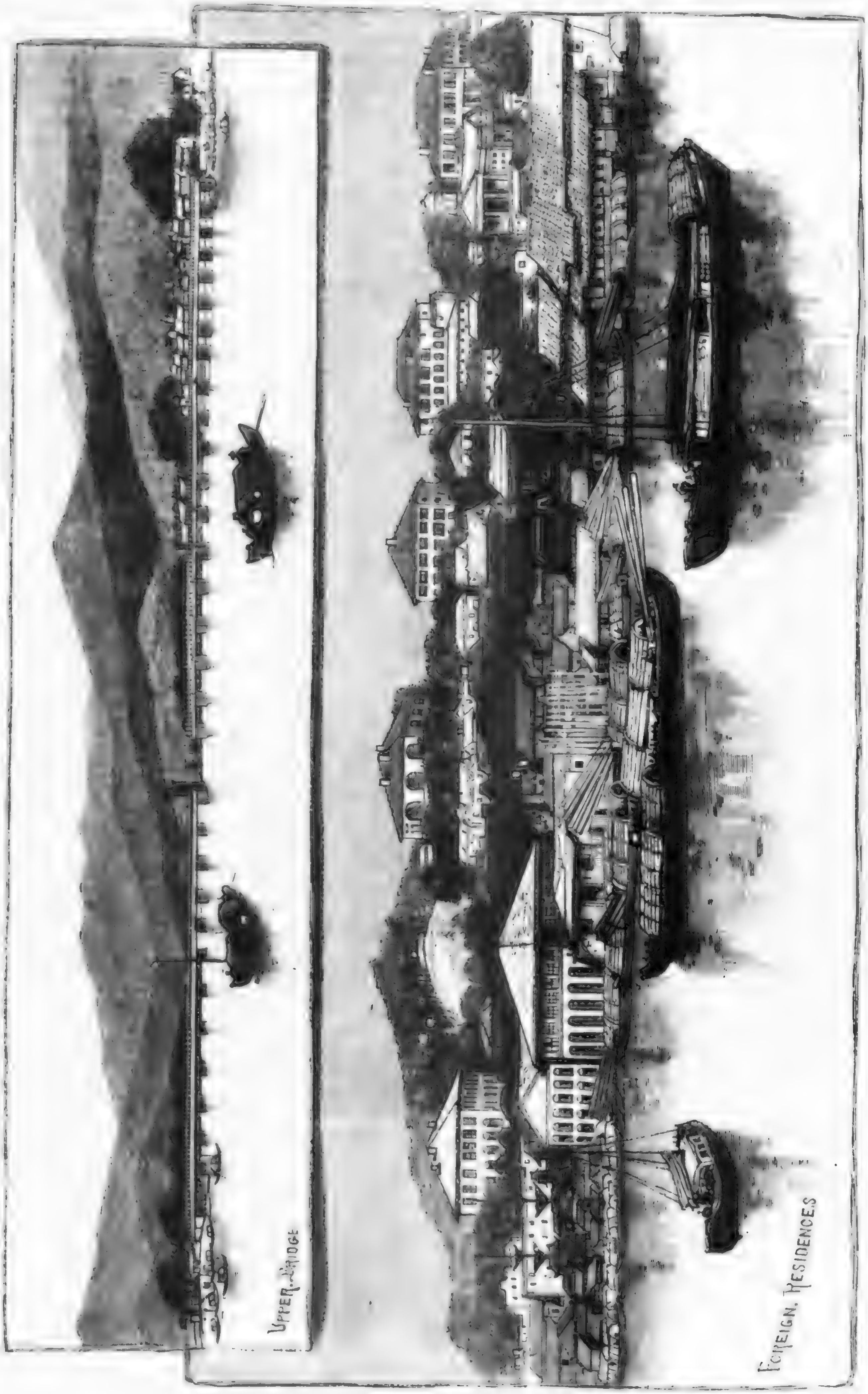
But, ah! she was too beautiful
For such a one as I!
The very demons loved her,
And the angels in the sky;
And so at last it happened
That the spirit we call Death
Came one balmy Summer evening,
And kissed away her breath;
O God! that I were Death!

And thus, as I was floating
On the ebb of memory's stream,
Never marking, never noting
Aught else beside my dream,
Suddenly I heard a ringing
Of a strange aërial singing,
Of a wild, unearthly singing,
Throughout my chamber ringing.
With its ghostly melody.

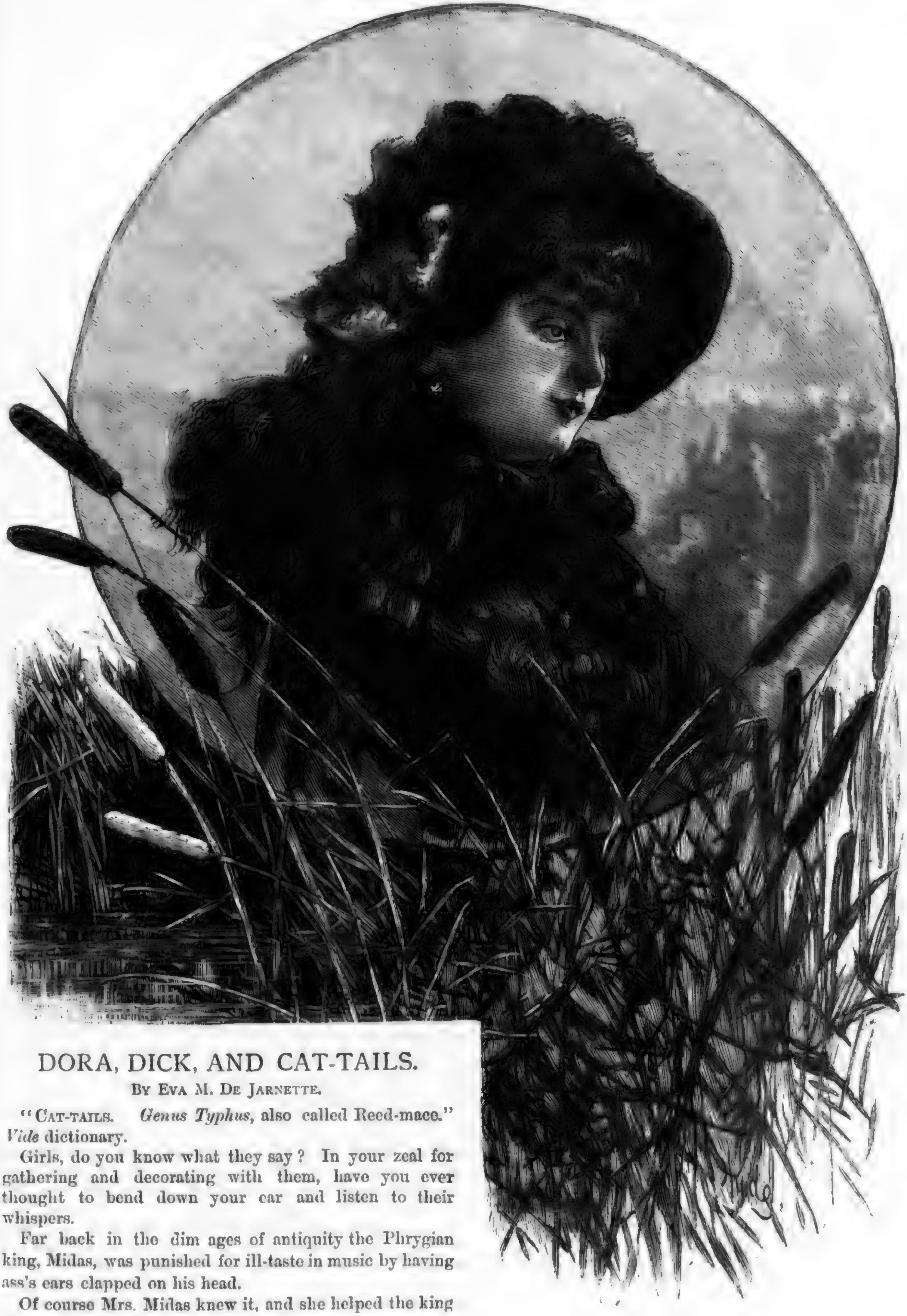
THE KING OF SPIDERS.

The king of spiders on the pampas is not a mygole, but a lycosa of extraordinary size, light-gray in color, with a black ring around its middle. It is active and swift, and irritable to such a degree that one can scarcely help thinking that in this species Nature has overshot her mark. When a person passes near one—say within three or four yards of its lurking-place—it starts up and gives chase, and will often follow for a distance of thirty or forty yards. I came once very nearly being bitten by one of these savage creatures. Riding at an easy trot over the dry grass, I suddenly observed a spider pursuing me, leaping swiftly along and keeping up with my beast. I aimed a blow with my whip, and the point of the lash struck the ground close to it, when it instantly leaped upon and ran up the lash, and was actually within three or four inches of my hand when I flung the whip from me. The gauchos have a very quaint ballad which tells that the City of Cordova was once invaded by an army of monstrous spiders, and that the townspeople went out, with beating drums and flags flying, to repel the invasion, and after firing several volleys they were forced to turn and fly for their lives. I have no doubt that a sudden great increase of the man-chasing spiders, in a year exceptionally favorable to them, suggested this fable to some rhyming satirist of the town.

XUM


UPPER BRIDGE
FOREIGN RESIDENCES

FOO-CHOW.—UPPER BRIDGE AND FOREIGN SETTLEMENT.—SEE PAGE 536.



DORA.

DORA, DICK, AND CAT-TAILS.

By Eva M. De Jarnette.

"Cat-tails. *Genus Typhus,* also called Reed-mace." *Vide* dictionary.

Girls, do you know what they say? In your zeal for gathering and decorating with them, have you ever thought to bend down your ear and listen to their whispers.

Far back in the dim ages of antiquity the Phrygian king, Midas, was punished for ill-taste in music by having ass's ears clapped on his head.

Of course Mrs. Midas knew it, and she helped the king to start the fashion of bangs, frizzles, earlocks and such, and he wore a great bag-topped crown to conceal his deformity.

But no man is hero to his valet, and the barber knew all about it. Weary of the burden of the terrible secret, he dug a hole in a solitary place, and whispered into it, "Our master has asses' ears!"

Cat-tails sprang up, and to this day, when agitated by the wind, they mischievously repeat the tale, maliciously varying the message to make a personal affair of it. "Our rulers have asses' ears!" they murmur—"asses' ears!"

They whisper in Greek, and if Dick and Tom, fresh from college, cannot make it out, it is because they are just humbugs, and don't know anything about the language.

Moreover, Homer says, the giant Typhus gave more trouble to the gods than all the rest put together. He was like a cork; push him under in one spot and he would pop up in another. It was a difficult thing 'for to put a head on him,' for he possessed already a hundred of his own. And when at last Jupiter "planted" him alive on the Isle of Ischia, and was thinking about setting up a nice tombstone over him, to let his friends know what a generous, spreading, ubiquitous kind of an old hairpin he was, all at once cat-tails, with their hundred heads, appeared, and the winds floated their downy seed-puffs over the face of the earth.

Diseases with a hundred forms broke out among men and beasts, which are still called by his name wherever the cat-tails grow. So Jupiter concluded not to waste his money on a fellow who could actually make the four winds of heaven and whole race of nature do his advertising gratis, even bending into the same channel the æsthetic fancies of fashionable young ladies of the nineteenth century.

But Dick Harrington didn't know a word of all this.

Although long past the age when a fellow's friends constantly tell him, as a piece of unexpected news, "how he has grown," Dick had all the whiskers he would ever own, and had grown to feel sorry he had not let his troublesome mustache remain latent, instead of rasping and scraping at it, and cutting it with his sister's scissors, till it was stiff as a blacking-brush.

Of course, he had trampled over cat-tails and club-mosses, pond-lilies and wild celery, thousands of times, but he had never bothered his brain over the generic names of sedges and reeds.

He distinguished them as good "cover" for grouse, partridges and Indian hens, or classed them along with sand-worms, snapshells and other small crustacea, as the proper food, or signs of feeding-ground, for "willets," "marlins," "summer-ducks," "seek-no-furthers" and "doe-witches."

He wasn't æsthetic at all. Dick wasn't, and no wonder his pretty sister Kate was "out" with him for putting on that rusty velveteen shooting-jacket, and stuffing his pantaloons into boots that were quite big and strong enough to walk about alone, and for going out after "dippers" and "spring-tails" when a girl was coming—one of those "utterly utter" kind, too, who have never had a shadow of any kind of real trouble to sour them, and consequently think that the sun shines and the "wild world wags" for their private and individual benefit.

"Afraid of a gal! And he just six feet two in his stocking feet." No wonder he looked sneaking and mean; and when Kate followed him as far as the horse-blocks, still arguing the question, he gave three perfectly hypocritical reasons for not going to the station to meet Dora, her doubly dear schoolmate and bosom friend, Dora.

Falsely he averred a flock of didappers or wild turkeys (Kate could not make out he said, he mumbled so) to be scattered and in waiting for him to kill in Carrie's Wood. In testimony of which he produced a "yelper," and yelped till Kate put her fingers to her ears, for all the gobblers in the yard, angrily answering, came strutting up, with their "Turk's heads" swelled up as red and big as acme tomatoes.

"Dick, you are just too utterly mean to live. I'd like to throw a plate at you. Really, Dick, I am ready to cry. To have to send the hired boy to drive, when I've got a brother tall as a church steeple."

"Katie, I'd go in a minute, but I've got to meet a man——"

"Hush, Dick; you are telling stories. Dora is so pretty, too," sighs Kate.

"The washerwoman has all my collars, and——"

"I wonder you are not afraid you'll end like Ananias and Sapphira. Oh, I do wish I wasn't afraid to drive Flirt myself," and two bright little tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Really, Katie, I was in the village yesterday, where they have measles, and I should not like to run the risk of her catching them through me."

"Oh, I do hope Dora will pay you for this; indeed I do I hope she will flirt the hat off your head, you aggravating, good-for-nothing——"

Dick fled away out of hearing, for in his heart of hearts he was "afeerd of a gal."

He had climbed Harney's Peak when it was two feet deep in snow; shot a California grizzly; had slept calmly by the bivouac fire to the music of the gray wolves' hideous howling and the mountain-lions' doleful roar. He had dared the redskins of the Black Hills in their rocky fastnesses, but was pitifully "afeerd of a woman."

Stepping out, as if he was owner of the Seven League Boots, keeping a keen eye to the slightest indication of a "point" from his black-and-tan setter, he communed sadly with himself as to how he could possibly avail himself of lodging privileges under his father's roof for the coming week—how he was to eat and sleep, keep out of sight of his sister's friend, and still be highly thought of and admired by her.

"Afeerd of a woman!"

Kate this time, for he dearly loved his pretty sister, and hated to cross her wishes.

"Unless I break a leg, or knock out an eye, she would never forgive me," was his conclusion. "However, I'll hunt to-day, and go into the martyr business in the morning."

"Sing while we may
Another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

Hola! Something is the matter with Ponto! His white-tipped tail has ceased to vibrate—he elongates his body, thrust forward his head; his eye is set; his limbs stiffen rigidly; he is about to have a fit!

"Hie on!" Whir-r! Bang, bang! How the feathers fly! Three birds, by all that's lovely!

He bags the pretty, brown quivering creatures without a pang of compunction, and loads up for fresh victims. When game is plentiful the true hunter takes no note of time, nor does he heed the pangs of hunger.

Passing through the dim, damp depths of the leafless woods, he added some woodcock and "merry brown hares" to his bag.

The short Winter's day is almost ended. The naked, rusty tree-tops stand out coldly against the pale grayish sky; the shuddering chill of the dying day creeps over him, and he begins to realize that he has eaten nothing since breakfast.

As the Loadstone Rock drew Sinbad's frail bark remorselessly to its destruction, so Dick is marching straight into the meshes Fate has prepared for him.

The unerring certainty with which skillful sportsmen can distinguish objects afar off is well-known, but none the less remarkable. By the pale, smothered gleam of the fading sunset Dick perceives a thing which makes his heart flutter.

There has been no signal of danger. His own footsteps crunching over the stiff, dry flags, and the noise of

"The ripple washing in the reeds
And the water lapping on the crag."

are the only sounds he hears.

Yet Crusoe's man Friday was not more startled at the man's footprint in the sand" than was Dick at a blue gauze vail, caught in a bunch of briers, gently, innocently waving in the evening breeze.

A step further there is a sprig of scarlet china-berries, some small footprints in the mud, and a glove.

Victor Hugo makes a big tough old sailorman particularly fastidious about ladies' hands. Dick liked them small himself, although his own would have done for Hercules. Ladies' gloves are sometimes prettier than the hands they cover.

This one was a dainty, embroidered little affair, and told a tale of distress lying there among the dried grasses and things girls are for ever reaching after for their Winter vases, with scrambling little footprints in the mud all around it.

Beauty bebogged in its greed for the decorative cat-tail! Dick sighed as he put the pretty trifles in his vest-pocket.

A few more strides of the Seven League Boots and he was in the high road, where Flirt had stamped holes, while the hired boy held her in, and the young lady "went for" the rushes.

Afar off he could, through the parlor windows, see the light "where household fires gleamed warm and bright." He stalked along with pounds of mud clinging to his boots, bristling all over with cockle-burrs and Spanish needles, hands grimed with gunpowder, and a heavy gun and gamebag.

But nothing felt so heavy as that bit of gauze in his pocket, and the dainty glove. Like the sybarite's crumpled rose-leaf, they made a lump that rubbed and galled him. He was in a fever to be rid of them.

He made a circuit of the stable-lot and garden to prevent the possibility of his being seen from the parlor windows, as if in these days of high art young ladies had nothing better to do than sit moping and gaping like Mariana in the moated grange.

Cautiously passing the honeysuckle arbor, looking about and around over his shoulders, he plumped upon what he most wished to avoid.

Sitting on the back porch steps, gazing at the moon rising in mystic majesty over the big wood-pile, sat his sister and her friend.

He nearly stepped upon them, but before he had time to swoon or shoot himself, wicked Katie, who thoroughly enjoyed the situation, was introducing them. A fairy-like creature, with Italian sunset in her hair, and aurora-borealis in her cheeks, was murmuring his name.

He had not the sense to excuse himself and leave, but stood like a great object, blushing, muttering, looking like the poor "Exile of Erin," or a Pennsylvania road-tramp.

To Dora he appeared more of a bandit of the Pyrenees, for the slouch hat hid all the face his great beard left exposed, and in a pretty flute voice, she began talking to him.

"'Oh, Mr. Harrington, Kate and I have been thinking such things about the Pleiades and Orion, and Berenice's Hair. How they must have looked and shone, just as they do now, thousands of years ago, when the Greek boys and girls went tramping over the hilly roads of Arcadia on their way to the Olympic Games; and they talked of them under the same names that we do to-night—didn't they, Kate?"

"Indeed they did, Dora."

"And they twinkle now just as they did on the night Alexander stormed Tyre, and Hannibal terrified Rome with his victory at Cannæ. Don't you think so, Mr Harrington?"

Kate did not want to see her brother die right in the prime of life, so she mercifully answered for him in an off-hand kind of way:

"Indeed he does, Dora. Dick has been half over the world, you know."

Then she carried her friend into the parlor, leaving Dick too weak to walk up the steps.

When she went up to his room later, to see why he did not come down, he told her "he had got a chip in his eye, his ankle was out of joint, his nose was bleeding."

Kate just went on laying out his best clothes on the bed for him to put on.

"Now, sonny, don't you be a great goose. Dora's the dearest little creature in the world. Don't you mind her talk about the stars and things; it's just a way she has, and she'll get over it in no time. She is all dressed up in her great-grandfather's shoe-buckle, playing backgammon with pa like a dear. She'd make a nice sister for me, but I don't want her for a *ma*, so hurry on down."

Only a few girls will admit that they tremble and stand at the parlor-door to get their courage up. Dick would have done so, but the man with an armful of wood to replenish the fire came along, and he had to go in to keep Sambo from laughing at him.

Dora was standing before an old family picture, which Mrs. Harrington was expatiating upon. She wore a black velvet dress, white lace ruffles, a diamond buckle, and a graceful bunch of crimson bouvardia in her lovely golden hair.

Dick slipped into a seat and tried to look as if he had been sitting there a long time.

"What you see to the left there is water," the old gentleman was saying. "It is the river, not much of one, but there seems to be attraction enough to keep Dick for ever rambling along its margin. Come, Dick, and tell us what you find."

"Willets, marlins and doe-witches," repeats Dick, as if answering a question in geography.

"Oh, but I saw lovely things growing on the banks when I crossed it to-day!" cries Dora, and old Mr. Harrington having lugged his bashful son into the conversation, gracefully retired behind his paper.

Dick stood by her, and couldn't help thinking her distractingly pretty, but he was not the fellow to take a lead in conversation.

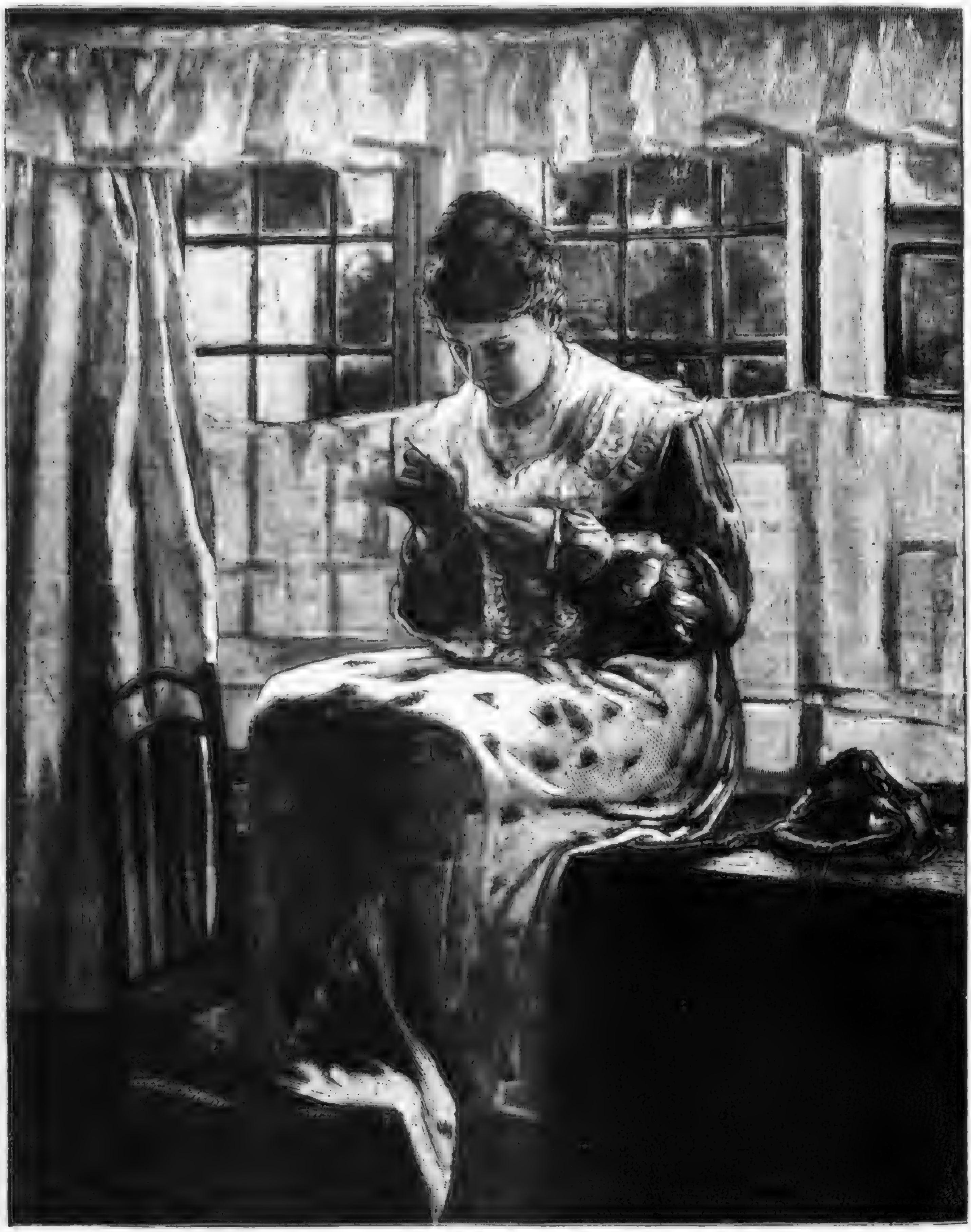
"Don't you think cat-tails are too utterly lovely for anything?" asked Dora, in a confidential kind of way.

"I—I can't say I like them much. They are always getting mashed, or trod on, or being caught in shutting the door."

Dora opened her eyes and looked puzzled.

XUM

"They should be hung with red ribbon to have the most artistic effect. You know we cannot get them in town, and I am so anxious to take three home with me. Will you not help me, Mr. Harrington to get them?"



"THE WINDOW-SEAT."—FROM THE PICTURE BY FRANCIS D. MILLET.

"Certainly. But would you not prefer fox? I know a fellow who has a glass case full. He cuts them off as trophies."

"How awfully cruel!"

"Cat-tails would be worse, as you would have to kill them first, I suppose. My sister thinks almost as much of Tabby as she does of me."

Dora looked as completely mystified as if she were listening to a few remarks in the Hebrew language. Kate, on the lookout, caught the expression, and carried her friend off to the piano.

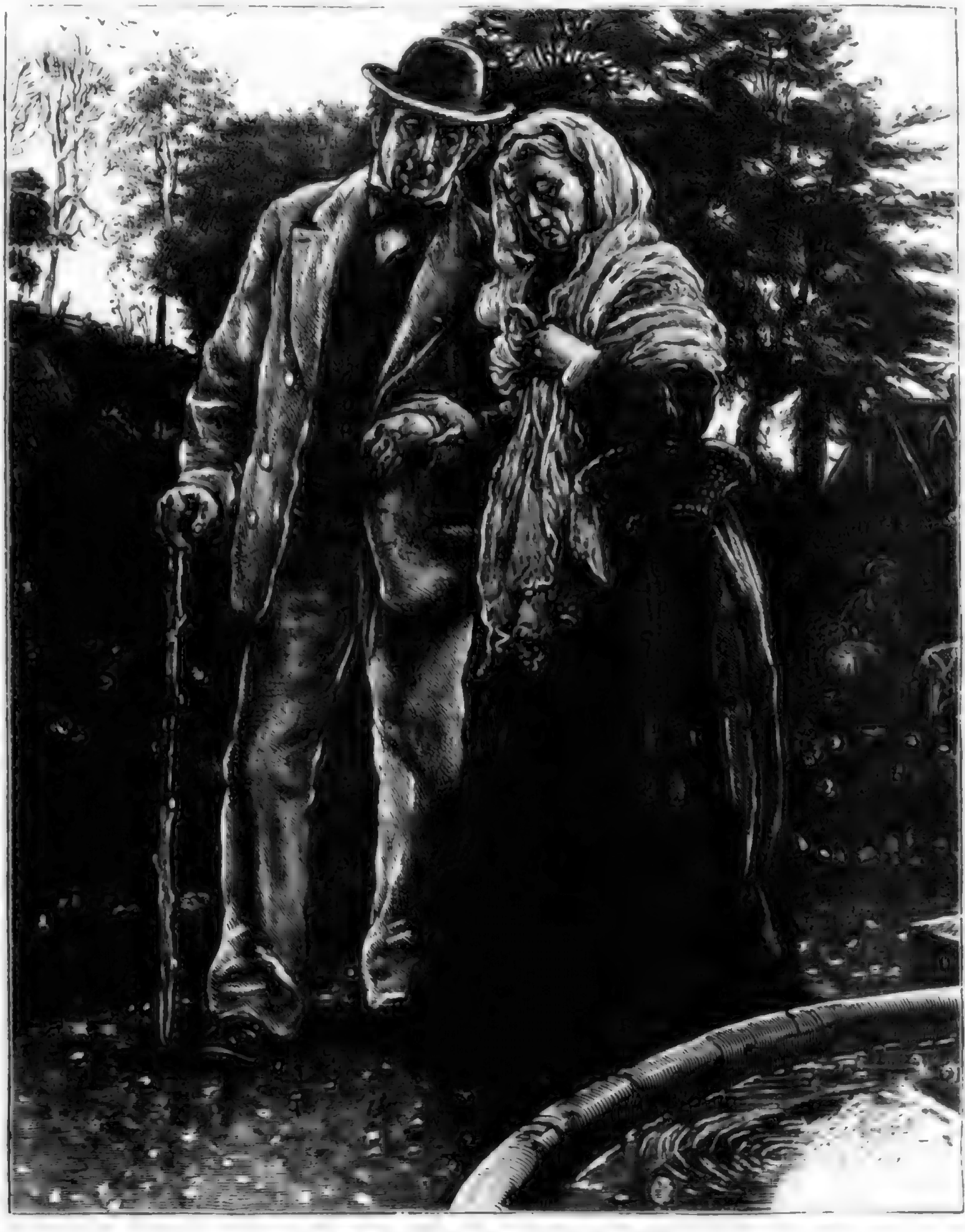
Was it a shaft at random sent that made Dora sing

"Wapping Old Stairs," instead of the German songs she had spent so much time over?

Some little fairylike creatures know their man by instinct, and suit their ammunition to the game.

Dick thought he had never heard anything so entrancingly sweet when Dora had finished the humble song.

"And then, to show what a domestic turn she possessed, the little creature went and got her knitting, and began narrowing to set the heel.



GROWING OLD.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 559.

There was a skein to be wound, and before Dick knew what he was about his arms were stretched in an imploring attitude, holding the hank, while Dora's pretty white fingers loosened a tangle here and there in the most charming manner possible.

"Is this for a—a tidy?" he asked, by way of being agreeable.

"No. It is for my—my stockings," murmured Dora. "I always knit them myself," she added.

You might have knocked Dick down with a feather. Knitting her own stockings! Economical little thing!

A freak of memory called to mind how his mother used to do it, knitting his father's socks in the bright firelight while he and his baby sister romped with the kittens on that very hearth. He wondered if anybody would ever knit socks for him there.

"And did you spin the yarn?"

He looked so in hopes she would say yes. Dora was really sorry she had not. She did not think fit to tell him that the silk cost as much as six ordinary pairs, and that the knitting had been her company work for a year. Crimson and cream-colored silk make little hands look so cunning and white.

"You are not like the young lady I met at a ball in California," said Dick. "She said to me, 'Stockings I can do without, but earrings I must have.' I see you wear no earrings."

"I wear no ornaments except natural flowers, and this old shoe-buckle of my grandfather's."

Then and there Dick made up his mind he would get her the biggest breastpin money could buy, the very

XUM

next time he went to the city, and send it anonymously. A girl who did her own knitting, wore a black gown without any peaks or ruffles, and an old shoe-buckle for jewelry, deserved a breastpin.

And that very night he reflected over his usual pipe, that even if a fellow had not a great deal of money, any man would do well to get a wife like that, and believed he would tell his friend Howard about her. And he dreamed pleasant dreams of Dora knitting socks, and patching the big hole he had that day torn in his corduroy trousers, though the stars, and cats with their tails cut off, came and bothered him some.

Dick spent an hour with the brushes next morning, trying to get his hair to lie smooth.

He had a way of looking as if he were always in a high wind, even on a day when a feather would drop like a bullet. But his teeth were as white as Ponto's, and he looked you straight in the eye.

There was a broiled woodcock for breakfast.

"Oh, Katie, stop!" cries Dora. "You must eat yours from the plate I painted for you."

She runs away for it, and comes down with a charming bit of Ceramic art. Ariadne was represented riding on a panther on a background of palest green, the color of a duck's egg. The nymph was in a most graceful attitude; her countenance beaming with love and hope, as the joyous bride of Bacchus.

"This is a present for you, dear; I did it myself."

"How utterly lovely! It must be hung up; it must! Look, pa, how beautiful."

Mr. Harrington put on his spectacles, and examined it critically.

"A very pretty Scripture picture! Very good, indeed!"

Dick's wonder and admiration were too great for utterance. What could she *not* do? To make a plate actually? It was the last straw that broke the camel's back. He threw up the sponge.

The others chatted on about the plate, but he saw only Dora, and gazing at her between morsels of food, ran great risk of injuring himself with his fork.

When his friend Howard came next day with hot-house flowers, and another friend took her riding in the tightest, trimmest little habit, he despised his own sheepishness in letting the other fellows get ahead of him. And he wondered why they made such officious fools of themselves. He grew dissatisfied with the fit of his clothes, and promised to make it lively for that bootmaker who sent him number nines, knowing that he could squeeze into eights and a half.

So many visitors kept on coming to see Dora that he grew gloomy and low-spirited, and fell away from his food, till Kate was quite uneasy about her brother.

He wearied himself hunting woodcock because Dora was fond of them, and endangered his life climbing slim trees for deserted birds'-nests after she had begged him to bring her home one.

His game-bag was stuffed with long mosses, like old men's gray beards, and dry seed-pods, and bunches of "trash" for Dora.

He had caught a part of the tune of "Wapping Old Stairs," which in secluded spots he sang with great gusto; and he foolishly kissed the little glove more than once, a thorn in the side no longer.

The week had nearly slipped away, and he was out washing his gun, when she came and watched him.

"You have not kept your promise," she remarked.

"What promise?"

"To help me get cat-tails."

"I'll do it now. Shall I shoot them first?" he asked.

"What do you mean? I'll run in and get my hat and go with you."

"Like as not they are on the roof of the house," muttered Dick, "and I don't know what Kate will do. But if Dora wants Mazeppa's tail it shall be cut off for her. What queer fancies girls have! To want a cat's tail!"

Under that great furry black hat, with its wealth of soft plumes, any girl would have looked charming. Dora always looked so.

"Come," she said, "they are down on the river. I want to scramble after them myself. It brings good luck."

"They'll scratch you fearfully."

"I am not afraid," she replied, "with you at my side."

"There is a tide in the affairs of men," and Dick felt that his had flowed of its own accord right to his feet, and that if ever he intended to get Dora to knitting his socks, he must make the arrangements at once. He became so excited, and appeared to have such a hurricane blowing around him, that he could scarcely keep his hat on his head.

Dora walked calmly and peacefully along under her big hat.

Let us draw a vail over the love-making, which has been going on in about the same fashion ever since Adam said, "Miss Eve, I love you."

They came walking back about dinner-time, with hands full of plethoric, brown, decorative cat-tails, and seemed to have very little to say to one another or anybody else.

Kate, watching them from the window, felt so sorry Dick's bashfulness was such a hindrance to him. While she helped Dora arrange cat-tails, she told her how mortified she was that she and Dick got along so poorly, and hoped she would excuse his not being more attentive to her.

Dora burst into a little ringing laugh.

"Why, my dear little goose, as soon as Dick has time to ask papa for me, we shall be regularly engaged."

"Then may heaven bless you, my dear children!" cries Kate, dramatically. "And may you never wake to sorrow from 'Love's young dream.'"

* * * * * *

The last heard from young Mrs. Harrington she was insisting that Dick should look at a duck of a bonnet in the light of poultry—as a household necessity.

WASHINGTON'S SURRENDER AT FORT NECESSITY.

By Charles Gayarré.

In 1753 the French and the English were at peace by virtue of the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, signed in 1748; but it was more than probable that this peace would not be of long duration, in consequence of events that were transpiring in North America. The limits of the French colonies of Louisiana, Canada and Acadia, as well as of the British colonies on that continent, were uncertain. Unfortunately they had not been settled by the treaty itself, but had been referred to commissioners, who were so far apart in their views and pretensions, that evidently they never would come to any amicable and final understanding.

Meanwhile, both nations were respectively engaged in trying to encroach upon the vast territory which was the object of dispute between them, and which was still occupied by the aborigines, whose rights were but little respected by either English or French. Whenever the French sought to establish themselves on the land claimed by the Indians as their own, there came to the French commandant a notification from some colonial English Governor that he, the commandant, was on the territory of His Britannic Majesty. On the other hand, the English, whenever they attempted to act as the French had done, were officially informed that they were violating the sacred rights of His Most Christian Majesty, and were requested at once to withdraw. There was a frequent exchange of these paper bullets in the shape of protests and defiances, and it was foreseen that they soon would be followed by missiles much heavier and of metallic composition. This state of things produced commotion and irritation. The Indians, finding themselves between the hammer and the anvil, were alarmed, and the French and the English had assumed a reciprocally hostile attitude, although not actually at war. They certainly were preparing for it, and whilst at peace were marching and countermarching, plotting and intriguing with the Indians, and striving as to which of the two adversaries should occupy the best strategic points, the strongest positions, and secure the aid of the savages, whom they endeavored to decoy into an alliance by presents, promises, and all the seductions of an artful diplomacy.

It seems that the French were considered more aggressive than the English by some of the Ohio tribes, whose chief, called the "Half King," repaired to a French post on the shores of Lake Erie, where he made the following complaint: "Fathers, you are the disturbers of this land, by building towns and taking the country from us by fraud and force. We kindled a fire a long time since at Montreal, where we desired you to stay, and not to come and intrude upon our land. I now advise you to return to that place, for this land is ours. If you had come in a peaceable manner, like our brothers the English, we should have traded with you as we do with them. But that you should come and build houses on our land and take it by force, is what we cannot submit to. Both you and the English are white. We live in a country between you both; the land belongs to neither of you. The Great Being allotted it to us as a residence. So, fathers, I desire you, as I have desired our brothers the English, to withdraw, for I will keep you both at arm's-length. Whichever most regards this request, that side we will stand by and consider our friends. Our brothers the English have heard this, and I now tell it to you, for I am not afraid to order you off this land."

The French commandant replied: "Child, you talk foolishly. You say this land belongs to you; there is not as much as the black of my nail yours. It is my land, and I will have it, let who will stand up against me. I am not afraid of fleas and musquitoes—for as such I consider the Indians. I tell you that down the River Ohio I will go, and build upon its banks. If it were blocked up, I have force sufficient to burst it open and trample down all who oppose. My force is as the sand upon the seashore. Therefore here is your wampum; I fling it at you."

The excitement became very great among all the Indian tribes. Some were friendly to the English, and others to the French. A spark might produce a general conflagration. All sorts of warlike and disquieting rumors were afloat. It was reported that the French were coming up the Mississippi River from Louisiana, and that their plan was to cement the connection of that province with Canada by a long chain of military hem posts, and the English within the Alleghany Mountains.

Interested parties having addressed loud complaints to the Executive of Virginia, named Dinwiddie, of the aggressive encroachments of the French and their Indian allies, particularly on the Ohio, the Governor determined to send an envoy to remonstrate with these trespassers on the rights and claims of His Britannic Majesty. George Washington, although only twenty-one years old, was the person selected.

Among his instructions* was a precise and minute recommendation to acquaint himself with the numbers and military force of the French stationed on the Ohio and in its vicinity; their capability of being reinforced from Canada; the forts they had erected; where situated; how garrisoned; the object of their advancing through these parts, and how they were likely to be supported and aided by the Indians. It is important to keep in mind these instructions in order the better to judge of subsequent events, of their consequences, and of the sharp controversy in which they were referred to by the French.

On the 30th of October, 1753, the very day on which he received his credentials, Washington departed to accomplish his mission, and engaged his old master of fence, Jacob Van Braam—probably a Dutchman, from his name—to accompany him as French interpreter. On the 14th of November, Washington, with the horses, tents and other traveling equipments, and with the companions he had selected, arrived at Will's Creek, which empties into the Cumberland River. There he secured the services of an additional escort, and departed the next day, traveling through the wilderness, studying the country according to his instructions, and examining with great care the localities where settlements might be made and forts usefully erected.

On the 24th of the same month Washington reached the dwelling of the Half King, who was known to be favorable to the English, and who had addressed to the French commandant on Lake Erie the speech which has been reported. After a good deal of deliberation it was decided that the Half King and only two other Indians should accompany Washington to the end of his intended journey; it was thought that a larger number of Indians might excite the suspicions of the French.

On his way Washington met a small French post commanded by a redoubtable warrior, Captain Joncaire, famous for his exploits in the wilderness, and whom Washington Irving calls the "veteran intriguer of the frontier." The English envoy was treated with generous hospitality and invited to supper, "during which Joncaire told me," writes Washington, "that the intention of the French was to take possession of the Ohio, and by G—— they would do it; for, although they were sensible that the English could raise two men for their one, yet they knew their motions were too slow and dilatory to prevent any undertaking. They pretended to have an undoubted right to the river from a discovery made by one La Salle, sixty years ago, and the rise of this expedition is to prevent our settling on the river or the waters of it, as they heard of some families moving out in order thereto."

Whilst the guest of Joncaire, Washington, according to his own account, availing himself of his opportunities of observation, and of the "bacchanalian convivialities" of his host, from which he, of course, abstained—from temperament and from prudence—"took careful note of all their revelations, and collected a variety of information

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* Washington Irving's "Life of Washington." Vol. I., p. 68.

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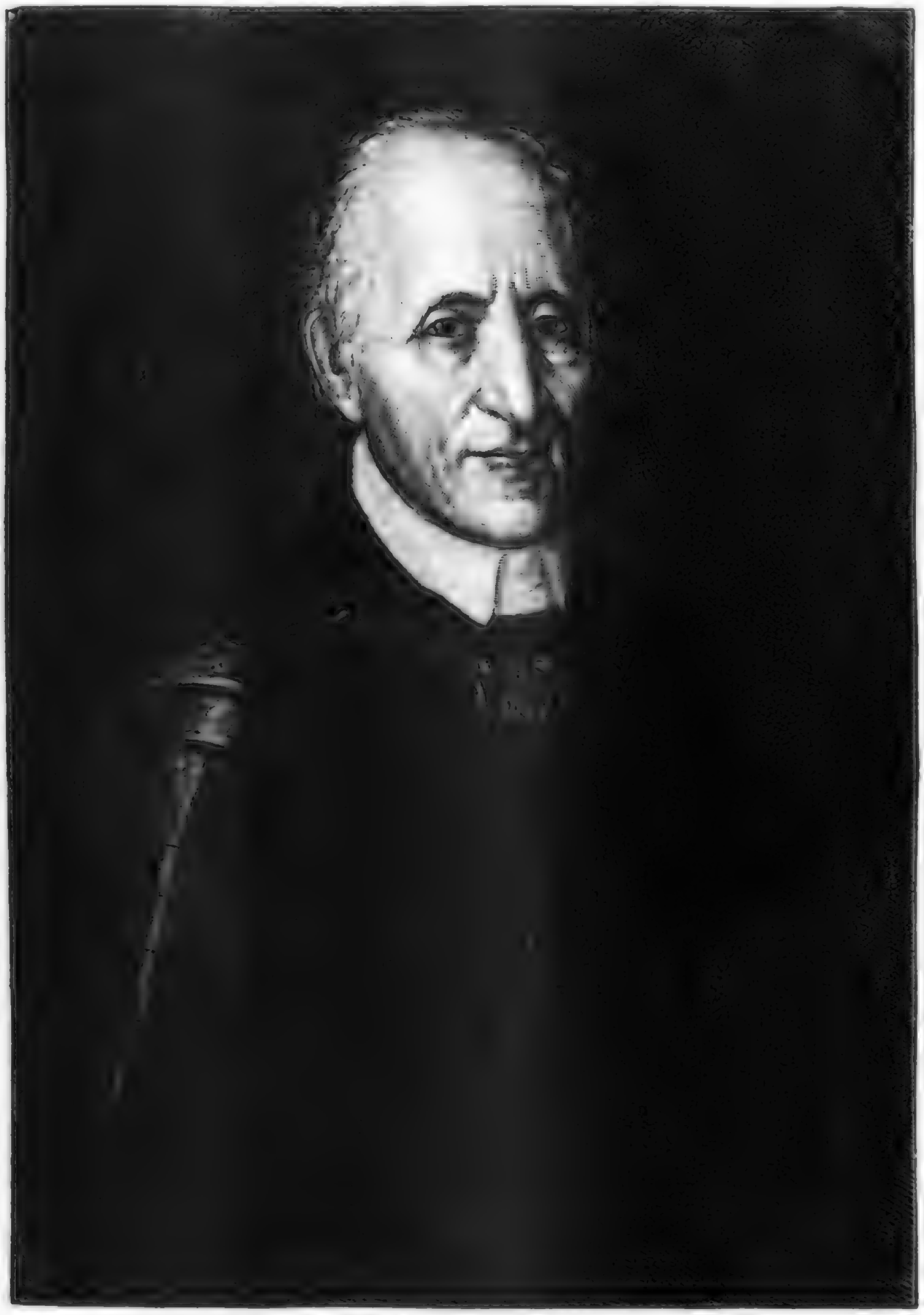
concerning the French forces; how and where they were distributed; the situations and distances of their forts; and their means and mode of obtaining supplies."

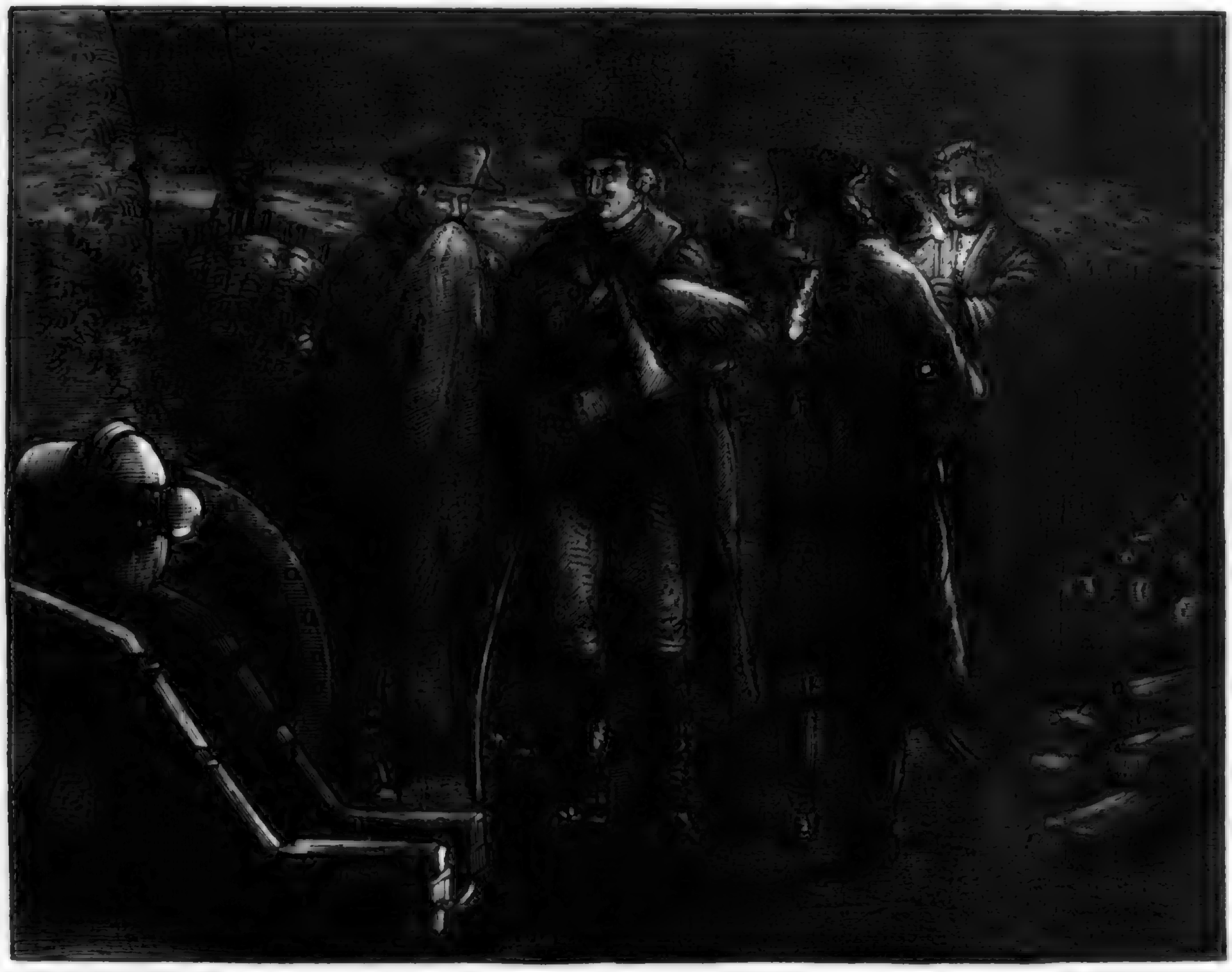
Joncaire had referred Washington for an answer to the object of his diplomatic mission to a superior officer at some distance from the station he occupied. The youthful ambassador thought that he had been purposely detained several days by Joncaire, under various pretexts skillfully alleged. At last, however, he extricated himself from these apparently friendly clutches and deceitful festivities, and on the 7th day of December he resumed his journey, accompanied by a French commissary and three soldiers who were sent to escort him and his guides.

After four days of hardship, through snow, wind, sleet and mud, Washington reached the principal French settlement and fort, commanded by the Chevalier Legardeur de St. Pierre, Knight of the Military Order of St. Louis—old and silver-haired, but active as a young man, courteous, but punctiliously ceremonious, and the true representative of the polished gentleman of the old school under the iron corselet of the precise and veteran soldier.



THE CHEVALIER FRANCIS COULON DE VILLIERS.

On being presented to Chevalier Legardeur de St. Pierre, Washington delivered his credentials and Dinwiddie's letter, in which the Governor of Virginia inquired by what authority and instructions the French commanding officer had marched this force from Canada and made this invasion, informing the chevalier that his own action would be regulated by the answer he should receive, and by the tenor of the commission with which he was honored. At the same time he required of the French commandant his peaceful departure, and "that he would forbear to prosecute a purpose so interruptive of the amity and good understanding which His Britannic Majesty was desirous to continue and cultivate with the Most Christian King."



THE NIGHT COUNCIL AT FORT NECESSITY.

The chevalier and his officers assembled in council, to deliberate upon the answer. It took them two days, during which Washington occupied himself in observing and in taking notes of the plan, dimension and strength of the fort, and of everything about it. He gave orders to his people also to take an exact account of the canoes in readiness, and of others in process of construction, for the conveyance of troops down the river in the ensuing Spring. He also had done all he could, whilst on his mission, to strengthen the friendship of the Indians for the English, and stir up their hostility against the French.

On the 1st of January, 1754, Washington, returning from his successfully accomplished mission, reached Williamsburg, in Virginia, after a most painful and dangerous journey through the wilderness, and delivered to Governor Dinwiddie the reply of Chevalier Legardeur de St. Pierre, with a full report of his own doings and observations. The answer of the chevalier was: "I will transmit your letter to my general, the Marquis Duquesne, to whom it better belongs than to me to set forth the evidence and reality of the rights of the King, my master, upon the land situated along the River Ohio, and to contest the pretensions of the King of Great Britain thereto. His answer shall be a law to me. As to the summons you send me to retire, I do not think myself obliged to obey it. Whatever may be your instructions, I am here by virtue of the orders of my general, and I entreat you, sir, not to doubt one moment but that I am determined to conform myself to them with all the exactness and resolution which can be expected from the best officer. I made it my particular care to receive Mr. Washington with a distinction suitable to your dignity, as well as to his own quality and great merit. I flatter myself that he will do me this justice before you, sir, and that he will signify to you, in the manner I do myself, the profound respect with which I am myself," etc. . . . .

Washington's Journal of this expedition (says Irving, in his "Life" of that great man) was printed and widely circulated throughout the colonies and England, and awakened the nation to a sense of the impending danger, and of the necessity of prompt measures to anticipate the French movements.

Under these circumstances a regiment of 600 men was raised, and the command was given to Colonel Fry, Washington being the lieutenant-colonel. He was ordered to march at the head of 150 men to the banks of the Ohio, clearing the way and making a road for the rest of the regiment to pass with their artillery, wagons, and supplies. Whilst thus engaged, he learned that the French were in large force on the Ohio, and that 50 English soldiers, who had begun the building of a fort on that river, had been compelled to surrender to Captain Contrecœur.

On the 9th of May, 1754, Washington was not further than twenty miles from Will's Creek, on the Cumberland, at a place called the "Little Meadows." There were

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gloomy accounts from the Ohio. Flying settlers from that part of the country confirmed the statement that the French were in great force, and were diligently constructing a fort at the very place which Washington had remarked whilst an envoy the preceding year, and which he had subsequently recommended as a suitable site for a military post. Many were his inquietudes. He was much in advance of the rest of his regiment; scouts were bringing in all sorts of alarming reports; numerous footprints were noticed all around his column during their march, and he came to the conclusion that he was followed and observed by many spies, inferring therefrom that he might be attacked at any time.

Washington was then on the territory and in the neighborhood of the friendly Half King. On the 22d of May, Indian scouts brought word that the French were not above 800 strong, and that about half their numbers had been detached at night on a secret expedition. Close upon this there came a message from the Half King, who said: "The French army is coming to meet Major Washington. Be on your guard against them, my brother; they have been on their march two days. I know not their number. The Half King and the rest of the chiefs will be with you in five days, to hold a council."

In the evening of that day, Washington was told that the French were crossing the ford of the Youghiogeny, about eighteen miles off. He now hastened to take position in a place called the "Great Meadows," where he caused the bushes to be cleared away, made an intrenchment and prepared what he named "a charming field for an encounter."

If there had been any serious engagement at that moment, it might not have been "charming." The men under the command of Washington were in a nervous condition. They were surrounded by dense forests, which exposed them to be stealthily approached and surprised. All around their camp, within a radius of five miles, tracks were seen which were supposed to be those of a prowling enemy. Fifty men, it was said, under a well-known and intrepid leader, Captain Laforce, had been sighted at no great distance. The sensitiveness increased so much that, about two o'clock in the night following the day of their encampment, the excited sentries fired at what they thought foes coming upon them. The troops rushed to arms and remained on the alert until daybreak, when the enemy proved to be invisible. But an unpleasant discovery was made. The roll being called, five men were found to have deserted. It showed that the moral spirit of the force was not what it should have been.

About nine o'clock at night, on the 25th of May, there came an alarming message. It was from the Half King, who was encamped six miles from Washington's quarters. He sent word that he had seen the track of two Frenchmen, and inferred that a body of them was lying in ambush in their neighborhood.

Indian scouts were sent out. They followed the tracks like hounds, and on their return, reported that they had discovered within five miles of Washington's camp a number of Frenchmen, in a low bottom, surrounded by rocks and trees, where they had built a few cabins for shelter against the rain.

It was then determined to surprise this party, who were considered as lurking foes, and action followed close on the heels of resolution. The English and their red allies marched in the most profound silence, and taking every precaution not to be seen. It had been concerted that Washington would approach the French on the right, and the Half King with his warriors on the left. Washington was the first on the ground. The French, who numbered scarcely over thirty, having caught sight of him, ran to arms. Instantly there was on both sides a sharp firing, which lasted fifteen minutes. The balls whistled around Washington; one man was killed close by him, and three others wounded. This was the whole extent of the casualties among the English. Jumonville de Villiers, the youthful commander of the French, had been shot through the head at the first fire. Ten of his men had fallen dead, one had been wounded, who was captured with the rest, excepting a swift-footed Canadian, who escaped and carried the news of this disaster to the fort on the Ohio.

Washington Irving, from whose "Life of Washington" I have quoted these details, does not say which of the two parties fired first. But Bancroft, in his "History of the United States," relates that, "perceiving the English approach, the French (who had been surprised) ran to seize their arms. 'Fire!' said Washington, and with his own musket gave the example. That word of command kindled the world into a flame." Thus it appears that the English were the first to fire, and this confirms the French version on that point.

The Indians, according to their ferocious habits, wanted to massacre and scalp the prisoners, but Washington prevented it. He was greatly elated; it was the first time he had been under fire. The music of the bullets, whistling as they passed near his head, was new to him, and he considered his escape miraculous.

The French affirmed that Jumonville was a peaceful envoy to Washington. But, instructions having been found on his body requesting him to inform himself of the roads, rivers and other features of the country as far as the Potomac; to send back, from time to time, by fleet messengers, all the information he could collect, and to give notice of the day on which he intended to serve the summons on the English not to advance, but on the contrary to evacuate the territory of His Most Christian Majesty, Washington maintained that he had the right to look upon this body of men as spies and to treat them as such.

Washington sent the prisoners to Governor Dinwiddie at Winchester, and thus addressed him: "I have still stronger presumption, indeed, almost confirmation, that they were sent as spies, and were ordered to wait near us till they were fully informed of our intentions, situation and strength, and were to have acquainted their commander therewith, and to have been lurking here for reinforcements before they served the summons, if served at all. I doubt not but they will endeavor to amuse you with many smooth stories, as they did me. But they were confuted in them all, and, by circumstances too plain to be denied, almost made ashamed of their assertions. I have heard, since they went away, they should say they called upon us not to fire; but that I know to be false, for I was the first man to approach them, and the first whom they saw, and immediately ran to their arms and fired briskly till they were defeated. . . . . I fancy they will have the assurance of asking the privilege due to an embassy, when, in strict justice, they ought to be hanged as spies of the worst sort."

It was natural that Washington, after having achieved what he considered an important success, should feel like a young man full of ardor and ambition. This exultation is fully expressed in a letter which, on the 31st of May, he wrote to one of his brothers, and in which he relates what had occurred: "I fortunately escaped, and without a wound," he said, "for the right wing where I stood was exposed to and received all the enemy's fire, and it was the part where the man was killed and the rest wounded" (three men). "I heard the bullets whistle, and believe me, there is something charming in the sound."

This letter was published, shortly after it had been written, in the *London Magazine* for 1754. Horace Walpole sneers at it as a "rodomontade," calling Washington a "brave braggart," and relates that George II., when it reached his ears, observed, dryly: "He would not say so, if he had been used to hear many." They both seemed not to have been kindly disposed toward the rising soldier. Had they a presentiment of what he was destined to accomplish?

Meanwhile, Washington expected to be attacked every day. By the death of Colonel Fry, his superior officer, at Will's Creek, he found himself in command of all the British forces on that frontier. They numbered above 400 men. Apprehending that he would soon have to contend against an enemy much superior to him, he hastened to fortify his position, and erected a palisaded fort on the Monongahela, which, on account of the famine then prevailing among the Indians and his own troops, was called Fort Necessity.

On the 10th of June there came stirring news. Scouts reported that a party of 90 Frenchmen were approaching. Washington ordered out 150 of his best men, put himself at their head, and sallied forth, as he subsequently wrote to Governor Dinwiddie, "in the full hope of procuring him another present of French prisoners." It turned out, however, that the 90 Frenchmen in military array were only nine French deserters. An alarmed imagination had multiplied their number by ten.

On the 11th of June, Washington, leaving a garrison at Fort Necessity, marched on toward Redstone Creek, undertaking laboriously to cut a military road to that place. When about thirteen miles from Fort Necessity he received the startling news that the French had been largely reinforced. After a council of war he determined on a precipitate retreat, which was not effected without encountering difficulties, arising from different causes, which the limits of this paper do not permit to be recited.

On the 1st of July Washington re-entered Fort Necessity, and began to strengthen and increase his fortifications. He had not been in too great haste. Captain de Villiers, a brother of Jumonville, and a very brave and expert officer—eager to avenge what he considered an assassination—was marching rapidly against Washington, at the head of upward of 500 Frenchmen and several hundred Indians.

Fort Necessity was about 100 feet square, and protected by trenches and palisades. It stood on the margin of a small stream, nearly in the centre of the "Great Meadows," which is a grassy plain, perfectly level, surrounded by wooded hills of a moderate height, and at that place about 250 yards wide. It seems that Washington's situation was considered critical, for his friend, the Half King, with all the Indians, deserted and left him to encounter, only with his white troops, the impending danger.

Early in the morning of the 3d of July a sentinel who had been fired at ran bleeding to the fort, and announced that the French were advancing. Washington drew up his men on level ground, outside of his works, to await attack. The French remained under cover, and kept up a galling fire. Washington had to fall back into the trenches, from which his men fired whenever they could get a sight of the enemy.

In this way there was skirmishing throughout the day, the French and their Indian allies advancing as near as the covert of the woods would permit, which in the nearest place was sixty yards; but they never came into open sight. The rain fell in torrents; the harassed, famished and jaded troops were half drowned in their trenches, and many of their muskets were rendered unfit for use.

About eight o'clock at night the French requested a parley, to propose terms of capitulation. Washington refused. After a while the request was repeated, with the addition that an officer might be sent to treat with the assailants, under their parole for his safety. Washington then sent his former fencing-master and interpreter, Jacob Van Braam, who, through the patronage of the young Virginian, had been raised to the grade of captain in the colonial troops, and who was believed to be perfectly acquainted with the French language. Twice the captain returned with separate propositions under which the garrison were required to surrender. Both were rejected. I will quote here the very words of Washington Irving as to this capitulation: "He, Van Braam, returned a third time, with written articles of capitulation. They were in French. As no implements of writing were at hand, Van Braam undertook to translate them by word of mouth. A candle was brought and held close to the paper while he read. The rain fell in torrents; it was difficult to keep the light from being extinguished. The captain rendered the capitulation, article by article, in mongrel English, while Washington and his officers stood listening, endeavoring to disentangle the meaning. One article stipulated that, on surrendering the fort, they should leave all their military stores, munitions and artillery in possession of the French. This was objected to, and readily modified. The main articles, as Washington and his officers understood them, were: That they should be allowed to return to the settlements without molestation from French or Indians; that they should march out of the fort with the honors of war, drums beating and colors flying, and with all their effects and military stores, excepting the artillery, which should be destroyed; that they should be allowed to deposit their effects in some secret place, and leave a guard to protect them until they could send horses to bring them away—their horses having been nearly all killed or lost during the action; that they should give their word of honor not to attempt any buildings or improvements on the lands of His Most Christian Majesty for the space of a year; that the prisoners taken in the skirmish with Jumonville should be restored, and until their delivery that Captain Van Braam and Captain Stobo should remain with the French as hostages. The next morning, accordingly, Washington and his men marched out of the fortress with the honors of war, bearing with them their regimental colors, but leaving a large flag too cumbrous to be transported. Scarcely had they begun their march, however, when, in defiance of the terms of capitulation, they were beset by a large body of Indians, allies of the French, who began plundering the baggage and committing other irregularities. Seeing that the French did not or could not prevent them, and that all the baggage which could not be transported on the shoulders of his troops would fall into the hands of these savages, Washington ordered it to be destroyed, as well as the artillery, gunpowder, and other military stores. All this detained him until ten o'clock, when he set out on his melancholy march. He had not proceeded above a mile, when two or three of the wounded men were reported to be missing. He immediately detached a few men back in quest of them, and continued on until three

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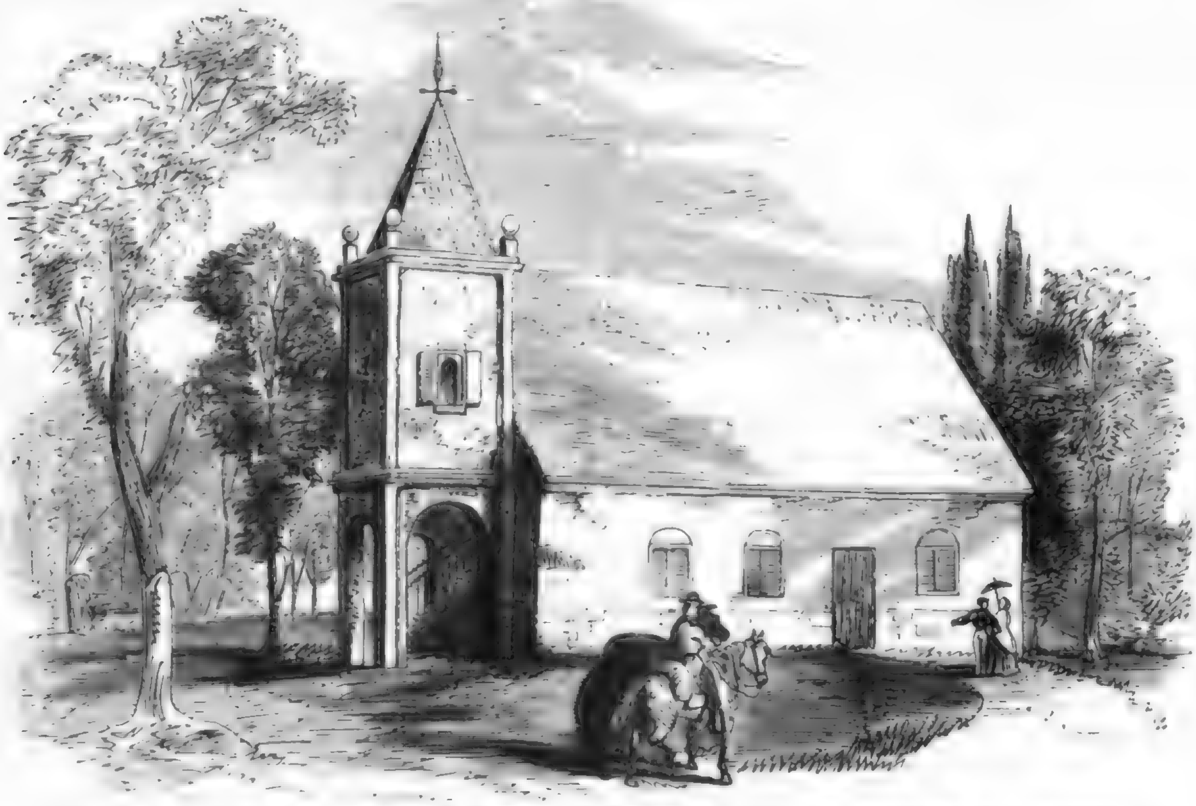


SCENE OF WASHINGTON'S EARLY DAYS—ST. PETER'S CHURCH, NEW KENT, VA., WHERE HE WAS MARRIED.

miles from Fort Necessity, where he encamped for the night, and was rejoined by the stragglers."

It is a curious coincidence, in connection with subsequent events, that Washington, a lieutenant-colonel serving under the British Flag, surrendered to the French on the 4th of July, 1754, the fatidical predecessor of another 4th of July so calamitous to Great Britain.

Irving does not mention in the body of his work, but incidentally relates only in a note at the end of a chapter, that there subsequently arose a very serious dispute on the misinterpretation of two clauses in the articles of capitulation. For instance: The French had stipulated in writing that, for the space of a year, the British should not work on any establishment *beyond the mountains;* whereas it is alleged that it was translated by Washington's interpreter, Van Braam, "on any establishment *on the lands of the King of France,*" which was quite another thing, as most of the land beyond the mountains was considered by the British as belonging to Great Britain. It was also mentioned in the written articles of capitulation that Washington acknowledged *l'assassinat du 'Sieur de Jumonville,* which the English maintain to have been translated by Van Braam, "the *death* of Jumonville," instead of *assassination.*

Bancroft, without mentioning these details, merely says: "The terms of capitulation which were offered were interpreted to Washington, who did not understand French, and, as interpreted, were accepted."

The flippant Horace Walpole, when this capitulation came to his knowledge, wrote: "The French have tied up the hands of an excellent *fanfaron,* a Major Washington, whom they took, and engaged not to serve for one year."

As to the Half King, says Irving, he expressed himself perfectly disgusted at the white man's mode of warfare. "The French," remarked the red chief, "were cowards; the English, fools. Washington was a good man, but wanted experience; he would not take advice of the Indians, and was always driving them to fight according to his own notions." For this reason the Half King had departed, carrying off his wife and children to a place of safety, on the approach of the French.

A copy of the capitulation was laid before the Virginia House of Burgesses, with *explanations.* Notwithstanding the unfortunate result of the campaign, the conduct of Washington and his officers was highly appreciated, and they received a vote of thanks for their bravery and gallant defense of their country. Three hundred pistoles (nearly $1,100) were voted to be distributed among the privates who had been in action. Captain Van Braam was excepted, because of his being accused of treachery in purposely misinterpreting the articles of capitulation.

Washington Irving, however, completely acquits Van Braam of treachery, and only taxes him with ignorance of the French language. He says: "It is not probable that a French officer of De Villiers's rank would practice such a base perfidy, nor does the subsequent treatment experienced by Van Braam from the French corroborate the charge. It is more than probable that the inaccuracy of translation originated in his ignorance of the precise weight and value of words in the language, neither of which was native to him, and between which he was the blundering agent of exchange."

Washington Irving says: "Jumonville was a young officer of merit, and his fate was made the subject of lamentation in prose and verse—chiefly through political motives."

"When the tidings of this affray crossed the Atlantic," wrote Bancroft, "the name of Washington was for the first time heard in the saloons of Paris. The partisans of absolute monarchy pronounced it with execration. They forboded the loss of the Western World; and the flatterers of Louis XV. and of Madame de Pompadour, the high-born panders to the royal lust, outraged the fair fame of the spotless hero as a violator of the law of nations. What courtier, academician, or palace menial, would have exchanged his hope of fame with that of the calumniated American? The death of Jumonville became the subject for loudest complaint; this martyr to the cause of feudalism and despotism was celebrated in heroic verse, and continents were invoked to weep for his fall."

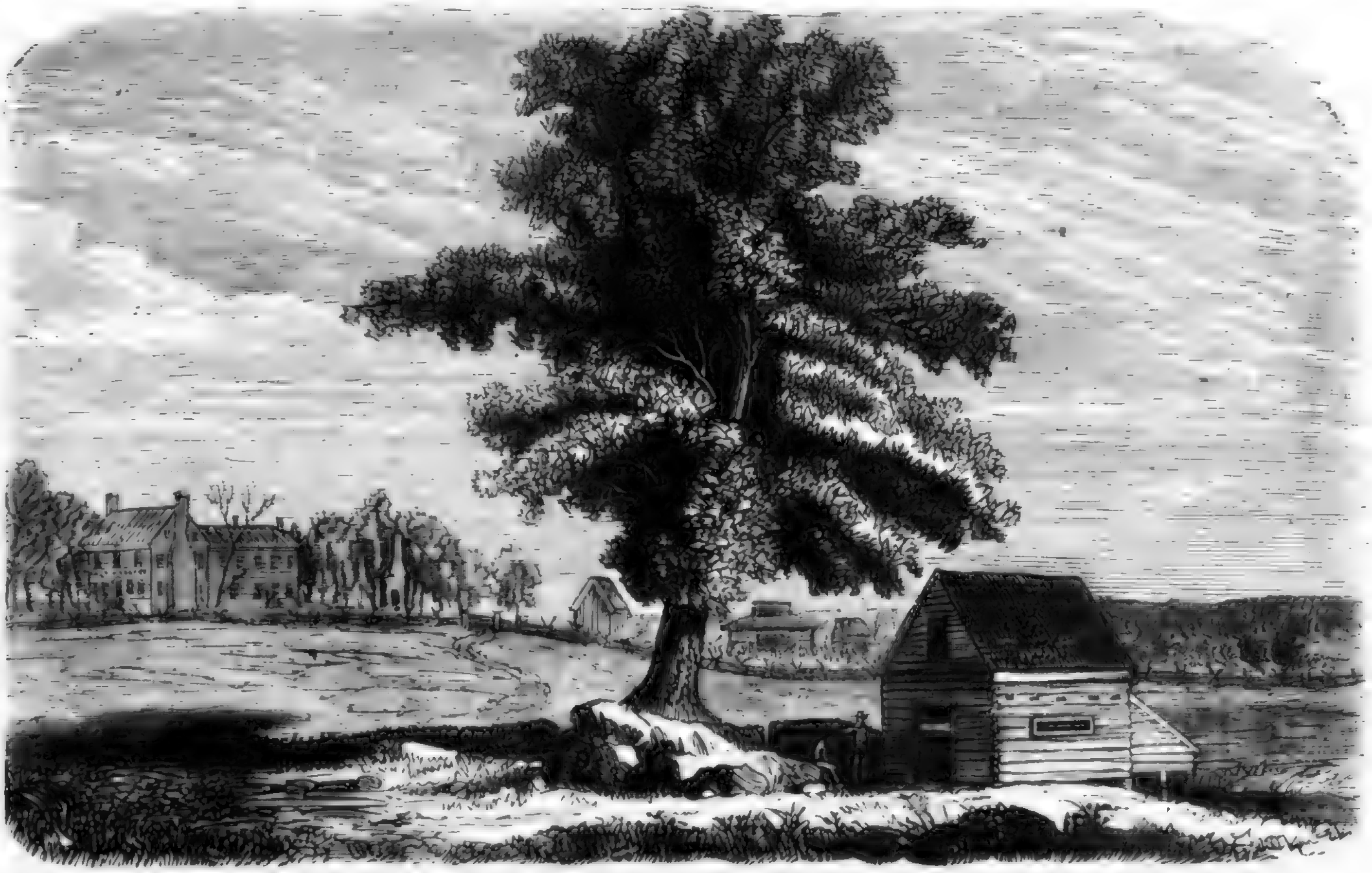
This is the English version of the affair. It is natural that we, Americans, so deeply interested in the fame of Washington, should adopt it as correct. Besides, it is impossible to admit that an officer of high rank, or even of any rank, would consign himself to eternal infamy by acknowledging in articles of capitulation that he had been guilty of assassination. On this point, at least, there must certainly have been a misunderstanding. But, at the same time, I think that the impartiality of history requires that the version of the French as to the facts in question should be given in full, together with their commentaries, views and feelings on the subject, leaving to the reader to decide for himself on which side are the probabilities of truth in the conflicting statements of the two parties.

It will be remembered that in the previous year, in 1753, the Governor of Virginia had sent Washington to Legardeur de St. Pierre, to request him to retire from the position he occupied on British territory. Washington, on his return, had brought back to Dinwiddie the refusal of the French commandant to comply with this request. Now, in the following year, in 1754, Contrecœur, the officer who had succeeded Legardeur de St. Pierre, was informed that this same envoy, Lieutenant-colonel Washington, was marching toward him with a large force and a formidable artillery. He ordered Jumonville de Villiers, a young officer of very great promise, to take thirty men as an escort, and to carry to Washington a notification that he was on French territory, and a summons to withdraw. At that time Great Britain and France were at peace, by virtue of the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1748, and were negotiating as to the limits of their respective possessions in America. Commissioners had been appointed to settle this question, if possible, and efforts, simulated or real, were made on both sides to come to an understanding. The general impression was, however, that those efforts would be abortive, and that hostilities would recommence at no distant time.

France was not desirous to precipitate these foreseen hostilities, and had sent positive orders to her official representatives in America to prepare for the coming conflict, but at the same time to abstain carefully from any act that might lead to immediate war. The Indians descried the coming storm, became very much excited, and were ready to declare themselves on one side or the other, according to their inclinations or interests.

Contrecœur, knowing that the territory his envoy was to traverse was inhabited by ill-disposed tribes, had cautioned him to guard against surprises, recommending that he should conceal his movements as much as possible, and choose his encampments at night in the least open and exposed places. Jumonville had acted in conformity with these instructions, and had arrived within a few miles of Washington's camp without being discovered. Night had set in; and, for security, he had established his quarters in a deep and densely wooded gorge, after having sent two scouts to reconnoitre the locality through which he had to advance the next day, and the position occupied by Washington. The tracks of these two men were noticed by Indians friendly to the British, and reported to Washington, who immediately departed that very night, with a number of Indians commanded by the Half King, and with more than 200 of his own men, by whom Jumonville was surprised and attacked at daybreak, before his being summoned to surrender and to declare his intentions, and although that unfortunate officer tried his best, by word and by gesture, to signify that he was a peaceful enemy. The French affirmed that the English fired first, and with the utmost precipitation; that at the first fire Jumonville fell dead, and that all the men of his escort were killed or made prisoners, with the exception of one, who escaped and carried to Contrecœur the news of this catastrophe.

The French maintained that no impartial person could



SCENE OF WASHINGTON'S EARLY DAYS—HIS SURVEYOR'S OFFICE AT BERRYVILLE, VA.

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believe they had fired first. It would have been an uncalled for violation of their positive instructions. It would even have been an act of insanity, for they knew that they were within striking distance and in the power of an overwhelming force of English and Indian enemies. Under such circumstances they could not justly be reproached with having provoked a conflict which, to them, could not but be disastrous.

The French indignantly denied that they were spies, and deserving of being hung, as Washington alleged. Spies, they said, were never known to move in compact bodies of thirty armed men. They were too numerous to be seriously taken for spies, and too few to be suspected of meditating an attack upon a force more than ten times their number, in a fortified position, and in possession of nine pieces of artillery.

True, instructions were found on the body of Jumonville requesting him to inform himself of the roads, rivers, and others features of the country. But the French retorted this accusation by saying that the English had given similar instructions to the envoy they had sent the preceding year to Legardeur de St. Pierre. Therefore, if Jumonville was a spy, Washington had been one, equally deserving to be hung—and even a spy of a worse nature, because, whilst on his late embassy, not only had he taken the most minute notes of the country he traveled through, carefully examining the best sites to be occupied, intriguing and plotting with the Indians, and stirring them up against the French, but he had also, as he boasted in his diary, kept his sobriety, when enjoying the hospitality and festivities of those who treated him as a guest, and had availed himself of the unguarded revelations which had escaped during bacchanalian convivialities to pry into their designs, and "to collect a variety of information concerning the French forces; how and where they were distributed, the situations and distances of their forts, and their mode and means of obtaining supplies."

Villiers reported that when he reached Fort Necessity he found Washington outside, at the head of 400 men, in battle array; but that they soon fell back and re-entered their intrenchments, which were armed with nine pieces of artillery; that the Canadians, animated with the desire of avenging the assassination of their youthful and favorite countryman, Jumonville de Villiers, fought with such desperate courage that, with their muskets alone, they silenced the batteries of the enemy; that, far from imitating Washington, who had neglected to summon the few men he had surprised to surrender to his overwhelming force, they, the French, had the humanity to demand a capitulation before storming the fort, in conformity with the rules existing among civilized nations.

The French maintained that in law and equity, morally and politically, the English were bound by the articles of capitulation they had signed. Washington had selected his own agent and interpreter. The French were not responsible for his acts. If any one of the two parties to the contract was to suffer in consequence of a mistranslation by Van Braam, it was the English, not the French. The English averred that "*beyond the mountains*" had been translated "*on the lands of the King of France.*" But by whom translated? By their own agent! The evident object of the article was to guard, during one year, against any encroachment by the English on the land that was in dispute beyond the mountains. It had a meaning; it settled something. The absurdity of the translation, if made as reported, must have struck Washington himself as being void of sense and purpose. What were the lands of the King of France? This was the very question—the cause of all this difficulty. What would the French have gained by inserting these words, "the lands of the King of France"? It left the whole subject open to contestation. The absurdity of such a vague stipulation could not but have struck Washington. The land beyond the mountains were claimed both by the English and the French. Who was to judge and decide? Hence the words, "beyond the mountains." Otherwise it was no better than signing a mere blank piece of paper. Hence they urged that Washington could not have believed in such an interpretation.

The French also maintained that the article in which Washington acknowledged the assassination of Jumonville de Villiers was meaningless and even absurd, if the word *death* was substituted for the other word. There was no contest about the fact of Jumonville being dead. Why compel Washington to acknowledge it? What would it have signified? But the word "assassination" had a meaning. The question was, whether Jumonville had been assassinated or not. An irritated brother wanted it to be settled, and to have the satisfaction of inflicting this stigma of disgrace upon the English. "We," they said, "considered this clause as the main point. The plea of misinterpretation is a pretext and a ruse. You cannot be permitted to challenge your own witness, to repudiate your own agent and interpreter. Nay, you do not tax him at all with ignorance of the French language and with an involuntary error. You abandon this plea to shelter yourselves, when you resort to another, by accusing him of having been bribed by us. This is a calumny and a gratuitous insult to our address. Van Braam is accused of treason simply because he refused to confirm your declarations as to the pretended misinterpretation of the articles of capitulation."

The Chevalier de Villiers, in his report to the French Government, says: "We made the English consent to sign that they had assassinated my brother in his camp; we caused them to abandon the lands belonging to the King; we obliged them to leave their cannon, which consisted of nine pieces, etc. The English, struck with panic, took to flight, and left their flag and one of their colors." It is difficult to conceive how it happened that the English, in a fortified position, did not with their nine pieces of artillery sweep away the French, who had only muskets.

The English said that the flag left was the unwieldy one belonging to the fort, and too cumbrous to be transported by troops who could not carry their own necessary baggage. To this the French replied that the English fled in a panic, and that it was because of that panic that they left their flag, and not because it was too cumbersome. It was easy to haul it down, to fold it and carry it away. It was not the flag, but the staff, which might have been too heavy to admit of transportation; and as to the staff itself, if any importance had been attached to it, the English could have cut it into splinters in a few minutes. The French further affirmed, in contradiction to the English, that the latter left one of their colors.

The English relate that they had scarcely begun their march when, in defiance of the terms of capitulation, they were beset by a large body of Indians, allies of the French, who began plundering the baggage and committing other irregularities; and that Washington, seeing that the baggage could not be transported on the shoulders of the troops and would fall into the hands of the Indians, ordered it to be destroyed, as well as the artillery, gunpowder and other military stores.

The French denied that the English were beset by the Indians, who, they say, merely followed in the trail of the flying column, picking up what was dropped, and what the men could not, or would not, carry on their shoulders. They also denied that the English destroyed any of their artillery after having begun their march. If they had carried away any of their guns, it would have been a violation of the capitulation. All the artillery was left in the fort.

The proper way to write history, and to do it impartially, is to represent fairly both sides before the tribunal of posterity, whenever the parties materially differ in their statements of facts and in the conclusions which they adopt. This is what I have attempted to do in this article, irrespectively of persons and nationalities.

It is impossible to give an idea of the sensation produced in France by the death of Jumonville de Villiers—an event now almost forgotten—and if remembered, of very little importance, were it not that one of the most august and famous of names is connected with it. But at that time the event loomed into something of a colossal magnitude which it is hard for us to realize. The whole of France was in a blaze of indignation, and Washington was proclaimed an assassin at every fireside in that country. Thomas, a man of high social standing, a distinguished author, who became a member of the French Academy, wrote an epic poem in four cantos entitled "Jumonville." In his preface he calls the death of that officer an assassination which was an outrageous violation of the laws of nations, and relates what he considers the historical facts upon which his composition is based.

It is one of the most striking curiosities of literature that Washington, who surrendered to the French on the 4th of July, 1754, and was proclaimed by them an assassin, deserving to be outlawed by the whole of Christendom, began, from and after the 4th of July, 1776, to assume in their eyes the character of a hero, and is now justly considered by them as one of the greatest and most virtuous men who ever lived.

Lineal descendants of Chevalier François Coulon de Villiers, to whom Washington surrendered at Fort Necessity, and who was born in Montreal in 1712, still exist in Louisiana. It is to them that I am indebted for the authentic portrait of their ancestor, which is appended to this article.

Scenes of Washington's Early Days.—The story of Fort Necessity brings to mind scenes in the early life of General Washington, and we illustrate the plain, unpretending log-hut to which General Daniel Morgan gave the name of "Soldier's Rest." It stands in the Valley of the Shenandoah, near Berryville, Va., and tradition declares that Washington occupied it for a time when, as a stripling, he began his labors as a surveyor. Still more interesting is St. Peter's Church, on the Pamunkey, not far from White House, where the Rev. Mr. Munson united him in marriage to Martha Custis.

Seeing a Lightning-flash.—Professor Tait, of Edinburgh, insists that, when people think they see a lightning-flash go upward or downward, they must be mistaken. The duration of a lightning-flash is less than the millionth part of a second, and the eye cannot possibly follow movements of such extraordinary rapidity. The origin of the mistake seems, he says, to be a subjective one; viz., that the central parts of the retina are more sensitive, by practice, than the rest, and therefore that the portion of the flash which is seen directly affects the brain sooner than the rest. Hence a spectator looking toward either end of the flash very naturally fancies that end to be its starting-point.

GROWING OLD.

We are growing old together,
John and I;
We have seen youth's precious morning
Swiftly fly;
We have seen life's Summer bloom,
Quick, for Autumn shade, make room;
We have have watched the rustling flight
Of life's song-birds, out of sight;
We have known the hopes and fears
Crowding full life's busy years;
All the changes, who can tell,
Since love rang our wedding-bell,
Life's great joy, that came, we know.
"Five-and-twenty years ago!"

We have planned and hoped together,
John and I;
We have sowed, to reap together,
By-and-by;
Not the good for which we groped,
Not the harvest that we hoped,
Always waited; but no frost
O'er home's threshold ever crossed;
Come what might, of good or ill,
Mutual love kept shining still,
And when life some joy denied;
Love still found us side by side,
With the trust we learned to know,
"Five-and-twenty years ago!"

We have lived and toiled together,
John and I;
We have mourned and wept together,
John and I;
We have clasped in tender arms,
Babyhood's sweet, winsome charms;
And the churchyard holds a name,
Only John and I can claim;
While from childhood homes we miss
A father's smile, a mother's kiss,
Yet our clinging hearts still say,
"We will walk life's chosen way—
Just the way we learned to know.
Five-and-twenty years ago."

We must walk life's shadowy valley,
John and I;
Locks of brown will turn to silver,
By-and-by;
Lines will mark the once smooth face;
Care and grief will leave their trace;
Hands will not so lightly move,
Love, by tender tasks, to prove;
Feet will slow and slower take
Countless steps, for love's sweet sake;
But, dear heart, what can we ask
More than this, that age may bask
In love's rays, that brightened so
'Five-and-twenty years ago."

THE VENGEANCE OF FATE; OR, THE COMMANDANTE'S PLOT.

By Alfred Trumble.

Chapter I.

It was a rainy afternoon in October, 1809. Under the weeping sky Paris, half drowned and compassed by a sea of mud, seemed, through the gloom of approaching evening, to shudder in the shrill blast which lashed the house-walls with whips of rain, and went shrieking through the irregular streets laden with the crash of falling chimneys and torn-off shutters.

Few people were abroad in all the city save those whom the most urgent business compelled to be out of doors.

One of this miserable minority was a handsome young

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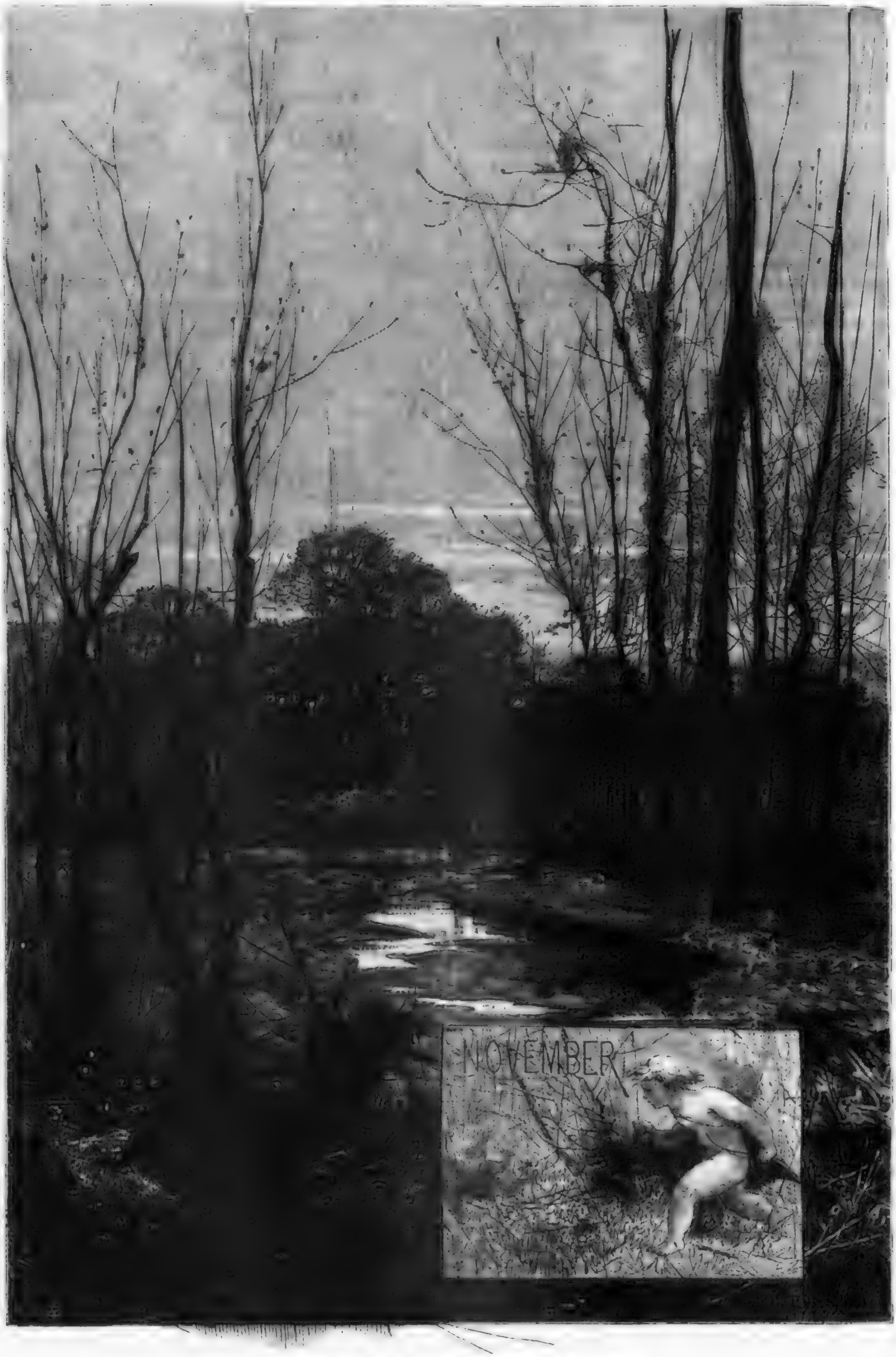


THE MONTHS OF THE YEAR—NOVEMBER.—BY MONTBARD.

fellow in the uniform of a captain of the *chasseurs* of the Imperial Guard. Mounted on a powerful roan, bathed, like himself, in the mud of a long and rapid journey, he rode up the Rue de Rivoli at a jaded canter, and into the court of one of the many grand mansions which were beginning to palisade that then new, though now world-famous, thoroughfare.

Leaving his half-floundered brute under the shelter of an arched stone shed, where several less weary animals were already secured, he crossed the courtyard and ascended the terraced staircase into the house, with the assured step of one who knew his way well. The few servants dawdling about in yawning idleness stared in indolent astonishment, but made no effort to halt him, and, without interruption, he entered the ante-chamber at the head of the staircase.

An old servant, in a livery of purple velvet and silver, who was mending a fire of fagots in the cavernous, carved fireplace, looked round at the sharp ring of the trooper's spurs on the tiled floor, and uttered a cry of consternation.

"Mercy of Heaven! Monsieur Patrice!"

"Truly, my good Henri," was the gay reply. "Patrice Milbert, and none other."

"But, in God's name, Monsieur Patrice, what brings you here?"

"What, in God's name — or the other party's — should bring me here? Where is Mademoiselle Claire?"

The servant gave vent to a warning exclamation, and seizing the hand of the amazed visitor, drew him to the door. A heavy curtain covering another doorway at the further end of the room was pushed aside, and a man entering as they passed out followed them with stealthy steps.

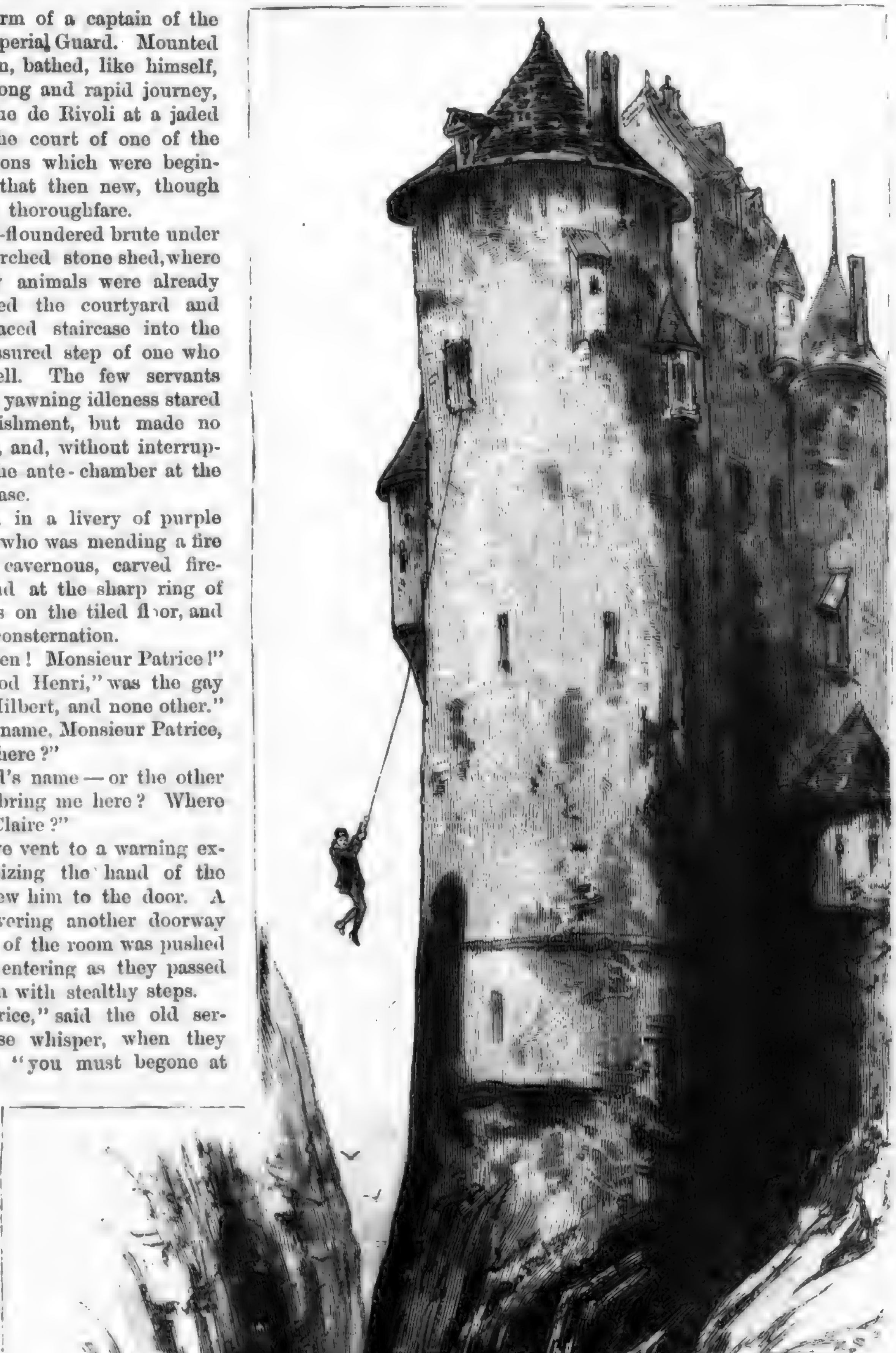
"Monsieur Patrice," said the old servant, in a hoarse whisper, when they gained the stairs, "you must begone at once."

"Begone at once?"

"Indeed, sir, yes."

"But what the deuce do you mean? Is this, then, the reception a man gets when he comes to visit his betrothed after three years' absence at the wars? Where is Mademoiselle Claire?"

"There is no longer a Mademoiselle Claire, Monsieur Patrice."



THE VENGEANCE OF FATE.—"CAPTAIN PATRICE MILBERT WAS SWINGING AT THE END OF A ROPE, FORTY FEET, AT LEAST, FROM THE GROUND."—SEE PAGE 557.

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"Dead ?" gasped the young man, staggering back.

"No, married."

"Married !"

"A year ago, and to a man who is so odiously jealous of her that, if he knew of your presence here, he would make her life a curse. For heaven's sake——"

The sharp tinkle of a bell in the room interrupted him, and he fairly forced his stupefied listener down upon the stairs.

"It is his ring," he said, rapidly ; "be off at once, for Mademoiselle Claire's sake if not your own. I will manage to see you before to-morrow night and tell you all."

CHAPTER II.

WHEN Patrice Milbert partially recovered himself he was on his horse, galloping madly along one of the roads outside of Paris. It was night. What had happened to him in the last couple of hours, how he had reached this place, he knew not. All that he remembered was the old servant's words, which had smitten him like the blow of a hammer between the eyes.

Three years ago, previous to his departure to join the army, he had been betrothed to Claire le Maure, the daughter of the famous army contractor, and with the full approval of that opulent speculator himself ; since then he had heard little from her, and that little most irregularly. In the last year absolutely nothing, for he had been a prisoner in a German fortress, and had now just been exchanged.

Out of that captivity, where the thought of the happiness which would follow his release had supported him through privations under which stronger men, less powerfully encouraged, had succumbed, he came now to find his dream dissipated, his hope shattered, his happiness a phantom, whose death-shriek was sung to him by the wild wind. The blood surged to his brain in a fierce, burning flood as old Henri's words rang in his ears again. He ground out a savage curse, and drove his spurs deep into his panting horse's flanks.

"It is a plot ; a cursed cabal against me !" he said, furiously. "She married ! Then, by the Great Cross of the Legion, she shall be a widow, once I learn her husband's name."

And with a furious twist of the reins he wheeled his horse about to where the livid smear on the sombre sky denoted the great city lying in the darkness, like some fiery monster in its gloomy lair. With vigorous head-shakings that made the steel bridle-chain ring sharply, the overtaxed brute protested against his rider's violence. Another oath escaped Patrice Milbert's lips.

"Even you, whom I fed when I myself was hungry, conspire against me !" he cried. "Thunder of war ! I am master here, though, yet."

And the sharp rowels scored another bloody line on the trembling animal's raw sides.

With a snort and an indignant toss of the head the charger bounded forward, tripped in an inequality of the miry road, and rolled over in the mud, throwing his rider ten feet off into a puddle.

Out of the darkness, in which he could see nothing, Patrice heard a single, long, resonant, fluttering breath, almost like the exaggeration of a human groan. Then all was still but the anthem of wind and rain.

Dripping like a river god, limed with mud, and half suffocated by the ducking he had got, the captain of *chasseurs* scrambled to his feet and stood for some moments gasping for breath.

Then he groped his way to where his horse lay. A single touch convinced him of the truth. The charger was dead !

It was a bad habit which Captain Patrice Milbert had contracted in the camp. But veracity is one of the cardinal virtues of the historian, and in deference to it it must be written that the captain swore in a way that would not have disgraced the most ferocious pirate who ever scourged the seas.

CHAPTER III.

CAPTAIN PATRICE MILBERT swore himself out of breath, and then commenced to consider what to do next. The problem was by no means easy of solution.

He was ten miles from Paris, on a lonely road, which, to augur from its condition, was rarely traveled. To make his way back on foot, in the very teeth of the tempest whose violence showed no promise of abatement, was next to impossible. So, arguing on the theory that the easiest way is the best, Captain Patrice Milbert turned his back on the wind and allowed it to hurry him along.

He had not been propelled a dozen yards along this road, which was invisible to his keenest scrutiny, when a red light flickered through what he knew must be some foliage ahead.

His heart leaped joyfully at the crimson spark glowing like a gem on the velvety blackness which environed him.

"A house !" he exclaimed. "Fortune has not deserted me, after all."

The favor of the fickle goddess seemed, however, not of any very great value. The light undoubtedly proceeded from a house. The house was, with equal certainty, close at hand. But how was it to be reached ?

The captain dared not step to the right or left, for French roads at that period were unpleasantly guarded by deep and boggy trenches. To advance toward the light was to encounter the same peril, for the way must at this place describe a curve. A month earlier the lightning might have come to his assistance. It was too late in the season now, though, to count upon that aid.

Wrapped in his rain-sodden cloak, Captain Patrice Milbert stood motionless and pondering. His eyes were fixed upon the light, so full at once of promise and disappointment, when suddenly another flashed into existence close to the first. Unlike it, however, it moved, and while the first one held its place with a fixed and steady glow, the second shifted its position, vanished, gleamed out again, and was again obscured, but each time appeared larger, stronger and nearer at hand.

The plashing of hoofs now became audible, too, and the creak and rattle of saddle-leathers and bridle-chains. The sound proceeded from the captain's left hand, and he was about to call out, when a voice, some distance off, but blown to him by the wind, with perfect distinctness, said :

"We can feel our way to the road now ; out with the light."

The illumination vanished almost as the words were uttered, and another voice said :

"*Peste!* what a beast of a night !"

"The better for our purpose," returned the first speaker.

"If our purpose was to be drowned it would be the best of all."

"Silence ! Here is the road."

A hollow echo announced that the horses were crossing a bridge. Then the hoofbeats splashed off rapidly, until they died away. Whatever the purpose of the horsemen was, it led them away from Paris.

It was with some wondering surmises as to the character of that mysterious object that Captain Patrice Milbert, feeling his way step by step with his feet, advanced toward the unseen bridge. But when his heavy boots evoked the first reverberation from the planks, he forgot everything else in a sense of satisfaction, and murmured:

"Soho, my friends! You are welcome to the rest of the night and the tempest. I resign it to you willingly."

Chapter IV.

After crossing the bridge, which he felt to be a narrow rustic structure, by no means in the best of repair, the *chasseur* found himself in a straight path, hemmed in by thickets whose neglected branches smote him drippingly in the face as he advanced. Tall grass was growing in the path, too, and he occasionally tripped on running vines which sprawled across it. Altogether it was patent that but few feet had trodden the track of late.

Those of Captain Patrice Milbert carried him, with no worse casualty than a couple of stumbles, out into an open space, where the beacon-light glowed from the shutterless window of a house whose irregular outline was lost in the night over the weedy confines of a disused garden. Feeling along the house-wall, the wayfarer found a door whose stone frame was richly carved, while from a sheltering lintel roof the rain poured in a perfect cascade. Upon this door he knocked long and loudly.

The echoes of his summons reverberated hollowly through the interior of the house, but he received no other reply. He knocked again. The result was the same.

"*Parbleu!* The place seems to be empty," he said.

And setting his broad shoulders against the door, he burst it from its fastenings, and stumbled in.

A fire blazed merrily in a great ornamental fireplace, revealing, with crimson flashes of light, a hall upon which several doors opened.

There was an open door at the further end, evidently the one which the strangers had used. A table in the middle of the place, and a couple of old-fashioned chairs, constituted the trappings of the hall.

Some fragments on the hearth showed that whatever other furniture there had been was converted into firewood.

On the table were three wine-bottles, two of which were empty, a portion of a broken loaf, and the carcass of a roasted fowl.

"My friends have been dining," said the *chasseur* to himself, as he suspended his soaked cloak over a chair-back in front of the fire. "Happily for me, their appetites were not presented to them by a day's march with a tight belt. Upon my honor, I am in luck's way! I not only find a shelter for the night, but a table ready laid."

Before he sat down to it, however, the captain, with soldierly caution, surveyed the house by the light of a firebrand.

The place had evidently been one of those dainty retreats to which that aristocracy, upon whose head the sharp ax of the great Revolution had fallen so heavily, treated itself—nests where it could play at country life in sight of the Paris it loved far too well to desert entirely.

The structure had but one floor. The half-dozen rooms on it were all furnished, and the furniture was all in one common condition of decay.

Winding-sheets of cobwebs festooned blotched walls and discolored ceilings; rank vines found their way in through the jalousies, and trailed their sickly, pale-green leafage over the floor; and groves of toadstools, which had gained footing in dark corners, filled the damp air with their moldy reek.

"It smells," said the captain, with an involuntary shudder, "like the dead-trenches on an August day. Ah, bah! Enough of this! Patrice, my friend, the supper waits."

The supper did not wait long. It gone, and the last drop drained from the old bottle, Captain Patrice Milbert, after replenishing his fire, curled himself up in front of it, and was soon dreaming of cutting the throat of a man whom he did not know, and bearing off in triumph a lovely girl in widow's weeds, who bore an astonishing resemblance to Claire le Maure.

Chapter V.

"*Ventre du Diable!* The fellow sleeps like an honest man."

"The assassin does not even dream."

"Such stolidity seems incredible."

"But these murderers are all alike."

"True. They have no nerves."

"Here, you fellow, wake up."

Captain Patrice Milbert having heard the foregoing through his dreams, now opened his eyes. He was the centre of a party of peasants and gendarmes. One of the latter was stirring him with a by no means dainty or considerate foot.

"Eh! well, then," said the *chasseur*, impatiently, sitting up, "what is the matter?"

The peasants had fallen back in evident alarm when he moved. The gendarmes had brought their muskets to their hips and a half-cock. In no small degree, perplexed by these demonstrations, the captain repeated:

"Eh! well, then, what is the matter?"

"Matter enough," responded the first gendarme, gruffly, "as thou shalt find."

"Thou," repeated the *chasseur;* "why, thou insolent scoundrel! What dost thou mean *tutoying* me? Dost know who I am?"

"Well enough, thou assassin!"

The captain bounded to his feet as if the insulting words had been a shock from a galvanic battery. The peasants scattered. The gendarmes closed in on him. There was a struggle, furious blows, oaths and the discharge of pistols.

Half an hour later Captain Patrice Milbert, beaten senseless, but still clutching the empty pistols he had removed from his holsters the night before, was stretched in the bottom of a country cart, jolting toward Paris under a strong guard.

The *Moniteur* next day contained the following paragraph:

> "At midnight, night before last, the official courier from Lyons, with important dispatches to the Secret Service Bureau, was fallen upon and shot dead near the old Chateau de Tournay. One of the assassins succeeded in making his escape with the dispatches. The other, by the foundering of his horse, was compelled to seek refuge in the chateau which has long been deserted. He was incautious enough to build a fire which attracted the attention of a passing husbandman, who gave the alarm. The miscreant was only secured after a determined resistance, in the course of which two of the zealous officials interested in his capture were seriously wounded. He himself suffered a violent concussion of the brain. The dispatches, whose possession these villains purchased at such a price, contained information in regard to the mysterious band of smugglers at present infesting Paris, and were of exceptional value to the police."

Paris had long discussed, digested and forgotten this

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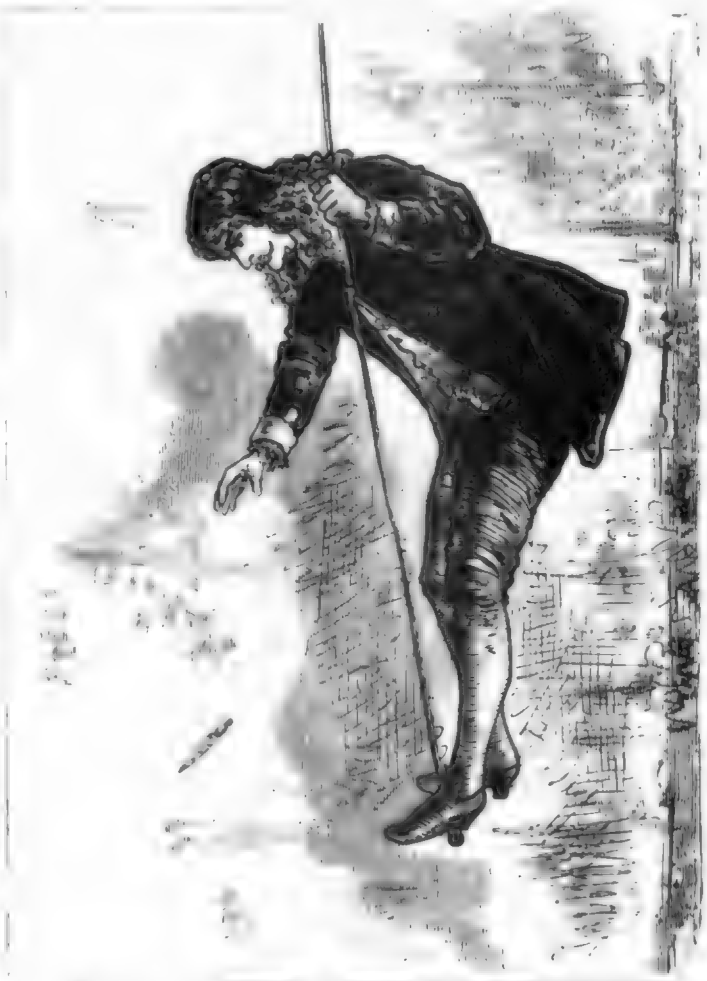
tragic event before Captain Patrice Milbert knew anything about it.

In point of fact, the concussion of the brain to which the *Moniteur* so casually alluded, combined, with the morbid brooding at the loss of his bride, to secure for the unlucky *chasseur* as fine an example of brain fever as could be desired. And while he lay tossing on a bed in a prison hospital the same veracious chronicle of passing events recorded this fact :

> "We detail with sorrow the decease of the gallant Captain Patrice Milbert, of the —— *Chasseurs* of the Guard. Captain Milbert, released from a German dungeon, hurried to Paris, to present himself before his betrothed, only to find that she had construed his long absence into death, and conferred her hand upon another. The unfortunate soldier succumbed to the shock. He who had survived the perils of three bloody campaigns fell a victim to a sorrow none can control, and is supposed to have drowned himself. His body has not been recovered."



THE VENGEANCE OF FATE.—"IN ORDER TO MAKE SURE, HE PERMITTED THE FILE TO FALL."

CHAPTER VI.

THE consequences of this complication can be imagined. As soon as he was sufficiently recovered Captain Milbert was subjected to a rigid examination, conducted by Fouché himself, and, according to the custom, in secret. At first his assertions of his identity were regarded simply as parts of a clumsy attempt to carry out an impudent imposture. His persistence led to the formation of a new theory—that the blow on his head had affected his reason.

No amount of explanation could shake Fouché in this opinion. His uniform ! pshaw ! any one could obtain a uniform nowadays, and the desire to disguise himself was natural to a man bent on such a mission as his supposititious one. His knowledge of himself ! Nonsense ! The story of the brave Captain Milbert and his sad end was familiar to every one. In short, the chief of Napoleon's police had made up his mind that his prisoner was an assassin, and an assassin he must remain.

French law even then was beginning to exhibit that merciful dislike of capital punishment which to-day shapes itself into that clause of "extenuating circumstances" which saves so many criminals from the guillotine. Still, nothing but Fouché's firm belief in his insanity saved the *chasseur's* life. As it was, the officially decreed madman was sent off to the Castle of L'Escarpe, a prisoner. He submitted to his fate philosophically, once he found he could not combat it.

"I am not the first victim of circumstances in this world," he said to himself. "Patience, and shuffle the cards."

L'Escarpe was one of those ancient strongholds of the Breton nobles which stud that iron-bound coast, sombre monuments of an existence and a people as gloomy as the granite cliffs on which they are erected—cliffs in whose wave-worn caves the restless waters constantly roar.

Its last owner had been swept away in some one of the bloody civil wars of the Revolution. The Empire had turned his ancestral hall into a state prison.

The Commandante of L'Escarpe was an old *moustache*, who, after making every campaign possible, from that under Kellermann against the invading Austrians down to the triumphal invasion of Germany in 1808, had succumbed to years and wounds, and exchanged the life of the camp for that of the fortress. He was married, and jealous as a Turk, but jovial enough, with the brutal joviality of the bivouac, and a tolerable friend enough to his prisoners, in whom he found the only relief to the tedium of his humdrum existence.

He received Patrice Milbert under the name which Fouché had designated that he was to bear, that of Laborde, with open arms. Every liberty consistent with his captive condition he allowed him. His stock of companionable prisoners was very short at the time, and he made the lastcomer his favorite.

More guest than prisoner, the trooper shared his table, drank his wine, and lounged his idle hours away in the comfortable library where they were wont to spend their evenings in deep drinking and long games of cards and chess.

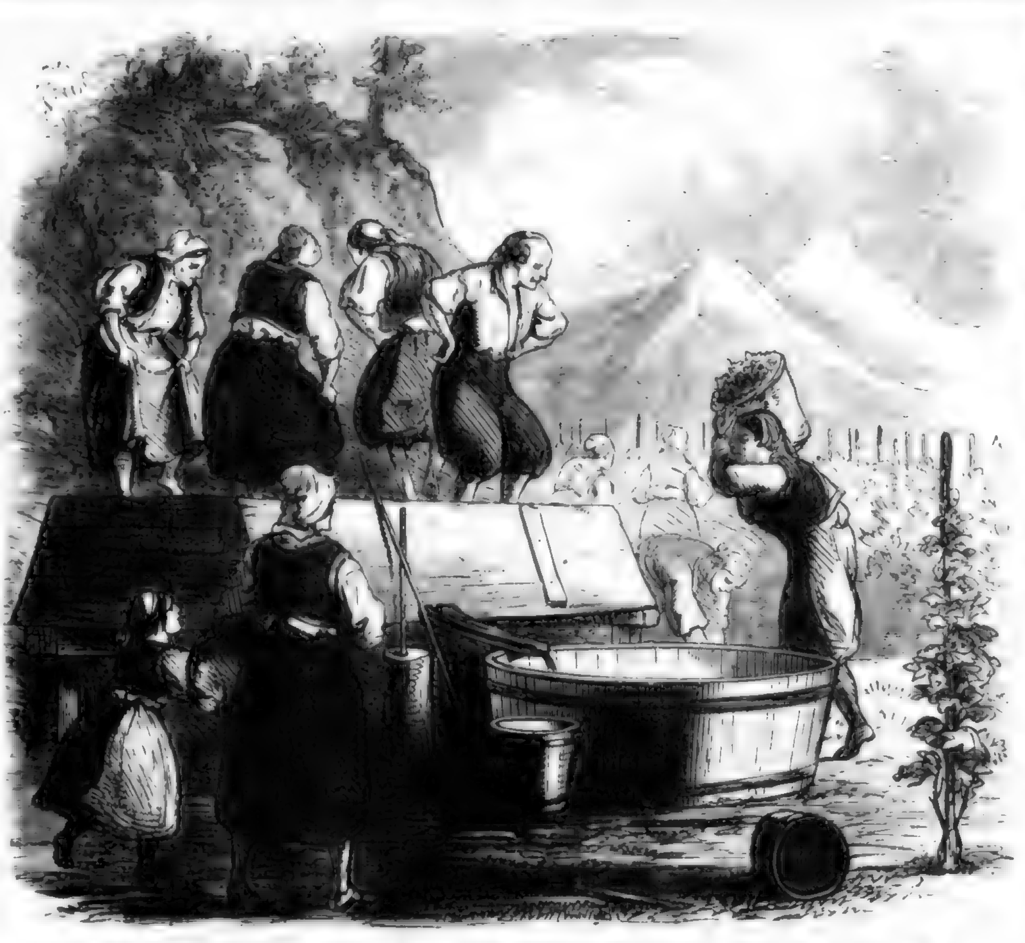
But one thing piqued the curiosity of Captain Patrice Milbert. Neither he nor any other of the prisoners had ever seen the commandante's wife. Wondrous legends in regard to her grace, her loveliness, and her gentleness of heart, were current ; but her jealous spouse guarded her from any more definite knowledge by the vulgar herd with the watchfulness of a Cerberus.

"Nevertheless," observed Captain Patrice Milbert to himself, "it is I who will see her."

CHAPTER VII.

POSSESSED of this intention, the *chasseur* neglected no opportunity of carrying his purpose out. He learned the commandante's hours to the fraction of a minute, and, while that worthy disciplinarian was executing his duties with the mechanical regularity peculiarly his own, his captive guest was prowling about the sanctuary in which the most intimate jewel of his host's existence was enshrined.

The private apartments of the commandante communicated with the library. In the library, therefore, Captain



THE VINEYARD AND THE WINE-PRESS.—TREADING OUT THE WINE.—SEE PAGE 567.

Patrice Milbert lingered most, devouring the door which separated him from his fondest desire with glances which ought to have charred the wood to cinders, and left the coveted passage open.

Lounging in his usual place one morning, he heard a bolt lightly shoot in the lock of the mysterious door. A hinge creaked, there was the rustling of a skirt, and a lady, with a book in her hand, entered the room. Captain Patrice Milbert started to his feet with an exclamation compounded of wonder and joy.

The lady uttered a shriek of mingled consternation and pleasure.

"Patrice!"

"Claire!"

"You here—a prisoner?"

"You here—a wife?"

"But you are not dead?"

"You can judge for yourself."

"Still, the *Moniteur*——"

"The flames scorch the *Moniteur*. It has declared me at one and the same time dead and an assassin. How can you explain that paradox?"

"I cannot."

"Then I will."

And, with the voice of the commandante from the drill-court below punctuating the story, Captain Patrice Milbert rapidly unfolded the facts with which the reader is already familiar.

AN ANCIENT ROMAN WINE-BOTTLE, OF SKIN.

"And you," he said, "you whom I return from my captivity to find the bride of another—what explanation have you to make?"

"A simple one."

"In effect, then?"

"Sheer necessity."

"You were, then, forced to marry?"

"I was."

"By whom?"

"By my father, who, through certain dishonest acts in connection with his contracts, was in the power of Colonel Leblanc, at that time the commissary with whom most of his dealings were. Leblanc threatened to give him up to justice unless he granted him my hand. He had become inspired with a passion for me, and would consider no other compromise. To save my father I sacrificed myself."

Captain Patrice Milbert drew a long breath, and thoughtfully passed his hand over his eyes, which sparkled strangely.

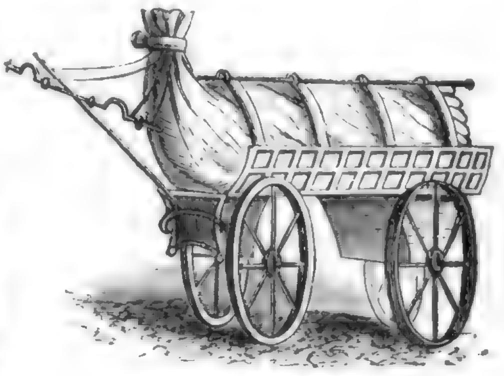
"You did well," he said, in a low, unsteady voice. "Far be it from me to reproach you. And now, Claire, do you love this man?"

"Patrice, you insult me."

The *chasseur* bit his lips till the blood came, and his face was radiant.

"Thank God and Monsieur Fouché, then!" he cried, "that I have learned this. Better these bars and stone walls, with thy love imprisoned here, than the freedom of all France!"

He clasped her to his breast, mingling the deep respiration of his suppressed emotion with her fluttering sobs of joy.



A WINE-CART IN SPAIN.

The voice of the commandante no longer sounded from the drill-court. Two people less absorbed in one another than the reunited lovers might have noticed a curious agitation of the heavy curtain of one of the library-windows.

Chapter VIII.

"But you have not explained your presence here," observed the *chasseur*, after a time. "What sends you to this desolate place?"

"You do."

"I do?"

"Yes."

"And in what way?"

"Simply enough. When you returned to Paris you visited my father's house."

"Having dreamed of it every night, having had it in my memory every day, during my martyrdom in that Prussian hell of granite and iron, it was naturally the first spot I shaped my course for once I was back in France."

"You met old Henri there?"

"I did."

"And conversed with him?'

"Of a verity."

"Scarcely a word that passed between you was unheard."

"By your——"

He could not say husband, so he added "him."

"By himself. That night witnessed a scene of horror. His fury was that of a devil. I feared at one time for my life."

"He struck you?"

She buried her face in her hands without reply. The curtain shook as if a strong wind were blowing in the airless room. The grinding of the *chasseur's* teeth was like the fierce champing of a beast of prey.

"Go on," he said, hollowly. "What more?"

"Nothing. Next day he brought me here—to be out of harm's way, as he expressed it. Here I have been since, no whit less a prisoner than yourself. But, Patrice, what would you do?"

He had started up, and now stood facing her with a great vein, swollen and purple, in the middle of his forehead, and his nails boring bloody pits in his strong palms.

"Do!" he cried. "A man—a monster—struck you and he lives!"

"He must live still."

"But——"

"I tell thee he must not be harmed. Listen, my love. Thou shalt escape. I will contrive to aid thee. Once away, thou must be content to wait and hope."

"And thou?"

"I remain where I am bound. I bear my burden till I sink beneath it, or it drops away from me. Not a word. Dost thou not love me?"

"Love thee?"

"Then obey me, word for word. *He* will be here quickly now. We must part; but remember, thou shalt be free; believe me."

An embrace, a fervid meeting of burning lips, and they parted, by separate doors, going their several ways.

A voice followed the departing trooper, hoarse, broken with fury, hollow as a voice from the vast tomb, and said:

"Ay, my *gaillard*, thou shalt be free—so free that no earthly shackles will ever trouble thee again!"

CHAPTER IX.

CAPTAIN PATRICE MILBERT, watchful as he ever was for the opportunity, did not see the commandante's wife again. Her image was ever before him, her words were ever in his ears, her love ever nestled like a poor, tired, lost bird in his heart, but her actual presence was denied him.

As if to make amends, the commandante became each day more friendly than ever.

In fact, he became too friendly altogether. But the *chasseur* was too deeply absorbed in the dream-world he had created for himself to notice or take warning from his altered manner. So a week slipped by.

Then, one morning, the keeper who brought him his early coffee, permitted something to fall from his pocket on the floor.

"From madame," he said, guardedly, hurrying away.

The trooper began to use the file on his window-bars that day.

Next day brought him a package of money.

"From madame," said the keeper, in the same tone as before. "To-night, at midnight, you are to have a cord."

At dusk that evening the captain had the last bar filed through. A few wrenches of his strong hand would leave the way to liberty clear before him.

His window was so narrow and the wall so thick that he could not see the ground. He was on the landward side of the castle, though, he knew, and he relied upon his guardian angel to calculate for him. The brief messages of the keeper he accepted without questioning their truth. Did he not come from her?

Night fell dark and tempestuous. The wild west wind blew the spray in sheets even over the summit of the cliff. The onset of the waves shook the granite precipice, and made the tower shiver as if in fear.

In the wail of the storm one could fancy a host of phantoms abroad, hurrying by in the darkness on their errand of mystery.

With the usual hour for securing the prisoners in their cells, the keeper appeared to acquit himself of the final act of his mission. He unwound from around his body a long, strong silken cord, and made the usual terse announcement.

There was a gleam in his eye when he wished his prisoner good-speed. The honest trooper thought it a glance of sympathy, and thanked him cordially. The man muttered something under his breath, and went out quickly.

It seemed to Captain Patrice that another step joined his just outside the door, and that the pair went away together.

Some fancy possessed him that this was she, and that though she dared not speak to him, she still watched over him until the last.

This thought, and the recollection of how indefinite any hope of a future meeting with her was, quite unmanned him, and for a few minutes he had not strength enough left to knot the end of his rope around the stump of the bar he had left for that purpose. He soon recovered himself, though; performed that work, and dropped the line out, weighted with one of the bars to steady it.

Then, with a last glance around him, almost sorry to part with this prison which brought him near to her, he crawled out of the window, and gripped the cord.

CHAPTER X.

THE storm had increased, and, heavy as the fugitive was, his bulk was a mere toy to the fierce wind. It blew him here and swung him there. It spun him round and round, threatening this moment to tear him from his hold, the next to brain him against the prison-wall.

Still, he felt his feet touch the bar without more harm having come to him than a bruise or two. As he rested himself, his hat blew off.

He listened, and became aware that the hat required several seconds to reach the earth. This startled him. He had expected that the cord might be short, and had been prepared to take his chances of the distance he would have to drop, relying on the calculation of his protector to have provided against too great a fall. But, calculating from the fall of the hat, there must be a great distance still beneath him—great enough, in fact, to insure his death. What did it mean?

In order to make sure, he permitted the file, which he had brought in his pocket, to fall. It dropped, requiring nearly, if not quite, as much time as the hat had, and its contact with the earth was signaled by several sharp clangs.

All was now clear. It had fallen on a jagged rock, rebounded on another, and so on. Captain Patrice Milbert was swinging at the end of a rope forty feet, at least, above the ground, with every furious gust of wind threatening to send him headlong and helpless to certain death!

"*Donnerwetter!*" said the trooper to himself, resorting to a familiar German expletive as he always did when he could not do his feelings justice in his native French. "What, then, does this mean?"

A mad blast which twisted him round and banged him against the tower with almost enough violence to shake him from his hold, apprised him that it meant death very shortly,

"I can't stop here," he said; "there is nothing for it but a trip by the road I came."

This was a journey easier planned than performed. To climb a slender cord, in a tempest which made a plaything of him, Captain Patrice Milbert discovered was infinitely more serious a task than to slide down that same. The work required the employment of all his powers, and even they were beginning to forsake him, when he seized the stone sill of his window with his bleeding hands.

As he raised himself to the level of the ledge the trooper heard his cell-door fall into its fastenings with a loud clang. A light step sounded on the dungeon floor and a voice said:

"Soho! He has gone. And a pleasant journey to him."

It almost choked the fugitive to suppress the cry of amazement which gurgled up in his throat. The speaker, standing in the middle of the cell in his night-dress, and with the yellow gleam of his candle lighting a face distorted by the malignant triumph of a demon, was Commandante Lablanc.

The truth flashed upon Captain Patrice at once. What he had supposed a mistake was an intention. The plot which he had believed originated with his sweetheart, and was intended to free him, really had birth in the brain of her husband, and was meant to send him to his death.

In spite of himself he uttered a fierce imprecation. The commandante looked up, saw the face at the window, and sprang forward with a furious curse.

Chapter XI.

To his dying day Captain Patrice Milbert could give no definite account of what followed. It was a combat between the furies of hate and of despair. A struggle in which each contestant entered heart and soul and body, with every nerve, with every drop of blood that coursed his veins.

When, with the daylight, the trooper began to gather his scattered senses, he was lying exhausted, shaken like a leaf in the wind by nervous convulsions, on his cell floor. He crawled to the window, and craning his neck, looked out.

The cord still swung in the wind, the bar that weighted it ringing as it beat against the wall. Far, far below, a flock of ravens were ripping and tearing at some object among the jagged rocks with their iron beaks.

Unnerved as he was, the *chasseur* lost no time. His cell-door was unlocked. Through the deserted corridor he slunk like a belated ghost, and gaining the library unobserved, knocked at the new-made widow's door.

When the alarm at his supposed escape was given he was snugly asleep in the bed of the commandante, of whom the ravens had by this time left little else than clean-picked bones.

Claire assumed authority over the garrison, on the plea that her husband was too ill to do so, and communicated his commands through her. That night the lovers left L'Escarpe together. Three days later they landed from a smuggler's boat in England.

To this day it is believed that Commandante Lablanc, for some reasons unknown, deserted his post, and that the cross in the lonely cemetery of L'Escarpe marks the last resting-place of the prisoner Laborde, who perished in attempting to escape.

It was not till the Allies entered Paris that Captain Patrice Milbert, long since married, and a father, ventured to to take any steps to assert his identity.

The first use he made of his regained patrimony was to purchase and repair the Chateau de Tournay.

"Fate lighted up this window for me," he said, looking out upon the way he had come on that eventful October night years before. "So long as I can buy a candle there shall be a beacon here, and may it bring to other belated and despairing men the fortune it brought to me."

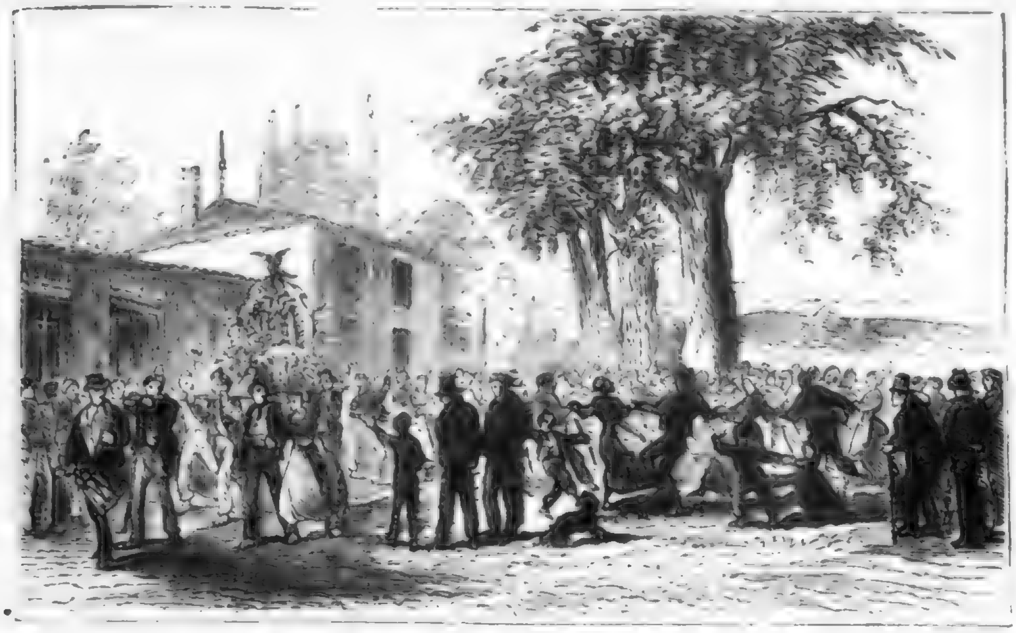
THE VINEYARD AND THE WINE PRESS.

By Norton Richardson.

We are rapidly becoming a wine-drinking people in the United States. Light claret is already a recognized household institution, and dry sherry is finding its way to the dinner-tables of our middle classes. Champagne, or "Wine," holds its own in the wealthier and faster sections of society. Burgundy has numerous admirers. Hock is loved by the sons of Vaterland, and tawny port is gradually emerging from the closely-barred portals of Knickerbockerdom. With the wines produced in our own vineyards we are not on intimate terms. The European label adds bouquet, and the Custom House hieroglyphics, flavor. Wine improves by travel, and as the worst glass of champagne I ever tasted was in the heart of the district that gives it birth, Epernay, it is to be presumed that the same beverage, with its "beaded bubbles at the brim," would have been nectar in New York.

Some idea may be formed of the vastness of the area of the wine-producing districts of the world when I explain that the northern limit of the zone, within which the vine is cultivated for the purpose of producing wine, commences at the Azores, passes south of England, and proceeding from Vannes in Brittany, beyond Mazières to Alençon in Normandy, mounts thence to Beauvais in the Isle of France, and subsequently striking still more northward, through Rhenish Prussia, and above Dresden, ascends as high up as Königsburg, which forms, as it were, the apex. It then inclines southward across the Carpathian Mountains, traversing both Little and Eastern Russia to the upper shores of the Caspian, whence it stretches to the River Amoor and the Pacific, intersecting North America just above San Francisco and Colorado, and skirting Lakes Michigan, Erie and Ontario. The southern limits of the vine, which grows only at certain elevations and in particular localities within the tropics, after including Africa, Australia and New Zealand,

XUM

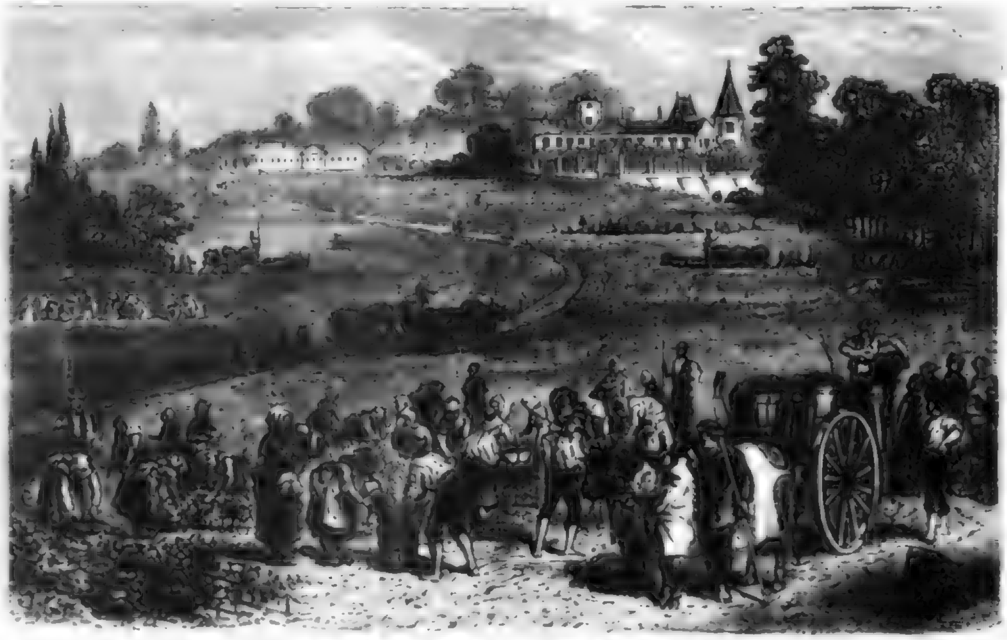


VINTAGE FEAST IN THE SAUTERNE DISTRICT, FRANCE.

terminate in South America at Valdivia, in Chili, and Bahia Blanca, in the Argentine Republic.

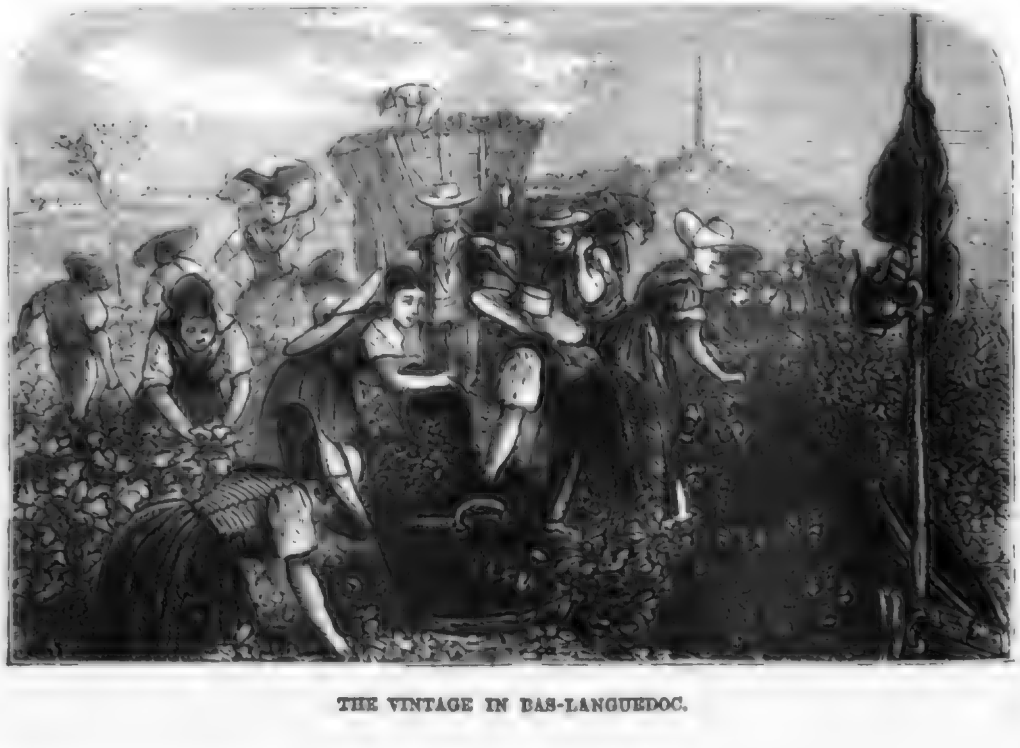
France has been termed not inappropriately the vineyard of the earth, its grand red wines for *finesse* and bouquet being unrivaled throughout the world, and its wines, led off by Château d'Yquem, rivaling those of any other country, not omitting even the renowned Johannisberg, and the still more renowned Tokay, while as regards its sparkling wines, France is universally acknowledged to be without a peer.

Château Laffitte is the acknowledged sovereign of Bordeaux wines. It is renowned alike for its magnificent color, exquisite softness, delicate flavor and fragrant bouquet, recalling the perfume of the almond and the violet, with a marked predominance of the latter. Braune-Mouton, now Mouton Rothschild, as the famous banking-house has bought up the entire vineyard, ranks next to the Laffitte. Then comes Château Margaux, and with it a grand Médoc wine, Château Latour. The celebrated Talleyrand once owned the one superb red vin de Graves, Château Haut Biron. The St.-Julien *crus* is highly esteemed, as is also the Crus St.-Estèphe.



A SCENE IN THE MÉDOC WINE DISTRICT.

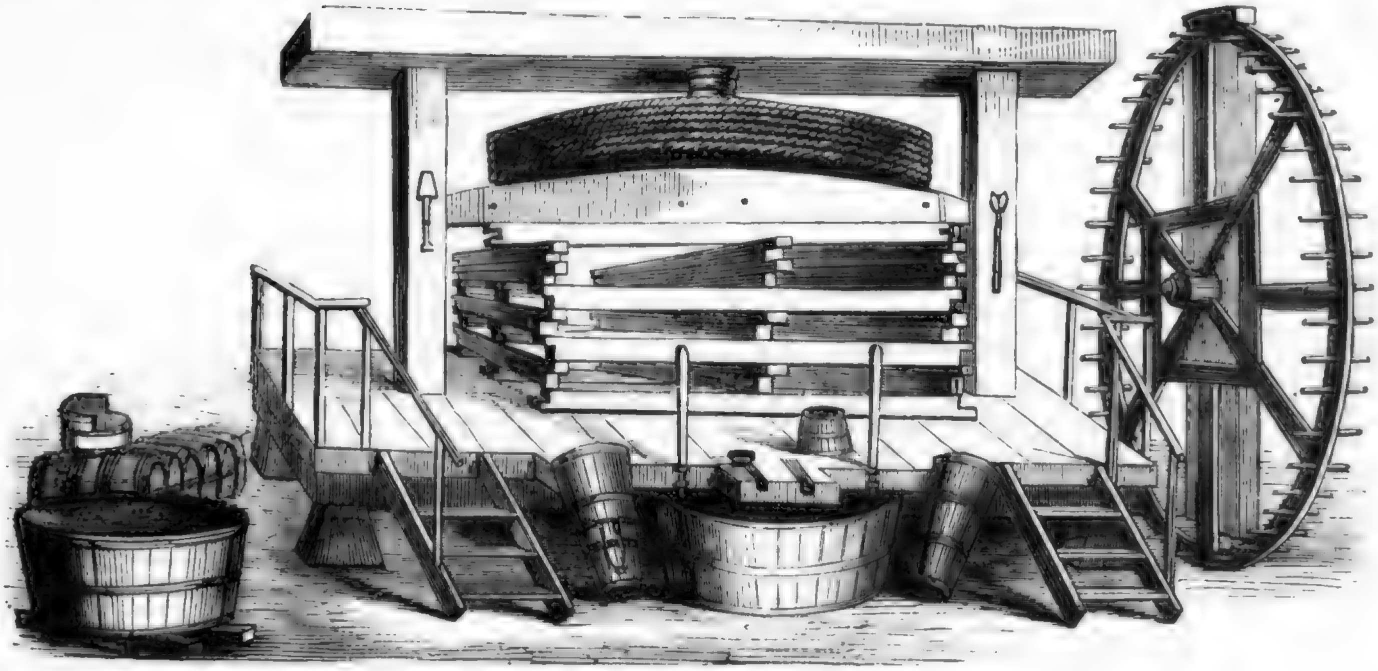
With a single exception all the grand red wines of the Gironde are produced in the celebrated Médoc district, within a space of some twenty miles, and along a mere strip of undulating ground, narrow in size, but boundless in renown, bordering one of the principal rivers in France—namely, the Garonne—and forming, so to speak, one vast vineyard cultivated as carefully as a garden.



THE VINTAGE IN BAS-LANGUEDOC.

Among the white wines of the Gironde are the renowned Château d'Yquem, the most luscious and delicately aromatic of wines, with its resplendent color, resembling liquid gold, its exquisite bouquet and delicious flavor.

The species of vines princi-



FRENCH WINE-PRESS.

pally cultivated in the Médoc, and from which the finest red wines in the world are produced, are the gros and petit Cabernet, the fruit of which is highly perfumed, and yields a soft, delicate, fragrant and brilliant, though light-colored, wine.

The deep-purple, full-bodied, velvety wines of the Côte d'Or—the grand wines of Burgundy—have always been in high renown, and centuries ago wines and vines alike of this favored province passed as presents from one royal personage to another, just as the grand *cordons* are exchanged nowadays. Burgundy was then the wine of nobles and churchmen, one of the latter of whom chants:

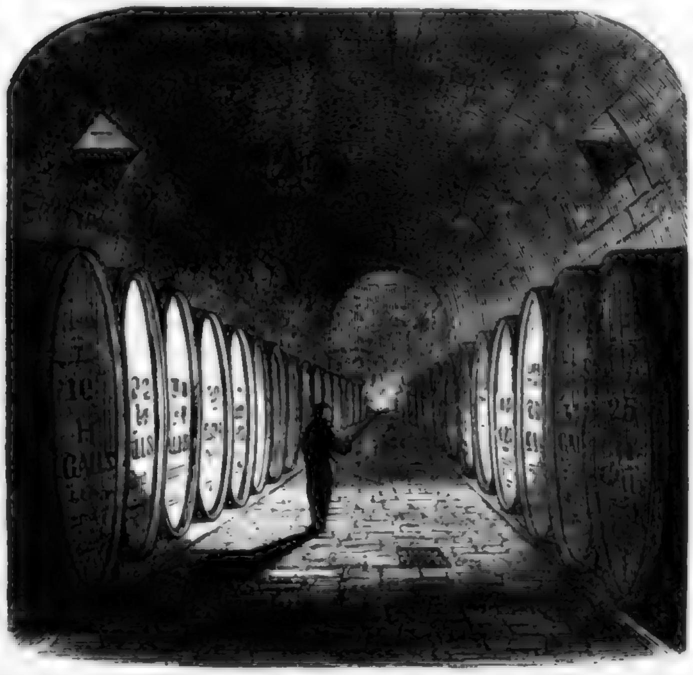
> "Nous les boirons lentement,
> Nous les boirons tendrement,
> Ton Clos Vougeot! ton Romanée!"

The *vignerons* of the Côte d'Or, or golden slope, for the purpose of classifying their products, divide the district into the Côte de Nuits and the Côte de Beaune, the former boasting of what the Burgundians technically term their best *climats*, the most esteemed being at Vosne, whence come Romanée-Conti, La Tâche and Richebourg, with Romanée-St.-Vivant, La Grande Rue, Gaudichot, Malconsort, and several others. Of these, Romanée-Conti is recognized king.

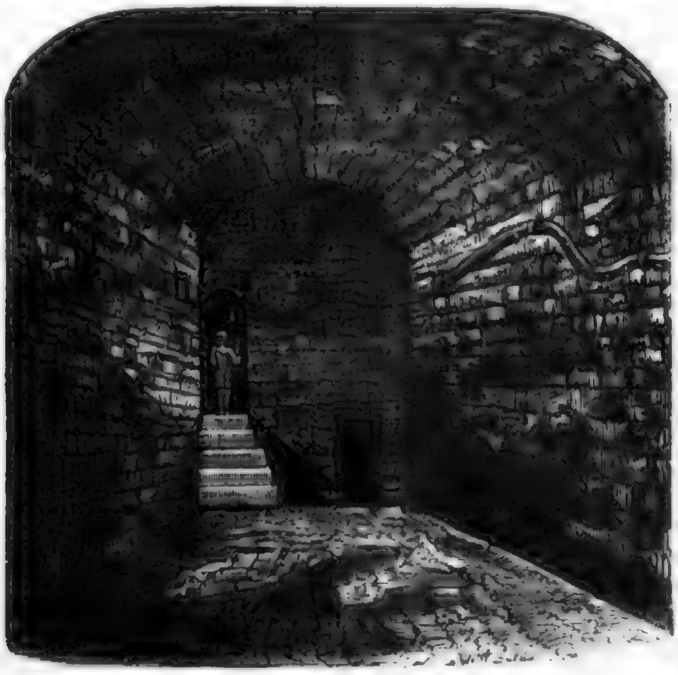
The characteristics of this splendid wine are body combined with extreme *finesse*, velvety softness, rich, ruby color and delicate bouquet. Genuine Romanée is rarely to be met with, for a prolific vintage never exceeds 4,000 bottles.

Clos de Vougeot is usually classed after Richebourg. It was the great favorite of Napoleon I. To considerable body it unites a fine flavor, and a suave bouquet with great *finesse*, and has, moreover, the much-prized merit of not becoming thin with age, as the majority of Burgundy growths do. The mention of Clos de Vougeot recalls the well-known story of its enthusiastic military admirer, who, while marching his regiment to the Rhine, commanded his men to halt before the vineyard and present arms in its honor.

Chablis is not a product of the Côte d'Or, but of the Department of the Yonne. It is thin, pale, dry and



INTERIOR OF DRY-WINE VAULTS.



HOSE FOR CONDUCTING WINE FROM VAULTS.

delicate, and with distinguishing *pierre à fusil* taste which is its recognized characteristic.

The aspect of the grand Burgundy vineyards is principally southeast, and the soil, which is calcareous, is impregnated with iron. Indeed, ironstone exists in a greater or less degree in all the more celebrated vineyards of France, including the Médoc, the Côte d'Or, the Champagne, the Hermitage, Roussillon, etc. Carbonate of lime is also prevalent in many of them, still its presence is by no means inseparably associated with the growth of all the higher-class wines, for scarcely any trace of it is to be found in the vineyards of the Mèdoc, the Hermitage, or the Côte Rôtie.

The higher-class wines of the Côtes du Rhone are Hermitage, Côte Rôtie, Condrieu, and St.-Peray. Hermitage has a recognized bouquet recalling the raspberry, a remarkably clean, fresh, full, vinous flavor combined with great firmness and softness, and is, moreover, of the indispensable rich deep-purple hue. The white Hermitage of a pale-yellow tint, and with an ambrosial perfume that may be pronounced unique, is exquisitely suave, rich and spirituous in flavor, and perfectly dry. The vinous, luscious, almost unctuous Hermitage *paille*, with its volume, its marrowy richness, its delicious smoothness, combined with an indescribable, refreshing sharpness free from the slightest acidity, is a *rara avis in terris.*

The wines of the South of France are numerous, coarse and cheap; this especially refers to the growths of Hérault, the Gard, the Aude, and the Pyrenees-Orientales. Muscats are numerous; Runel, Roussillon and Frontignan, the leading vintages; and a spirituous Picardin wine is a specialty.

The old province of Languedoc was originally planted with vines from Spain, at a period when it was under the same crown with Aragon, and principally Spanish varieties are still cultivated there, as well as in the neighboring southern departments. Hence the marked similarity which exists between certain red wines of the south of France and those of Spain.

The Island of Corsica boasts of one fine wine, the Santa Lucia Rançois.

A full vintage in France yields its 70,000,000 of hectolitres of wine, or one-third more than the vintage of last year, the increased value of which would be an extra twenty millions of dollars besides nearly twelve millions of dollars additional for the *eau-de-vie* distilled from the husks and stalks of the pressed grapes. The after-value of these as food for cattle and as manure, combined with the value of the pruned branches of the vine, both as fodder and fuel, will, according to the estimate by the Minister of Agriculture and Commerce, bring up the total value of a full vintage to $380,891,550. Although the vineyard area comprises less than a twentieth part of the soil of France, the yield amounts in value to almost a quarter of the total agricultural revenue, and furnishes the means of existence to one-fifth of the entire population.

I shall now turn to that wine of which we Americans are so excessively fond, and the opening of which forms so important a function in not only our social ceremonies, but likewise in those connected with business, viz, Champagne.

The chalky slopes that border the Marne were early recognized as offering special advantages for the culture of the vine. St. Remi, baptizer of Clovis, the first Christian king in France, at the end of the fifth century, left by will, to various churches, the vineyards which he owned at Rheims and Laon, together with the "vilains" employed in their cultivation. Some three and a half centuries later we find worthy Bishop Pardulus of Laon imitating Paul's advice to Timothy, and urging Archbishop Hincmar to drink of the wines of Epernay and Rheims for his stomach's sake. The crusade-preaching Pope, Urban II., who was born among the vineyards of the Champagne, dearly loved the wine of Ay; and his energetic appeals to the princes of Europe to take up arms for the deliverance of the Holy Sepulchre may have owed some of their eloquence to his favorite beverage.

The red wine of the Champagne sparkled on the boards of monarchs in the Middle Ages when they sat at meat amidst their mailclad chivalry, and quaffed mighty beakers to the confusion of the Paynim. Henry of Andely has sung, in his *fabliau* of the "Bataille des Vins," how, when stout Philip Augustus and his chaplain constituted themselves the earliest known wine-jury, the *crus* of Espernai, Auviler, Chalons, and Rheims were amongst those which found most favor in their eyes, though nearly a couple of centuries elapsed before Eustace Deschamps recorded in verse the rival merits of those of Cumières and Ay. King Wenceslaus, of Bohemia a mighty toper, got so royally drunk day after day upon the vintages of the Champagne, that he forgot all about the treaty with Charles VI., that had formed the pretext of his visit to France, and would probably have lingered, goblet in hand, in the old cathedral city, till the day of his death, but for the presentation of a little account for wine consumed, which sobered him to repentance and led to his abrupt departure. Dunois, Lahire, Xaintrailles, and their fellows, when they rode with Joan of Arc to the coronation of Charles VII., drank the same generous fluid, through helmets barred, to the speedy expulsion of the detested English from the soil of France.

The vin d'Ay—*vinum Dei*, as Dominicus Baudoin punningly styled it—was, according to old Paulmier, the ordinary drink of the kings and princes of his day. It fostered bluff King Hal's fits of passion and the tenth Leo's artistic extravagance; consoled Francis I. for the field of Pavia, and solaced his great rival in his retirement at St. Just. All of them had their commissioners at Ay to secure the best wine for their own consumption. Henri Quatre, whose *vendangeoir* is still shown in the village, held the wine in such honor that he was wont to style himself the Seigneur d'Ay, just as James of Scotland was known as the Gudeman of Ballangeich. When his son, Louis XIII., was crowned, the wines of the Champagne were the only growths allowed to grace the board at the royal banquet. Freely, too, did they flow at the coronation feast of the Grand Monarque, when the crowd of assembled courtiers, who quaffed them in his honor, hailed them as the finest wines of the day.

Meanwhile an entirely new kind of wine, which was to carry the name of the province producing it to the uttermost corners of the earth, had been introduced. On the picturesque slopes of the Marne, about fifteen miles from Rheims, and some four or five miles from Epernay, stands the little hamlet of Hautvillers, which, in pre-Revolutionary days, was a mere dependency upon a spacious abbey dedicated to St. Peter. Here the worthy monks of the Order of St. Benedict had lived in peace and prosperity for several hundred years, carefully cultivating the acres of vineland extending around the abbey, and religiously exacting a tithe of all the other wine pressed in their district. The revenue of the community thus depending in no small degree upon the vintage, it was natural that the post of cellarer should be one of importance. It happened that about the year 1688 this office was conferred upon a worthy monk named Perignon. Poets and toasters, we know, are born, and not made; and the monk in question seems to have been a heaven-born cellarman, with a strong head and a discriminating palate.

The wine exacted from the neighboring cultivators was of all qualities—good, bad and indifferent; and with the spirit of a true Benedictine, Dom Perignon hit upon the idea of "marrying" the produce of one vineyard with that of another. He had noted that one kind of soil imparted fragrance, and another generosity, and discovered that a white wine could be made from the blackest grapes, which would keep good, instead of turning yellow and degenerating like the wine obtained from white ones. Moreover, the happy thought occurred to him that a piece of cork was a much more suitable stopper for a bottle than the flax dipped in oil which had heretofore served that purpose.

The white, or, as it was sometimes styled, the gray, wine of the Champagne grew famous, and the manufacture spread throughout the province, but that of Hautvillers held the predominance.

Ever busy among his vats and presses, barrels and bottles, Perignon alighted upon a discovery destined to be most important in its results. He found out the way of making an effervescent wine—a wine that burst out of the bottle and overflowed the glass, that was twice as dainty to the taste, and twice as exhilarating in its effects. It was at the close of the seventeenth century that this discovery was made—when the glory of the Roi Soleil was on the wane, and with it the splendor of the Court of Versailles. Louis XIV., for whose especial benefit *liqueurs* had been invented, recovered a gleam of his youthful energy as he sipped the creamy foaming vintage that enlivened his dreary *têtes-à-têtes* with the widow of Scarron. It found its chief patrons, however, amongst the band of gay young roysterers, the future *roués* of the Regency, whom the Duc d'Orléans and the Duc de Vendôme had gathered round them at the Palais Royal and at Anet.

To-day, Champagne is known by its "brand," and each brand has its "term of office," as the nod of fashion makes or mars it. Dry Monopole, Clicquot, Pommery, Mumm, and a host of others, are now seated on the throne. How soon they will be deposed is but a question of time. They will pop, sparkle, fizzle, and pass away.

Webster derives "Sack" and "Seck" from the Latin Siccus, and makes it correspond with the French "Sec" and Spanish "Seco." It was applied to Sherry in contradistinction to the sweet Malvoisies which are known to have been imported into England as far back as the reign of Edward IV.

That Sherry was drunk by Englishmen at an early date is certain, for, in the year 1419, a certain William Horrold was placed in the pillory for counterfeiting and vending "Old feble Spanyssho wine for good and true Romancy."

The cultivation of the vine for wine-making in Andalusia is supposed to have preceded the Roman occupation, and Pliny, Martial, and other ancient writers, allude to the fertility of the then, as now, famous "Sherry district"; but whether the Romans got unadulterated sherry may be doubted, for the vintner of all ages has been apt to *ameliorate* his wines; even in sunny Seville he had his tricks, and the Licentiate, Sebastian Horosoco, wrote this, circa 1500:

"Rogue, thus with well and river, the pricked wine thou dost fine,
And this same nauseous stew dost call the fruit of Vine.
Wine! Counterfeit and Rogue! 'tis weak and poor and dark;
It hath the look of turbid broth, and smells like tanners' bark."

In Pedro de Medina's "Libro de Grandezas y Cosas Memorables de España" (Alcala, 1566), reference is thus made to the fertility of the Jerez vineyards: "The vintage there ordinarily yields about 60,000 butts of wine, and there are shipped to England, Flanders and other parts, each year, more than 40,000 butts."

The vintage, and divers natural styles assumed by the grape juice after fermentation, are known as Finos, Amontillados, Olorosos and Bastos.

When the grapes are trodden or pressed out, the juice, after it has run into large casks, is called Mosto, andis stored in Bodegas (wine-stores), the produce of each vineyard in its separate lot. The mosto is then left to ferment for three or four months, when it is poured off from the cask in which it has stood, leaving the lees or sediment at the bottom. This operation is called "racking from the lees," and what was *mosto* is then called *wine.*

During the first year or two very extraordinary changes take place, which are quite unaccountable. Wines from the same vineyard, although subjected to exactly the same treatment, develop in different casks totally different characters. If the research of science could be successfully directed to discover the cause, and thus give the means to produce each style of wine artificially, the philosopher's stone would indeed be found, and El Dorado realized, but the wines of themselves, as they grow two or three years old, assume different characters, and are classed Finos, Amontillados, Olorosos and Bastos.

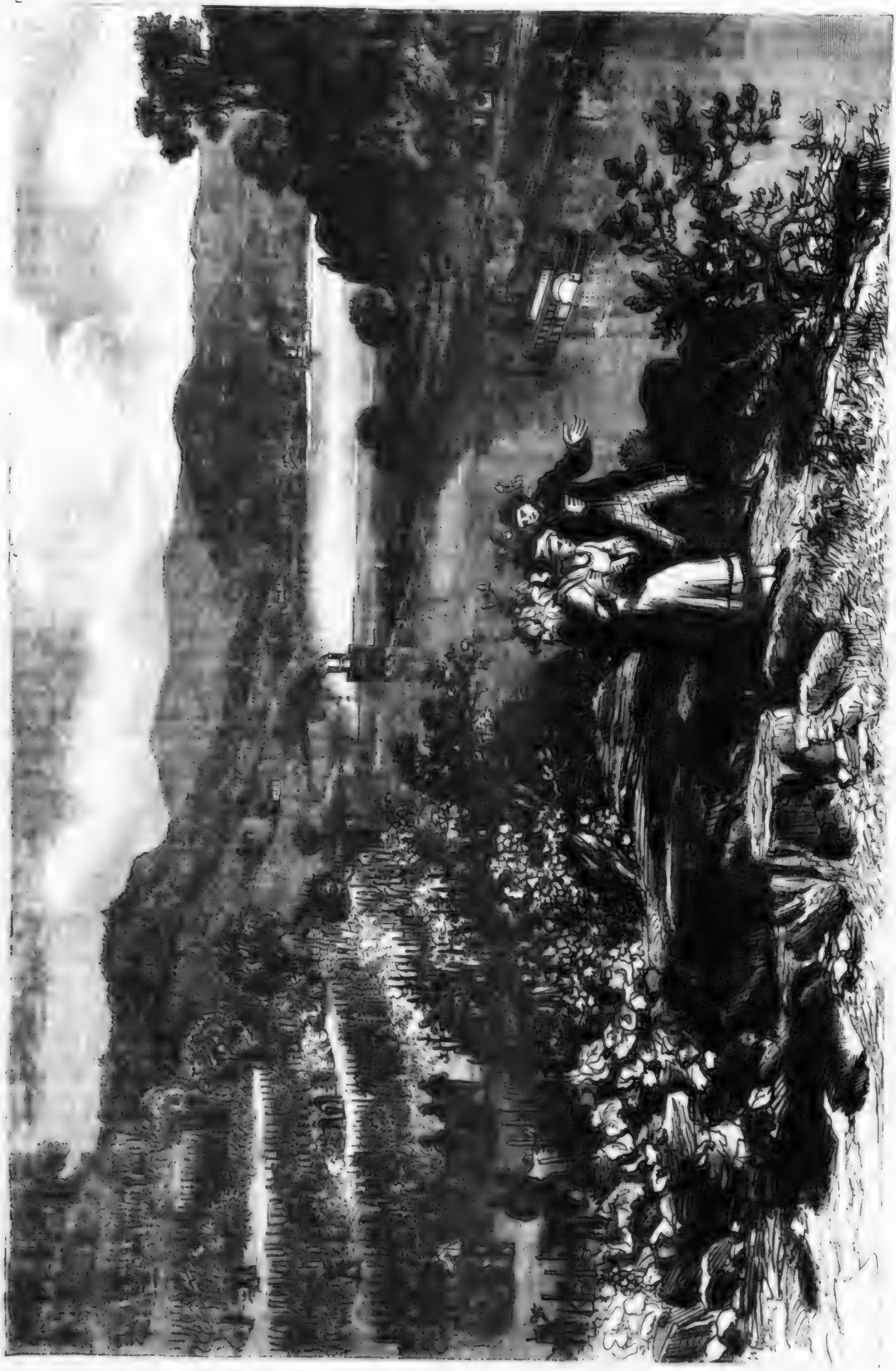
The most valuable character is called Fino, being of a delicate, soft, mellow flavor, and very pale in color; but not more than an average of about ten per cent. of the whole produce of a vineyard takes this satisfactory turn.

A higher class of development again takes place in the Fino, producing Amontillado; this is the most valued of all; it has the character of Fino, and, in addition, a charming flavor of its own. It is invaluable in blending, to give a finer character and life to heavier wine. Oloroso is a full, nutty-flavored development, rather deep in color, and of stouter character. When old, it is of great body, and dry. There is yet an inferior development which is called Basto (coarse). In good years, however, this unsatisfactory character is only shown in small quantities, nor does it ever take place to a great extent in wines from the best vineyards. Manzanilla is a light wine, grown principally at San Lucar, and highly recommended by physicians on account of the absence in it of all sweet. Montilla is a very dry but powerful wine, grown near to Cordova, which, when old, is of great value. Vino Dulce (sweet wine) is made from the sweeter kind of grape called Pedro Jimenez.

When an order arrives from a shipper's agent or correspondent to ship a certain quantity of wine similar to that previously sent, a reference is made to the blending-book, which shows the proportions of each Solera which the former shipment contained; besides this, a sample is always kept of every mark which leaves the Bodega, and this is also used for reference in the making up of any new shipment.

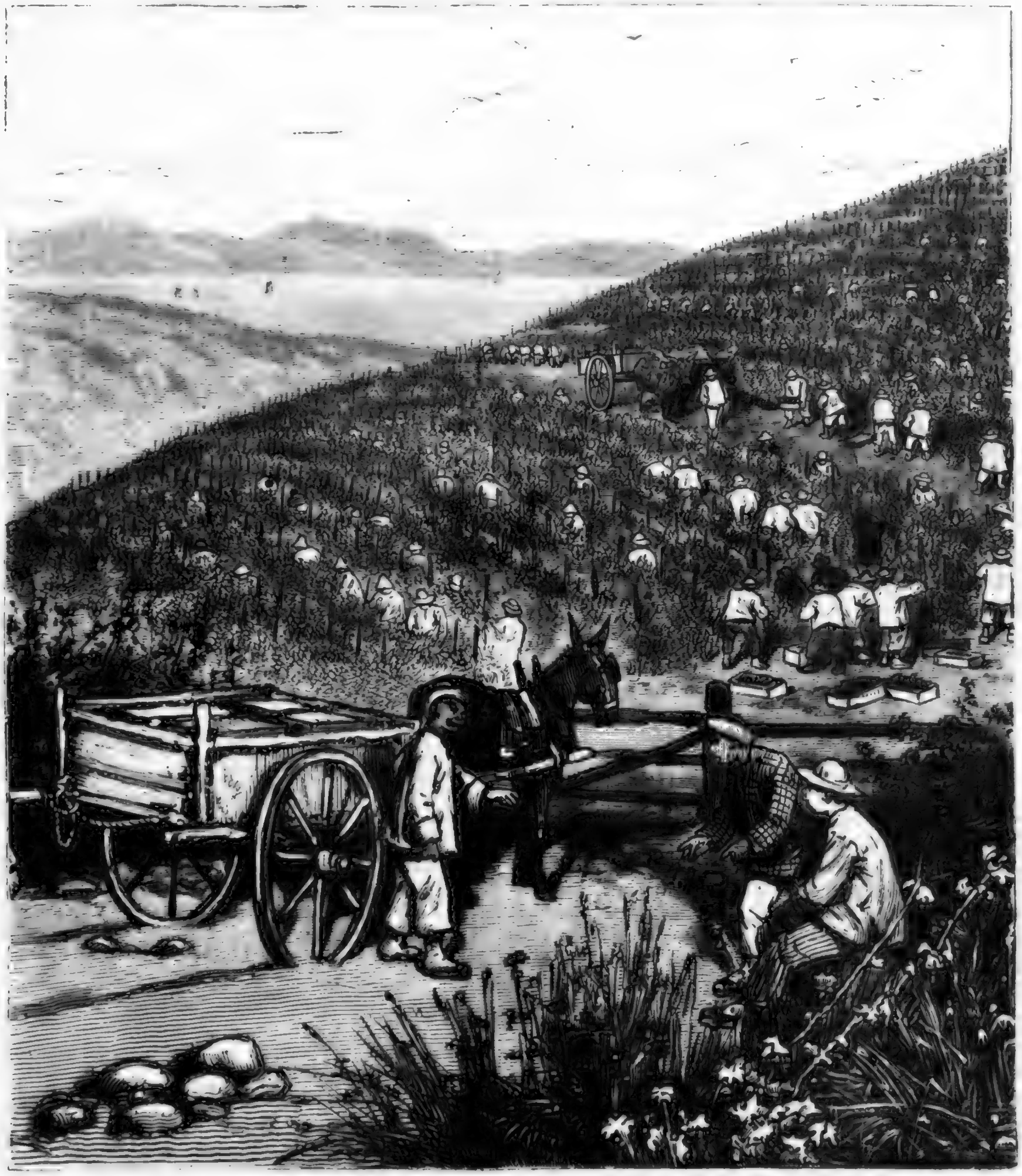
The blending-glass, which is a long, narrow glass tube, divided into forty parts, representing the number of "jarras," or jars, contained in a butt, is then brought into use. The same that has to be matched having been carefully tasted, the proportionate quantities are blended from the various Soleras required, and when the result is satisfactory, the casks are filled in accordance with the component parts of the graduated glass measure.

The wine, when thus blended, is fined with whites of eggs. A long iron rod, with a loop at one end and brush at the other, is inserted through the bung-hole, and the



A VINEYARD ON THE BANKS OF THE RHINE.

wine is stirred with the finings in it, till the whole is thoroughly amalgamated. As soon as the wine is quite clear and bright, it is drawn off into other casks for shipment, having the name of the shipper branded on the head and distinguishing mark cut in on the bung-stave.



A CALIFORNIA VINEYARD.

The Rhine wines form a distinguishing feature in the "tipples" of the world, Schloss Johannisberger standing out in distinct relief. Steinberger Cabinet, by some, is considered equal, if not superior, to Johannisberger, while Ranuethalerberg has its enthusiastic admirers, as also have Hockheimer and Marcobrunner.

The Rhine vintage rarely commences until late in the Autumn, and is sometimes delayed even into the Winter. The pickers, sturdy peasant girls of eighteen and twenty years of age, have their gowns looped up kirtle fashion, according to regulation, so as not to brush the over-ripe grapes off as they pass between the rows of leafless vines, thus affording them the opportunity of displaying the very brightest printed flannel petticoats and the gayest colored stockings which money can purchase at Mayence. The season being cold, most of them wear mittens, and have woolen comforters tied over their heads, so as to allow of the ends falling down their necks behind. The men, who perform the heavier work, occasionally get themselves up in jäger costume—gray suits piped and faced with green, boots half-way up the legs, and tufts of feathers stuck jauntily in their mountaineers' hats.

Singing in chorus some song in praise of the Rhine and its wine, the pickers commence at the foot of the slope, one to each row of vines, and move steadily forward in a compact line, with all the precision of disciplined soldiers. With little spring shears, which they carry secured to their waists, they snip off the riper bunches as they pass along, picking from them, at the same time, the shriveled and ripely-rotten berries, and throwing them into a separate receptacle. This is what is termed the "auslese," and from these selected grapes a special and luscious class of wine is made, of fine flavor, and more or less sweet, according as the grapes have attained the stage known as *edelfaule*—in other words, a "noble rottenness"—or are merely ordinarily ripe.

When the pickers have filled their tubs, men go round and collect the contents in oval-shaped wooden vessels, called "legeln," which they carry strapped to their backs. From these the grapes are consigned to the hand-mills stationed by the roadside, and after being thoroughly crushed are emptied together with the expressed juice into a large cask, fastened by strong chains to a kind of dray, which requires a couple of horses to drag it up the steep winding roads. The aperture of the cask is invariably secured by a padlock before the dray leaves the vineyard.

When I "do" the Rhine it is my invariable practice to order a Niersteinerberg, a very cheap but well-flavored wine, with which I mix seltzer water, and I have a better and more palatable drink than swells or ignoramuses who order Johannisberger or Hockheimer, which they do not get, although paying through the nose. The one exceptionally fine Hockheimer growth comes from the vineyards of the Dom Dechanei. From the other side of the Rhine we have the Heidesheimer and the Pincannoir, or black Burgundy, while within the gorge of the Rhine itself the only wine of particular repute produced is Assmanhauser. Bacharach was famed in the Middle Ages for its wine:

"The old rhyme keeps running in my brain;
At Bacharach on the Rhine,
At Hochheim on the Main,
And at Würzburg on the Stein,
Grow the three best kinds of wine."

From the vineyards in the rear of Ehrenbreitstein come vintages of Kreutzberger, a rather agreeable red wine, while Linz, a few miles lower down the river, produces a red wine, Dattenberger. From the valley of the Ahr, which falls into the Rhine near Sinzig, midway between Coblenz and Bonn, come the superior red wines of Walporzheimer, Ahrweilerer and Bodendorfer, fine, if not deep, in color, slightly astringent, somewhat akin to a natural Port, and exhibiting really refined vinous qualities. It is in this valley of vineyards, and in the neighborhood of the jagged basaltic mountain known as the Landskron, that the celebrated Apollinaris Brunnen takes its rise.

The wines of the Moselle stand in high repute. The Piesporter, Grünhauser, Brauenberger and Olewig Neuberger are the most esteemed, the last named being grown near the vast Roman amphitheatre, where Constantine had his captives torn in pieces by wild beasts, and the ruins of which to-day stand solitary in the midst of the vines. The Deiderheimer Kirchenstück is a gorgeous golden-colored wine of such excessive richness that a sip of it is a sufficiency.

Bavaria contributes excellent Stein and Leisten wine, and that known as "Holy Ghost wine," and which was originally the only Stein wine sold in the squat bocksbeutel, now extensively used to palm off inferior growths as genuine Stein.

Switzerland is strong in the red wines of Neufchâtel and the white wines of the Vaud. Yvorne, or the "Wine of Blood," is a remarkably pleasant wine. Austria yields Vöslauer, Gumpoldkirchner and Klosterneuberger. Styria contributes, among others, the luscious Maraschino, while Hungary holds a foremost place through its historic Tokay, anent which I must say a word or two.

Formerly Imperial Tokay invariably figured at the banquets of Kings, and was the accustomed present from Austrian Archdukes and Emperors to those they delighted to honor. It was the wine which, at the Council of Trent, Pope Paul III. proclaimed to be worthy even of the pontifical throne, and which to secure a regular supply of, the Czars and Czarinas, so recently as a quarter of a century ago, kept a company of Russian soldiers constantly on Hungarian soil. The Tokay Hegyalja, where this renowned wine is produced, is situated between the 48th and 49th degrees of northern latitude, and forms the southern spur of the volcanic mountain-chain which commences south of the Carpathians, and prolongs itself almost uninterruptedly to Tokay. The district is twenty-four square miles in extent, and one-fifth of its entire area is planted with vines, terraces being constructed on many of the steeper slopes to prevent the earth from being washed away. As all grand wines are grown contiguous to some river, so is the Tokay Hegyalja watered by the Theyss and the Bodrog.

Russia contributes through the Crimea both red and white wines. Portugal gives the world its renowned Port, so loved and dreaded by those subject to the gout.

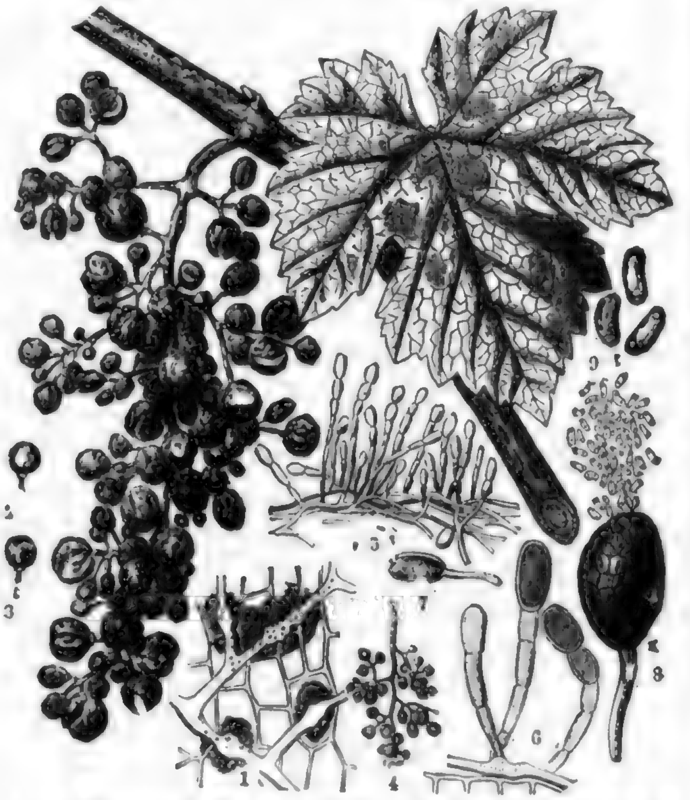
The Douro region, producing the finest wines, comprises the slopes of the mountains bordering the river of the same name, in its course from the Spanish frontier to the province of Minho, and it is on the hilly banks of a tributary stream, named the Corgo, that the Port wine vineyards—the soil of which is extremely stony, due to the friability of the slaty schist rock of which the hills are formed—are principally situated. There is no wine imitated so extensively, and, alas! so well, as Port.

Madeira is a wine which it is commonly said cannot be drank too old. It is a wine for heroes. Of the wines of Italy, Chianti and the luscious Lacryma Christi, the exigencies of space preclude more than mere mention. Greece produces Red and White Hymettus, and a red wine of Naxos, while Turkey, Roumania, and Cyprus, contribute wines but little known to the outside world.

American wines are coming steadily to the front, the sweet and dry California, the Catawba, the Scuppernong, the Isabella, and other grapes, producing wines that in the near future are destined to take the market by storm. Certain of our red wines need only a *finesse* to equal a first-rate Burgundy, while the white growths yield a wine having all the delicacy of the Rhine. Our Champagne, too, is yearly improving in tone. From the earliest period of our colonization the vine attracted the attention of the settlers, and in 1564 wine was made from native grapes in Florida. The first attempt, however, to establish a regular vineyard dates from 1620, in Virginia, with European vines, and the prospects were so encouraging, that in 1630 the growers sent for French vine-dressers to tend their plants. This is not the country to let "a good thing" languish, and the American wine is destined to become a sturdy battler in the wines of the world.

And now a few words on that terror to viticulturists, the phylloxera.

In certain localities the falling off in the 1873 vintage was due entirely to that new scourge of the vine in Europe, the *Phylloxera vastatrix*, erroneously supposed to have been originally imported into France in 1823 with certain specimens of the *Vitis cordifolia* of the United States for the Jardin des Plantes, but which only manifested itself in the French vineyards some years ago at Pujault on the right bank of the Rhône and in the department of the Gard, whence it spread to Rouquemaure and Villeneuve-les-Avignon in Vaucluse, appearing in the course of 1866 in the vineyards of the plain of La Crau in the Bouches du Rhône, when M. Delorme, of Arles, called the attention of the scientific world to its ravages. By 1867 all the vineyards of Vaucluse, together with several of those of the Gard, were more or less attacked by this insect. and in the following year the scourge, spreading along the banks of the Bas-Rhône, eventually made its appearance in the department of the Drôme. In 1869 it spread westerly in the direction of Nimes, and easterly in that of Aix, showing itself, moreover, in the vicinity of Toulon and at Lunel-Viel. In 1873 it appeared in the Charente, and no doubt its ravages influenced the falling off in the produce of that department.



1. The first rudiments of the disease. 2. Small brown specks on the grape. 3. Increased size and growth of the speck. 4. Withered appearance of very young grapes. 5. The feelers of the parasite. 6. Increased size of ditto. 7. White membrane which forms the *mycelium*. 8. The *Oidium Tuckeri* or seed pod of the disease. 9. The sporules or seeds.

VINE ATTACKED BY PHYLLOXERA.

In 1871 the Minister of Agriculture offered a prize of 20,000 francs, which the Bordeaux Chamber of Commerce petitioned to have increased to 1,000,000, for the discovery of a means of ridding France of the scourge. The disease, however, continued to spread, and at the close of 1874 it occupied more or less the whole area of the Lower Rhône from Valence to the mouth, and from Montpelier to Toulouse. The scourge has abated during late years, but the vine-culturist is ever in terror of this grim and destructive visitor. The grape phylloxera is indigenous to the North American Continent east of the Rocky Mountains, and is found from Canada to Florida in the wild vines of the woods, and in the cultivated vines in most of the States. It presents itself in two different types. That which makes galls on the leaves is called *Gallicola;* it is smooth and very prolific, and exists only as an agamous, wingless female. It is quite transient, abundant one year, and unseen the next. The last insect is distinguished as *Radiciocola.* The winged females begin to appear in July and continue to issue from the ground until vine-growth ceases. Submersion and chemical fertilizers rich in alkali are used to destroy the dreaded phylloxera.

ON A COUNTRY ROAD.

By Algernon Charles Swinburne.

Along these low pleached lanes, on such a day,
So soft a day as this, through shade and sun,
With glad grave eyes that scanned the glad wild way,
And heart still hovering o'er a song begun,
And smile that warmed the world with benison,
Our father, lord long since of lordly rhyme,
Long since hath haply ridden, when the lime
Bloomed broad above him, flowering where he came.
Because thy passage once made warm this clime,
Our father Chaucer, here we praise thy name.

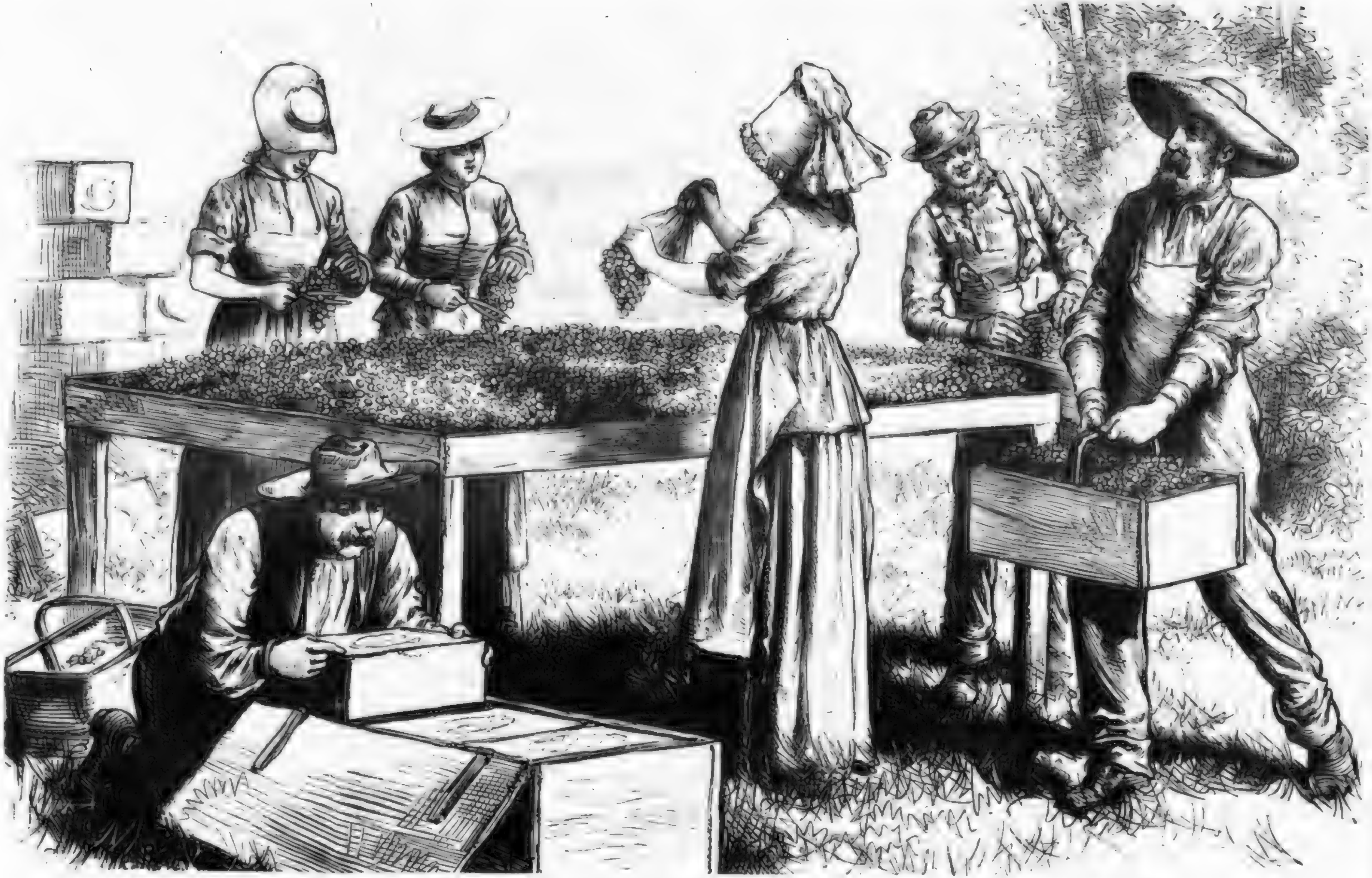
Each year that England clothes herself with May,
She takes thy likeness on her. Time hath spun
Fresh raiment all in vain and strange array
For earth and man's new spirit, fain to shun
Things past for dreams of better to be won,
Through many a century since thy funeral chime
Rang, and men deemed it death's most direful crime,
To have spared not thee for very love or shame;
And yet, while mists round last year's memories climb,
Our father Chaucer, here we praise thy name.

Each turn of the old wild road whereon we stray,
Meseems, might bring us face to face with one
Whom seeing we could not but give thanks, and pray
For England's love, our father, and her son,
To speak with us as once in days long done
With all men, sage and churl and monk and mime,
Who knew not as we know the soul sublime
That sang for song's love more than lust of fame.
Yet, though this be not, yet, in happy time,
Our father Chaucer, here we praise thy name.

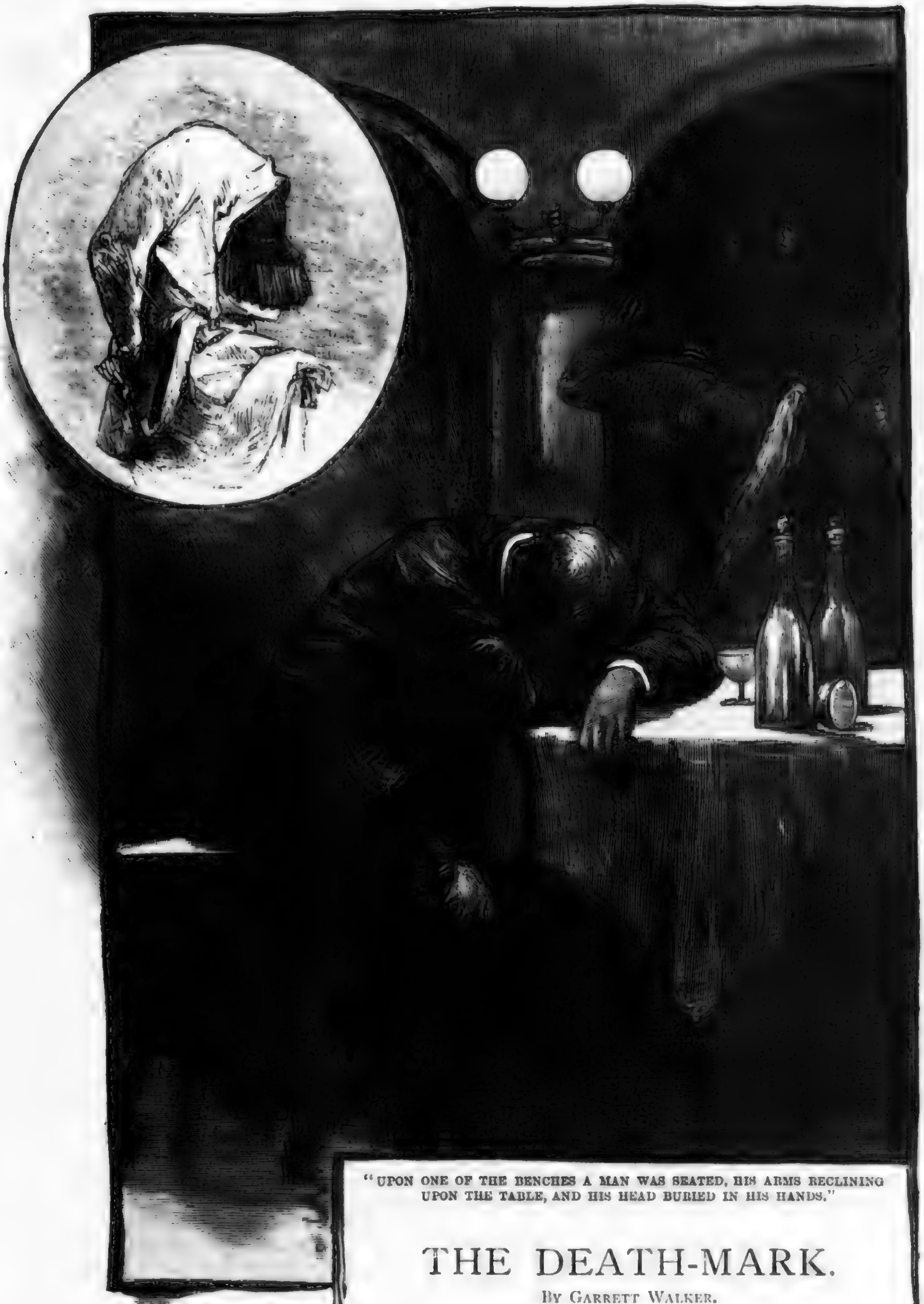
Friend, even as bees about the flowering thyme,
Years crowd on years, till hoar decay begrime
Names once beloved; but, seeing the sun the same,
As birds of Autumn fain to praise the prime,
Our father Chaucer, here we praise thy name.

THE LIGHTNING-ROD.

According to *Engineering*, attention has only recently been called in England to the use of iron as a metal for lightning-rods. In that country, where the subject has been left in the hands of the manufacturers, lightning-rods are made of pure copper, and, consequently, are far too expensive for general use. In other countries iron rods are in vogue, and found to answer the purpose very well, besides being inexpensive. In Canada a church was recently protected by a round iron rod three-quarters of an inch in diameter, and welded at each joint. The upper end of the rod was drawn to a point, and a damp-ground connection provided for the lower end. The rod was secured to the church by galvanized iron staples. The total cost was under fifteen dollars. While upon this subject, we may mention that Franklin was probably anticipated in his discovery of lightning-conduction. According to M. de Rochas, the Etruscans understood the art of guiding the lightning. Servius relates that in ancient times the priests ignited their sacrifices by lightning; and on one occasion Tullius Hostilius was struck dead because he neglected the precautions laid down by Numa.



THE VINEYARD AND THE WINE-PRESS.—TRIMMING AND PACKING GRAPES FOR MARKET, NEAR MARLBORO'-ON-THE-HUDSON.—SEE PAGE 567.



"UPON ONE OF THE BENCHES A MAN WAS SEATED, HIS ARMS RECLINING UPON THE TABLE, AND HIS HEAD BURIED IN HIS HANDS."

THE DEATH-MARK.

By Garrett Walker.

Chapter I.

The last soft strains of the "Adieu Waltz" had died away upon the cool night-air; the tired musicians were stretching their stiffened limbs, solacing themselves with invigorating pinches of snuff, and yawning in a manner that threatened inevitable dislocation, whilst hastily thrusting away trombones,

XUM

serpents, cornets, and other brass instruments, into their green baize receptacles. Garçons, like so many excited black beetles, were flying hither and thither, clearing away the small refreshment-tables, and extinguishing the many-colored lights that twinkled like a swarm of fireflies amid the dark foliage of the trees and shrubbery.

Overhead, the large yellow stars shone out from the background of a deep, blue, cloudless firmament. The air was redolent with the odors of fragrant flowers and exotics.

Down the broad, white path leading from the dancing-pagoda, still ablaze with its flaring gaslights, a noisy crowd of men and women were hurrying toward the entrance-gate, which, crowned with its double arch of gaudy Chinese-lanterns, was visible at the further end of the avenue.

A noisy crowd indeed! Noisy with the silvery laughter, the rustle of silken skirts, the gay chatter of female voices and the deep tones of the men chanting the refrain of the last popular Parisian aria, or replying with ready repartee to the lively sallies of their gay companions. Noisy with that gayety and animation so purely French. A vivacity born of their careless and pleasure-loving, Latin natures, harmonious with the seductions of Strauss, and the wild, reckless *abandon* of Offenbach and Lecocq.

It had been a *fête en masque*, given in honor of the recent arrival at Abois of a crack cavalry corps; and the scarlet dolmans, and richly-braided blue uniforms, the glittering tinsel and waving plumes of the Hussars, assorted well with the bright-colored silks and quaint *bizarre* costumes of the maskers.

Amid this scene of color and brightness were visible here and there, like stranded wrecks upon a Summer ocean, some miserable men in the ungraceful uniform of civil life, made doubly hideous by their brilliant surroundings.

All was merriment, joy, and animation. They pushed and jostled each other in the struggle toward the gate; the women jestingly chiding some too pressing neighbor, the men shouting and laughing at these reproofs, and all hastening onward toward the entrance.

Suddenly, upon this scene of mirth and gayety, like a flash of lightning across the darkness of a midnight sky, came a terrible interruption. A loud cry! then a single word in tones of the most intense terror. A single word, but one which, coming suddenly in the darkness of the night, paralyzed for a time the courage of the bravest, chilled the warm life-blood in the veins of the most enterprising and daring, and rooted the gay and brilliant throng where they stood, mute and silent with horror and suspense.

Murder! For several moments not a movement was made to ascertain the cause of this sudden alarm. All seemed crushed and stunned by this ghastly interruption to the gayety and merriment. A second cry, louder than the first. A second repetition of that terrible word; and now, by quick revulsion of feeling, presence of mind returns to the petrified listeners, and with one accord they surge in the direction from which the cry appeared to proceed.

Men and women, pushing, hustling, and jostling each other, pellmell, in their eager desire to gratify the curiosity which had now taken the place of all other emotions! Breaking through hedges of shrubbery, ruthlessly trampling down beds of rare flowers, the eager throng pressed on.

The search was not a long one; the fleetest foot among the crowd soon reached a sidewalk, into which they turned just as the third repetition of the cry broke the stillness of the night. Another moment, and they had gained a small summer-house or arbor thickly overgrown with climbing vines.

Near the door a man, whose costume at once indicated him to be a garçon, or waiter, was wildly wringing his hands, his pale face betraying evidences of the most intense excitement.

"What is the matter?" cried a dozen voices. The man made no other reply except to point to the interior of the arbor, and wring his hands and gesticulate as if entirely overcome with terror.

Rushing past this man, from whom it was evident no further information was to be obtained, a number of the gentlemen made their way into the arbor and eagerly looked around them.

The sight that first met their eyes was one not calculated to arouse much alarm in their breasts. A couple of rustic benches, placed on each side of a small table, was the only furniture of the summer-house, which was dimly lighted by a single gas-jet.

Upon one of these benches a man was seated, his arms reclining upon the table and his head buried in his hands. The figure was mute and motionless. On the table were a number of champagne-bottles and glasses.

This was the first sight that met the eye of those that entered the arbor, and seemed innocent enough. But when one, more enterprising than the rest, laid his hand upon the reclining form and lifted it to an erect position, a shudder of horror ran through the spectators.

The sight now presented was ghastly in the extreme. The face was that of a man past middle age, broad, coarse and sensual, with gray hair, bushy side whiskers and mustache. The pallor of death was imprinted upon every feature. The eyes were wide open, staring and glassy. The lower jaw had fallen, the lips were parted; indeed, the whole countenance was stamped with an expression of overpowering fear, and, more terrible still, upon the livid white forehead were two gashes made by some sharp instrument, forming a scarlet cross from which the blood still trickled.

For some moments no one could speak. All seemed fascinated by the dreadful spectacle. The crowd choked up the doorway, and gazed with pale faces and quivering lips, powerless to reply to the questions of the less favored ones in the rear, who were unable to obtain a sight of the interior, and who eagerly demanded the cause of the disturbance.

At length the spell was broken. A man pushed his way through the crowd and entered the arbor. His uniform at once showed him to be a member of the police force, and some of the gentlemen recognized him as the Brigadier of the Gendarmerie of Abois.

No sooner did his eyes fall upon the face of the dead man than he uttered a loud exclamation:

"*Grand Dieu!*" he cried. "It is Monsieur Marrois!"

This exclamation seemed to break the charm which inthralled the spectators. In a moment there was a perfect Babel of voices, questioning, answering, hazarding a thousand wild conjectures and explanations, quarreling and fighting for a sight of the awful scene.

Pushing and shouting to gratify their curiosity, now redoubled in the breast of every one by the information, which ran like lightning through the crowd, "that a man had been murdered, and that that man was Pierre Marrois."

Several gendarmes now made their appearance; at once an order was given from their superior to disperse the crowd. A task at first not easy to accomplish. However, at length finding it impossible to obtain any further information from the officers, whose only reply to the reiterated question of the curious was the formula, "Circulez, s'il vous plait, mesdames et messieurs. Circulez, s'il vous plait," the throng of men and women began to break away; at first in twos and threes, until finally, like a flock of sheep which had received an impetus in a certain direction, the crowd left the arbor.

Chapter II.

In the little arbor, the scene of the tragedy, there remained the Brigadier of Gendarmes, and three gentlemen who had been the first to arrive at the time of the alarm, and who had been requested to remain to give their testimony as to what they had seen.

At this moment a gentleman, accompanied by one of the gendarmes, came hastily up the walk, and entering the arbor, addressed himself to the brigadier in a manner that plainly indicated him to be one having authority.

"What is this they tell me, Jean?" he cried. "Pierre Marrois murdered?"

"Alas! monsieur, it is too true," replied the brigadier, who had been interrupted in his examination of the body by the arrival of the newcomer.

'*Mon Dieu!*" exclaimed the gentleman, as his eyes fell for the first time on the ghastly spectacle presented by the murdered man's face. "*Mon Dieu!* this is horrible!"

"And the strangest part of it, monsieur," said the brigadier, with a grave voice, and with an air of evident perplexity, "is the fact that, with the exception of those gashes on the forehead, I can find no other wound upon the body, although I have searched as closely as possible."

"I should say," broke in one of the three gentlemen, a handsome young man, in the costume of Polichinelle, "*I* should say that Marrois died of fright, if we are to judge from his face; for never in my life did I see overpowering terror more plainly depicted."

"Monsieur Lejeune," said the first speaker, with a tone of reproof, "fear seldom kills, and especially a man like Marrois. That wound on the forehead——"

"Is nothing," said one of the gentlemen. "It is only a flesh-cut, and never could have been the cause of death. If the brigadier is correct, and there are no other wounds on the person, I should say that this man had died by—poison."

"Monsieur is, perhaps, a doctor? Might I ask his name?" inquired the gentleman whose questions had led to this dialogue. "Your name, if you please, sir."

"Monsieur has undoubtedly the right to question me," replied the person addressed, drawing himself up, as if somewhat offended at the abruptness of his interlocutor.

"You are right, sir; I am the Mayor of Abois."

"Excuse me, Monsieur le Maire," said the gentleman, a tall, slender man, dressed in evening costume. "My name is Aristide Vis. I am not a doctor; but I do not think one needs to be a medical man to know that death could not have ensued from those cuts upon the forehead, and if there are no others, why then——"

"Yes, yes," interrupted the mayor; "I see. But, now tell me, Jean," he continued, turning to the brigadier, "tell us all you know about this affair."

"Very little more, Monsieur le Maire, than your own eyes can tell you. But these gentlemen, who arrived at the arbor in advance of me, are probably better furnished with information."

"*Ma foi!*" said the young masker who had been addressed as Lejeune, "all that there is to tell is of the simplest. Monsieur and I" (and here he pointed to the tall gentleman who had given his name as Aristide Vis), "monsieur and I were, I think, the first to reach this spot. What did we find? One of the garçons dancing up and down, like a madman, and so terrified as to be utterly unable to speak. Seeing which, monsieur and I entered this place, and found, *ma foi!* what you see before you. I think that is all there is to tell," and the young man looked interrogatively at the tall gentleman, who replied with an affirmative motion of the head.

"Did you see the garçon, Jean? Which one of the men was it?"

"I did not see him, Monsieur le Maire," replied the brigadier.

"But I did," cried Lejeune. "I know the man well. It is Antoine Sachard."

"Where is he now?" the mayor looked inquiringly toward the gendarmes.

But it was Lejeune who replied.

"The poor fellow was so frightened that I should not wonder if he had run home to his wife for protection. He——"

"Go, Jean, and find the man at once, and bring him here," said the mayor, breaking in upon the young man. And as the brigadier turned to leave, he continued, addressing himself to these gentlemen: "You, messieurs, will be kind enough to give me your addresses, and can then retire."

This formality having been complied with, the gentlemen were leaving the arbor, when Lejeune bent down and picked up a small object which lay on the ground, half way between the unoccupied bench and the door. Tossing it upon the table, he said, with a laugh:

"*Pardieu!* Papa Marrois has been at his old tricks again, and this time the Siren has sung him to sleep with a vengeance. Adieu, and *au revoir*, Monsieur le Maire." And paying no attention to the look of grave reproval with which the official replied to his ill-timed levity, the young man ran away in pursuit of the brigadier.

The other two were following his example, when the mayor laid his hand on the shoulder of Aristide Vis, and begged him to remain.

The two gentlemen were soon left alone, and the mayor, who ever since his arrival had given evidence of some very strong emotion, which he succeeded in concealing only by a very powerful effort, now said, abruptly:

"You must excuse me, monsieur, for asking you to remain; but you will understand me when I tell you that I am entirely unnerved by this horrible occurrence. You are, it is true, a stranger to me, but I can see you are a man of intelligence and courage, and I really need some one to support me."

"I am entirely at your service, Monsieur le Maire; if I am to be of the slightest assistance, you can certainly count upon me to the best of my poor abilities."

The mayor drew a long breath, and sinking down upon the bench opposite the murdered man, hid his pallid face in his hands and remained for some moments silent. When he again raised his head his eyes fell upon the object which Lejeune had thrown upon the table. It was a gray kid glove. Its shape indicated that its owner was a woman.

"What is this?" he cried. "Where did this glove come from?"

"The young gentleman whom you called Lejeune found it lying there near the door."

"Dropped, I suppose, by one of the crowd?"

"I think not, monsieur; I am certain no woman

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entered the arbor. And I noticed, when the glove was picked up, that it lay very close to the bench upon which you are sitting. I am inclined to think that Monsieur Lejeune's last words are true. I think the person who occupied that seat, on which you are now seated, was a woman—and if one is to judge by the shape of the hand, I should say a very pretty one." And, whilst speaking, Aristide Vis took up the little gray kid glove, and examined it with evident admiration.

"But monsieur," cried the mayor, "do you mean to insinuate that this terrible crime was committed by a woman?"

"Oh, no, I will never believe it; the idea is too repulsive. And, then, those fearful marks. Would you have me believe that any woman could have thus disfigured her victim?"

"See here, Monsieur le Maire," replied Vis, "what do you make of this?" and pointing to the slender tapering fingers of the glove, he made the mayor observe several dark-red spots upon the delicate gray kid.

"*Mon Dieu!* blood upon that glove?"

"As you say, monsieur," replied Aristide.

"Oh, horrible!" groaned the mayor, again burying his face in his hands.

Footsteps were now heard approaching the spot, and in another moment the brigadier of the gendarmes entered, followed by a pale-faced, terrified man, whose costume showed him to be one of the waiters of the garden.

Recovering himself, with an effort, from his previous emotion, the mayor turned his attention to the new-comer.

"So this is Antoine Sachard?" he inquired.

"Yes, y-e-s, M'sieu l-e M-a-i-r-e," stammered the terrified garçon, with difficulty forcing his trembling lips to frame the words.

"You were the first to discover this crime; you will now tell me all you know of it."

"Oh! for that, M'sieu le Maire, what shall I say?" replied the man, resolutely keeping his back turned toward the body of the murdered man. "What shall I say? I am clearing away the tables and extinguishing the lights; I come here, and what do I see? a table with glasses and bottles, and a m'sieu with his head buried in his arms. I say to myself, 'Antoine, the m'sieu is asleep. He has taken (*par exemple*) a drop too much.' I shake him; no reply. I shake him again; again no reply. I lift his head. I see that horrible sight. And then, *mon Dieu!* M'sieu le Maire, I lose my senses. I let m'sieu's head drop back on his arms. I fly to the door and I cry 'Murder! murder!' at the top of my voice. What can I say? I remember no more, m'sieu, until the crowd comes. They ask me questions. I can say nothing. They call me fool. What of that? all I wish is to get away as fast as possible; I fly."

All this the man poured out with the utmost volubility, tossing his arms about, and gesticulating in a manner impossible to any one but a French garçon.

"And this is all that you know?" inquired the mayor, interrupting this flood of words.

"Truly, m'sieu, it is all."

"Then you did not attend upon this table?"

"*Non*, m'sieu."

"Who did, then?"

"How shall I say, m'sieu? But the garçons, they are all yonder, and if m'sieu will permit me, I can go and find out."

"Go then, and return as quickly as possible."

The man accepted this dismissal, and as he hurried away, the mayor turned to the brigadier and inquired whether he had discovered anything further. The man replied in the negative. Dropping his face in his hands, the mayor again relapsed into silence—a silence for some time unbroken and uninterrupted.

CHAPTER III.

WHILE the Mayor of Abois remained silent, evidently lost in the gloomiest of thoughts, struggling with emotions which he seemed to find great difficulty in repressing, the brigadier, respectfully considerate for the feelings of his official superior, stood stiff and rigid, a fine example of obedience and discipline.

In the meantime Aristide Vis had again picked up the glove, and now he, too, was silent; lost in admiring contemplation. A soft, tender expression stole over his face as he smoothed, with caressing touches, the delicate kid, and breathing gently into the glove, forced it to assume the shape imprinted on it by the beautiful hand it had once incased.

The look of softness and tenderness deepened upon his face, as, raising the slender trifle, he inhaled the perfume with which it was scented.

A far-away expression came into his eyes: pleasant memories of the past rose up within him.

The next moment, by a sudden revulsion of feeling, the expression of his face changed to a look of self-contempt and disgust, and flinging the tiny glove from him with an exertion of force entirely disproportionate to such a fragile object, he turned toward the body of the murdered man, and began a close investigation of the pallid and hideous countenance.

He had been absorbed in this task for some moments, when suddenly he uttered a loud exclamation, which caused the mayor to raise his head and look up inquiringly, and even infused some animation into the disciplined stolidity of the brigadier.

"If I am not mistaken, Monsieur le Maire," said Vis, with the utmost gravity, replying to the inquiring glances of the two men, "I have discovered the cause of Monsieur Marrois's death."

"What?" cried the mayor, springing to his feet and drawing near to the corpse, an example quickly followed by the brigadier, whose curiosity had now gotten beyond the control of discipline.

"Yes, monsieur," continued Vis; "look here at this mark on the neck of the murdered man!" and he pointed to a spot some two inches below the left ear.

"That scratch?" exclaimed the mayor, with undisguised astonishment; an astonishment reflected in the eyes of his official subordinate.

"It is more than a scratch, monsieur. If you look close, you will see that there is a slight puncture."

"Well, then?"

"Well then, monsieur, you will observe that all around this puncture the flesh is black and discolored. See, too, the scratch, instead of its edges being angry and inflamed, are of a dull bluish color. Monsieur le Maire," cried the speaker, "as sure as I live, *that* tiny wound produced this man's death."

"Then you think —"

"I think," interrupted Vis, "that this puncture was made with some poisoned instrument; something very slender and sharp—I should say a needle."

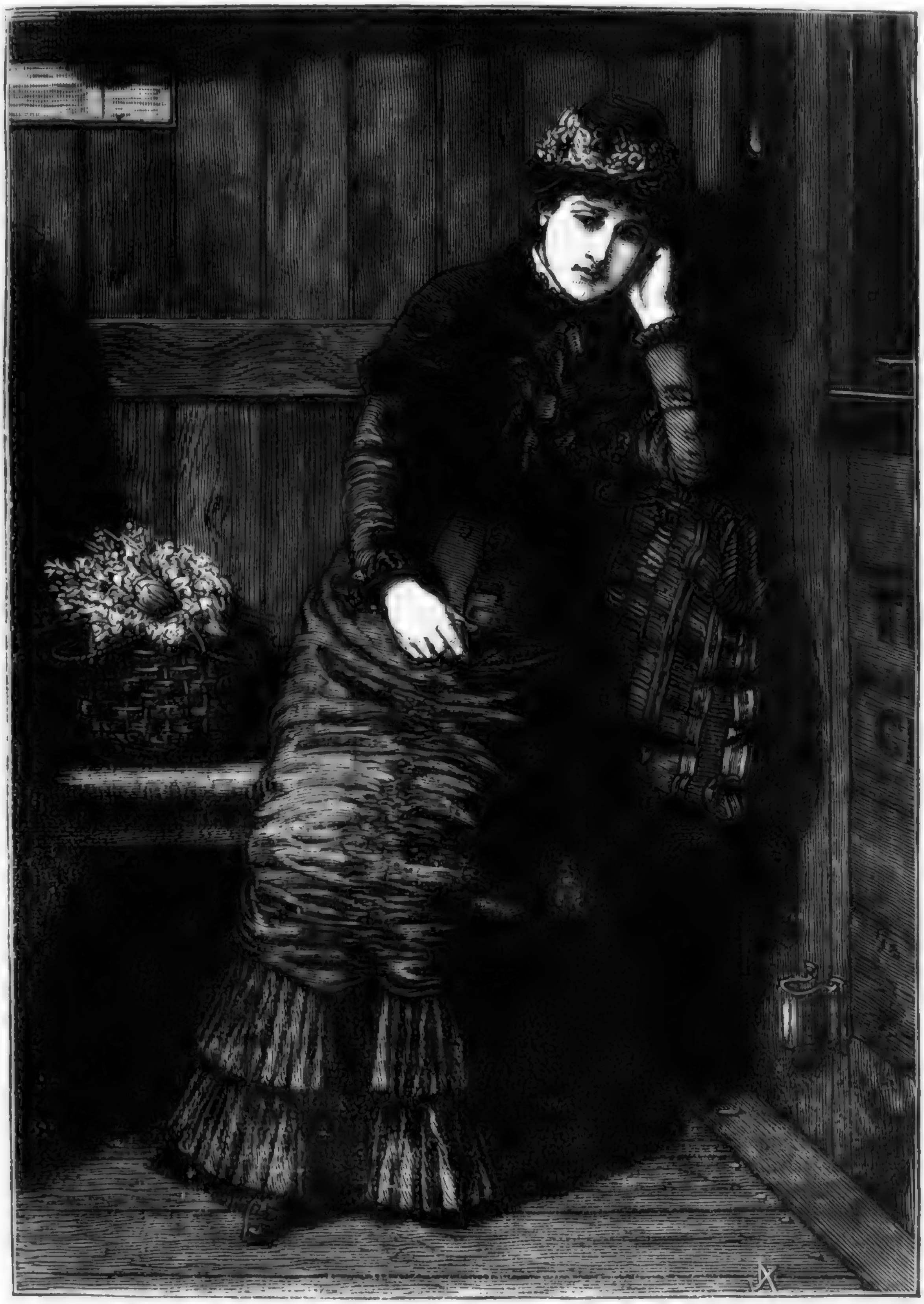
"I believe monsieur is correct!" excitedly exclaimed the brigadier, now past all power of controlling his feelings. "I believe monsieur is correct, and the more so as this agrees well with what little we know—or, rather, suspect. That scratch, Monsieur le Maire, might easily have been made by the same hand that wore that little glove. I agree with monsieur. *I* believe this crime was committed by a woman."

"Oh, no, no! I can never believe it. The idea is too repulsive. And what cause?"

And the mayor looked interrogatively at the last speaker, who, in answer to his inquiring glance, replied sententiously:

"Monsieur Marrois was a gallant man. The cause may have been revenge, jealousy, or who knows what. I believe with monsieur, as I said before, that this deed was done by a woman."

"I think there can be no doubt," said Aristide Vis, joining in. "I have been thinking over the affair, and I will tell you the idea that has occurred to me. I think that this was a rendezvous, and I think the woman came to it prepared to murder this gentleman. Can there be any doubt of this? If I be correct as to the cause of death, then this murder must have been planned in advance. For you will admit, Monsieur le Maire, that it is scarcely supposable that a woman, under ordinary circumstances, would carry around with her a poisoned instrument capable of inflicting death." He glanced at the mayor, and receiving no reply, went on: "You see



"THOUGHTS OF HOME."

the champagne-bottles upon the table? Two of these are entirely, and the third more than one-third, empty. What do I conclude from this? That Monsieur Marrois had been drinking freely, and from the quantity of wine consumed must have been anything but clear-headed; when, taking advantage of his condition, the woman inflicted the fatal scratch. And now, see here, monsieur," continued the young man, drawing the attention of his companions to a spot upon the ground under the table, and just in front of the unoccupied bench; "this woman was deceiving her companion throughout, and while inducing him to drink, with the purpose of intoxicating him, *she* was emptying her glass here beneath the table."

"*Grand Dieu!*" cried the brigadier, who had gone down upon his knees, and with his nose to the ground, was eagerly examining the spot pointed out. "Monsieur is entirely right; the grass is still wet with champagne."

"Monsieur Vis," said the mayor, "horrible as it seems to me, I am afraid that I must admit the correctness of your conclusion; but, oh! how terrible to think that any woman could deliberately plan and carry out, with such fiendish coolness, a crime like this."

"I suspect, monsieur, that women can do a great many things, that we, in our innocence, believe them to be incapable of. I am satisfied that my theory of this affair is the true one; and see, here comes proof to support it." And Aristide pointed to the doorway, in which now appeared the form of Antoine Sachard, accompanied by a short man easily recognizable as one of his *confrères*, and whom he hastily presented to the mayor's attention.

"This is Baptiste, M'sieu le Maire; Baptiste waited on M'sieu Marrois. He can tell m'sieu all about it."

"You attended upon this table, Baptiste?"

"Yes, M'sieu le Maire," answered the second garçon, a short, stout little fellow, who, after his first horrified glance at the corpse of the murdered man, kept his pale face turned away from the body.

"Come, Baptiste, you will tell me all you know about this affair. Think well; your testimony may be of great importance. When did you first see Monsieur Marrois?"

The man replied, without any hesitation:

"I was attending in this part of the garden, M'sieu le Maire, serving refreshments. M'sieu Marrois met me in one of the walks near this place."

"Was he alone?"

"No, m'sieu, there was a lady upon his arm."

The mayor gave a slight start, and looked at Vis, who only replied by a smile. Recovering his composure, the official bade the man, "Go on."

"Well, m'sieu, M'sieu Marrois asked me if there was not a little arbor somewhere near, in which he and his companion could be alone? I replied in the affirmative, and brought him to this spot, lit the gas, and took his order, which was for champagne."

"And the woman—what of her?"

"At that time, I did not notice her closely; but when I returned with the wine, she and M'sieu Marrois were seated on the two benches, opposite each other; and then I noticed her more closely. She was in gray, a silk domino with the capuchin drawn over her head, and her hands—*mon Dieu!* I could not but notice what beautiful hands they were, incased in gray kid gloves!"

"But her face, man!—her face?" cried the mayor, excitedly.

"I never saw it, m'sieu. From beginning to end, whenever I was in the arbor, the lady's face was covered by her mask, but how it may have been when I was absent I cannot say. All I could see was a pair of flashing eyes, so bright, oh, so bright, m'sieu, shining out of the eyeholes of her gray silk mask."

"You did not hear her voice?"

"No, m'sieu; toward the last, M'sieu Marrois seemed rather affected by the wine, and when I was here for the last time, was speaking excitedly. But, stop! Now I think of it, m'sieu, the last time I entered the arbor the lady was not upon this bench here opposite, but was seated by the side of M'sieu Marrois, who was pressing her hands, and protesting his devotion in the most ardent manner. I filled the glasses from this third bottle, and left the arbor. That was the last time I came here."

"And from beginning to end you never saw the lady's face, nor heard her voice?"

"As I said before, no."

"Will you tell us, Baptiste," broke in Aristides Vis, "when you saw Monsieur Marrois was pressing the lady's hands, did she have on both her gloves?"

The man hesitated, and looked inquiringly at the mayor, who replied:

"You will answer monsieur's questions, Baptiste."

"Well, then, yes, m'sieu; at the last, when I saw the lady, she had on both gloves."

"You are sure, Baptiste?"

"Perfectly sure, m'sieu."

"One last question," continued Aristide. "Are you absolutely sure that you noticed nothing about the lady's costume except what you have told us? Nothing by which she could be identified from any other woman, wearing a gray domino and mask?"

The man remained silent for some moments, and then suddenly exclaimed:

"But, *mon Dieu!* it is true. The lady had upon her left shoulder a small bow of scarlet ribbon, and—and," he continued, "I also remember her capuchin was fastened at the back with a long golden pin."

The officials glanced instinctively at Aristide, who seemed entirely unmoved by the information his questions had elicited. Upon the face of the brigadier was an expression of unqualified admiration; whilst upon that of the mayor mingled doubt and astonishment were plainly expressed. No one spoke for some time, until at length a distant clock striking the hour of four recalled the mayor from this reverie.

"So late?" he cried, with a start; and then, suddenly addressing the garçon: "There, that will do, Baptiste; you can go now. You understand, of course, you will have to repeat this testimony before the judge. You had better be at the 'Hotel de Ville' at twelve. You, Jean," addressing himself to the brigadier, "will remain here, and see to the removal of poor Marrois's body. At the same time try and find out if any one else saw the gray domino. The gatekeeper or the gendarmes on duty at the entrance may have noticed her. And now, monsieur," he said, turning to Vis, "if you will give me your arm we will leave this detestable place."

Aristide complied with this request, and in silence the two men passed down the walks of the garden and reached the entrance-gate. Thanking his companion for his valuable assistance, and reminding him that the investigation would have to be renewed before the *Juge d'Instruction*, he bade him good-night

Chapter IV.

On the morning of the day succeeding the tragic death of Pierre Marrois, a gentleman was seated alone at one of the tables in the "Restaurant de France," the most popular establishment of the kind in Abois. The person was tall and spare, a fact noticeable even in his present position. His face was one which undoubtedly could not be called handsome, but yet possessed a certain peculiar attractiveness of its own. Long, and thin; high cheek-bones; a nose shaped somewhat like the bill of a hawk; large, prominent gray eyes; and a mouth whose shape was concealed by a long, drooping mustache. These made up the sum total of a face which possessed a certain grotesque resemblance to that of the illustrious knight of La Mancha—a resemblance increased by an air of melancholy which pervaded the whole countenance. This melancholy, which was especially noticeable in the large gray eyes, did not, however, apparently affect the appetite of the gentleman, who was discussing an excellent breakfast in a manner that proved fully his appreciation of good things. So absorbed was he in the task before him, that he failed to notice a young man, who, entering the restaurant, had approached the table at which he was sitting, until the newcomer, slapping him familiarly on the shoulder, cried out in a laughing voice:

"Well, of all the wonders in the world, what under heaven, Aristide, could have brought you to Abois?"

The gentleman addressed was not a whit discomposed, but raising his eyes to the interlocutor, he calmly replied:

"Ah! my dear Henri, is that you? Well, I suppose it was my fate."

"You curious creature!" said the person addressed, a tall, handsome young man, with curly black hair, large dark eyes, and erect, easy carriage, which bespoke a military training. "You curious creature! always the same melancholy Don Quixote!" and sinking into a chair which a garçon had placed for him at the opposite side of the table, the young man broke into a merry laugh.

"Well, my dear Henri, I too might ask what you are doing in this place. It seems to me, the last time I heard of you, you were somewhere near Chalons, and I scarcely suppose you came here to hunt for me."

"I have the best right in the world to be here," replied the young man. "In the first place, my regiment is quartered here."

"Ah, yes, I remember now, you are serving with the ——— Hussars."

"Thanks for remembering it at last. But, besides that, if you will cudgel that brain of yours, which always seems wool-gathering, you may possibly remember, what I think I often told you, that I am a native of this place."

"Ah, yes! I remember now. You must excuse me, Henri! when I came here first, it seemed to me that I remembered something about it, but I could not recollect exactly what."

"And may I ask what brought you here, since it appears you did not come to hunt for me?"

"My dear Dantan, you see in me a hermit, an anchoret."

"A hermit indeed!" broke in the young man, with a laugh, pointing to the breakfast-table, "And is this your modern asceticism?"

"It is true, we hermits of the nineteenth century have dispensed with the parched peas of our predecessors, but we are none the less miserable creatures." And Aristide went calmly on munching the leg of a spring chicken, with an expression of the most intense melancholy.

"And now will you tell me," said Henri Dantan, "what is the meaning of all this nonsense? When we parted, after the siege of Paris, it appears to me, to my best recollection, you had little idea of turning hermit."

"That is true, my friend; but everything is changed since then."

"And the cause of this change?"

"Disgust, my dear Henri; disgust for everything and everybody. Disgust for that blatant beast you call Paris; disgust for that incongruous donkey masquerading in a lion's hide, and dignified with the high-sounding title of the French Republic."

"Come, now, Aristide, what has the French Republic done to you?"

"Shall I tell you, my dear friend? Disappointed me, that is all. After the Commune had been put down, and peace restored, I plunged with enthusiasm into what I conceived to be my vocation in life. Shall I tell you what it was? I became a journalist. Alas! my friend, my visions of a free press were soon dissipated, my hopes of fame extinguished almost at their birth. For a while my articles were accepted, and I thought myself fairly on the road to greatness, when I was suddenly abruptly awakened from my dreams. *One* of my *critiques*, it seemed, touched a tender point of one of my illustrious legislators. I was admonished of this fact, and advised to strike out the objectionable portions. I refused, and begged to say something about a free press—the right of discussing the character of public men—when I was coolly informed by my editor that all *that* might sound very nice, but that *he* was not prepared to be mulcted in damages for libeling one of the Representatives of this great Republic. My vocation was over. I utterly declined to force the eagle of my genius to fly in one direction, like those carrier-pigeons we used during the siege. I told my editor so. He was 'extremely sorry; perhaps another paper,' etc. I tried another paper. The same result. Another, but no better success. I closed my portfolio. I bade Messieurs les Editeurs adieu, and that was the end of my journalistic career."

Dantan laughed merrily at the mock-heroic manner in which his friend spoke the last words.

"And after that, my poor Aristide?" he inquired.

"After that I plunged into the gayeties of Paris. I have, as you know, enough to live on, thanks to the energetic labors of my respected parent in the manufacture of clay pipes. Well, my friend, I soon tired of this gay life, and was beginning to think of settling down, when I met with the greatest misfortune of all. I found myself beginning to be altogether too fond of a woman. What was left me? Nothing but flight. I might defy the Republic, I might abuse the newspapers, I might use my sword against any annoying fellow-man; but a woman! as I said, my friend, there was nothing for it but flight. So one day I packed up my traps, and carefully concealing my departure from every one, I came down here to live, as I told you, the life of a hermit. And that, my dear Henri, is a true history of my life since we parted."

"A-ah, ah! illustrious St. Anthony! that's where the shoe pinches, is it? And, now I think of it, I seem to remember to have heard your name coupled with that of a certain Madame d'Aubrac, wife of the old general."

"Widow, my dear Dantan. The old hero departed this life two years ago."

"That is true. And being the case, will you explain to me why in the name of Heaven you ran away from the pretty widow?"

"My friend," replied Vis, bending across the table and speaking in a solemn tone, "will you believe me? I began to think of marriage!" and falling back in his chair, he looked as if he expected his companion to be utterly stunned by this disclosure.

"Ah! ah!" cried Henri Dantan, when at length he was able to control the burst of laughter produced by the ludicrous gravity of his friend. "Still the same droll fellow as when we cooked our bouillon of horse-flesh in the trenches around Paris."

"Just the same, my friend—or, no, I should say grown into an egotist, for here I have been talking for a half-hour of my own affairs, never thinking to inquire what has been your experience of life since we parted."

"Very simple, indeed," replied Henri Dantan. "When the war was over I was still young enough to enter 'St.-Cyr,' passed my examination, obtained my commission in a good cavalry regiment, and here I am now, a captain, quartered in my native town, and disposed to enjoy myself as much as possible. That is all."

"And how is it? I thought, with that handsome face of yours, some woman would have had you in her toils long before this."

"You are forgetting our old confidences, my friend. I have always had a palladium against such dangers. If you try, you may recall the fact, for I know I told it you, that I had been betrothed to my cousin, Henriette Rousel, ever since childhood. And that brings me back to what I should have told you in the beginning. My uncle, Léon Dantan, is mayor of this town; and it was through him, most mysterious of men, that I heard of your presence in Abois."

"I was just going to ask you," interrupted Aristide, "whether some good angel sent you to me."

"No. My uncle, as I have said, heard your name, in connection with the horrible affair of last night. And now, my dear fellow, I must tell you, I promised my uncle to bring you to the Hotel de Ville, to give your testimony before the judge who is investigating poor Marrois's murder. And after that I intend to present you to my cousin, and perhaps to another charming young woman."

"Ah, *you* call me St. Anthony! Do you intend taking the *rôle* of the devil, and tempt me?"

"No, no, you incorrigible misogynist. This young lady, although very charming, will appeal to you more through the ear than the eye, seeing she is an accomplished musician. And I don't suppose you have lost your old passion. But, come, let us be going."

Accepting his friend's invitation, Aristide Vis settled his bill, and, arm-in-arm, the two friends passed out of the restaurant.

Chapter V.

As the two friends strolled along the street toward the Hotel de Ville, Vis said, inquiringly, to his companion:

"You knew this Marrois who was murdered last night?"

"I should think so. He was senior in the firm in which my father and uncle were partners, and only a few years ago retired from the business, in which he had accumulated a large fortune."

"But his character, my friend?"

"He was a sharp, sagacious man in business, not intellectual, it is true; but——"

"Pshaw, man! I mean his moral character."

"Well, my dear friend, it seems hard to say anything against a dead man, but I am afraid I must admit that Pierre Marrois's moral character was anything but good. He was a sensualist, and they tell me there have been several very ugly tales about him."

"Ah!" exclaimed Aristide; "that might account for the whole affair; and yet—and yet, why should your uncle, who must have known Marrois's character well, seem to doubt this solution of the crime?"

"That is the strangest part of the whole thing," replied Henri Dantan. "I suggested this idea to my uncle after he had related to me what you two had discovered last night—about the woman, I mean. But, for some reason, he did not appear satisfied. Do you know, Aristide, I cannot remove from my mind the impression that my uncle suspects some other cause than a woman's revenge. I never saw him so much discomposed before in my life. He is really completely overcome."

"You have spoken my own thoughts, my friend, and I will tell you now that I watched your uncle last night very closely, and I am satisfied as you are that he thinks he knows the cause of the murder."

"Well, I hope the mystery may be solved; and here we are at the Hotel de Ville. Ah, Claude," continued Dantan, calling to a gendarme, who stood near the large entrance to the Town Hall, "is Monsieur Duquesnay in his office?"

"Yes, Monsieur le Capitaine."

"Come this way, then, Aristide. I must be your pilot. I am pretty familiar with this place."

Passing up the broad entrance, the two young men traversed a number of passages, ascended a flight of stairs, and finally arrived at a door in front of which were two gendarmes, and three or four other men, among whom Vis recognized the two garçons, Antoine and Baptiste.

"Your uncle was inquiring for you, Monsieur le Capitaine," said one of the gendarmes with a respectful salute. "He is within."

"May we enter?"

"Certainly, Monsieur le Capitaine." And opening the door, the speaker admitted the two friends."

The room was plainly furnished, with two or three desks, a number of chairs, a rack upon the wall containing several leather-bound books, and some pegs, upon which were hanging a couple of hats. At one of the desks, the Mayor of Abois was seated in conversation with a gray-haired man, of grave and even stern expression of countenance, and with a broad forehead, which bore the stamp of intellectuality. A third man, who from his appearance was evidently a clerk, was busily engaged in writing at one of the other desks.

The mayor rose eagerly.

"Thanks, Henri," he said, "I am glad to see you have found Monsieur Vis. Monsieur Duquesnay, this is the gentleman of whom I have been speaking to you, Monsieur Aristide Vis."

The two gentlemen acknowledged the introduction.

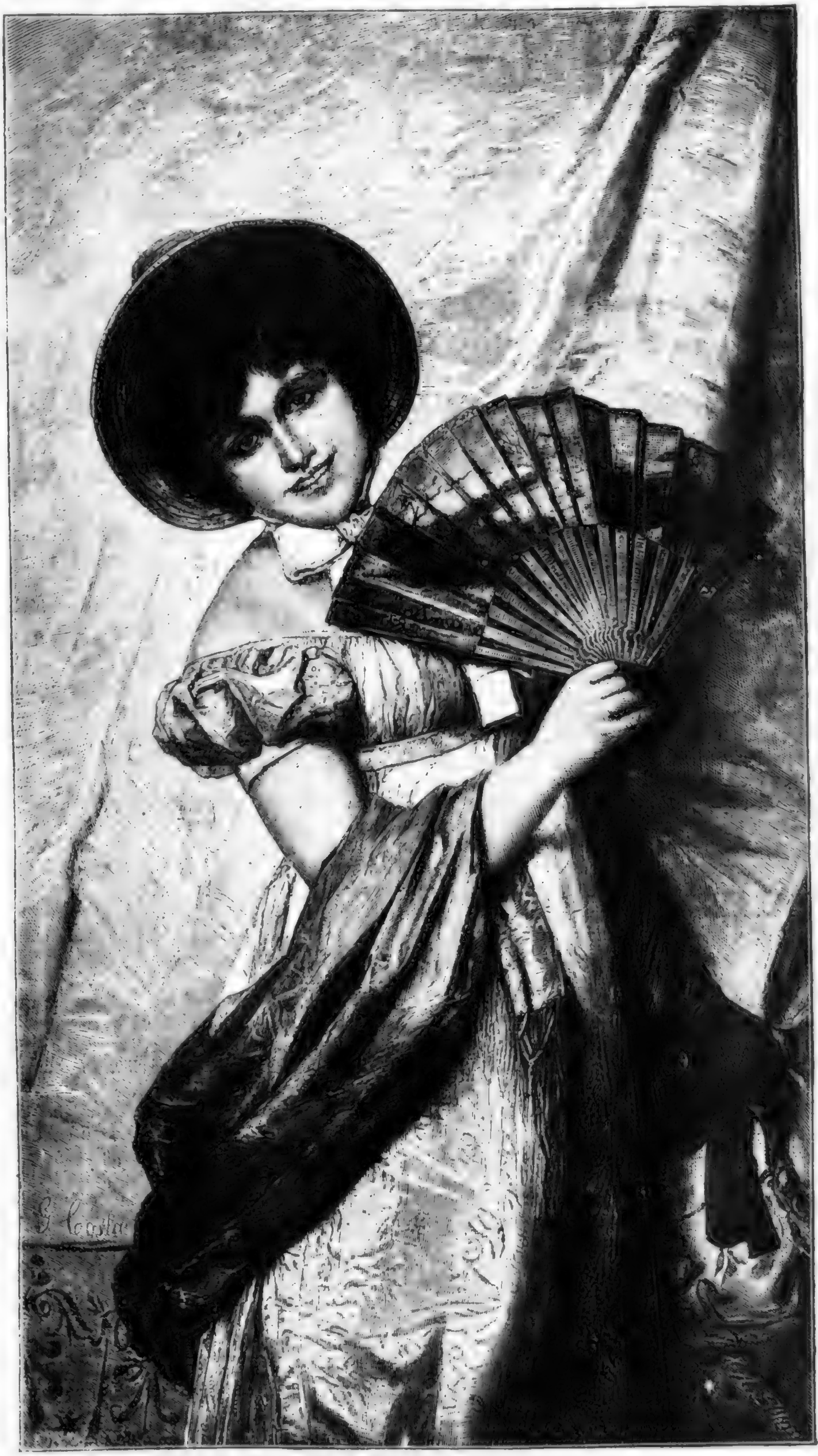
"Monsieur le Maire has been explaining to me," said Duquesnay, "the valuable services you rendered him last night. Will you take a chair, monsieur? I am only awaiting the report of the doctor who is examining the body, and will then begin the investigation."

The two young men accepted the offered chairs, and the judge, resuming his seat, renewed his conversation with the mayor, which was carried on in so low a tone as to be inaudible to the others. Some time elapsed; and Aristide and Captain Dantan were beginning to be rather fatigued, when one of the gendarmes at length opened the door, and announced, "Le Dr. Bulot."

A small man, with an extremely bald head, smooth-shaven face, and dressed in black, entered the room, and coming forward, shook hands with the mayor and Monsieur Duquesnay.

"There, Monsieur le Juge," he said, laying a paper upon the desk—"there is my report, and the certificate of death."

"And in plain language, Monsieur le Docteur," said the Judge, after he had glanced at the report, "you find the cause of Monsieur Marrois's death to be——?"



LADY OF THE FIRST EMPIRE.—FROM THE PAINTING BY G. COSTA.

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"A punctured wound and scratch on the neck, inflicted by some sharp, slender instrument which had been steeped in poison. You see, I have given the name of the poison in my report. It is an unusual one, seldom met with except among the Eastern nations, and causes death by paralysis, which ensues shortly after the poison has been injected into the body."

"Thanks, doctor; and those wounds upon the forehead?"

"Oh, they are nothing; that is to say, merely flesh-wounds."

The mayor here leaned over and whispered something into the judge's ear.

"Doctor," said Monsieur Duquesnay, "you have said that this poison causes paralysis; how long would a person remain conscious after the poison had been injected into their system?"

"Oh, for some time. The brain would be the last to yield."

"Did you notice the expression of overpowering terror on poor Marrois's face? Could that have been due to the discovery that he had been poisoned?"

"Scarcely, Monsieur le Juge. As I have told you, the drug is almost insensible in its effects."

The judge looked inquiringly toward the mayor, who replied with a negative motion of the head, whereupon Monsieur Duquesnay again thanked the doctor, saying they would no longer monopolize his valuable time.

Dr. Bulot accepted this as a dismissal, and the gendarme who opened the door for his departure received an order from the judge to "bring in Antoine Sachard."

The testimony of this man was given in very much the same words as has been related in a former chapter. This evidence was taken down by the clerk, and when he had concluded, it was read over to him, and he was requested to sign it. This he did, and retired, giving place to his *confrère*, Baptiste, who told his story.

Nothing new was elicited from this witness, except the fact that it was about half-past twelve when Monsieur Marrois and the masked woman first entered the arbor. The garçon was positive of this, as he had noticed the clock in the restaurant when he went for the first bottle of champagne. When Baptiste had finished, the gate-keeper of the garden and the two gendarmes on duty at the entrance were successively examined, but without any result. Neither of them had noticed any particular masker, man or woman.

"Well," said the judge, when the last gendarme had withdrawn, "this appears to me to be a very hopeless case. We literally have nothing to go on except Baptiste's story of the gray woman and the blood-stained glove."

"The whole affair is, indeed, very strange," replied the mayor, gravely. "If I could but know the cause!"—he gave a little shudder, and an expression of anxiety and disquiet came over his countenance.

"The cause! I am afraid, my dear Dantan, that we must seek for the cause in some of the escapades in which, as you know, our poor friend Marrois was but too prone to indulge."

"Surely you cannot have forgotten poor Delphine Simon?"

"Ah, Claude! for mercy's sake, do not mention that unfortunate."

"You are right, it was a sad story. But there, I am detaining your friend, Monsieur Vis, unnecessarily," and turning to Aristide, he began to question him upon his connection with the affair.

Just as the young man was concluding his testimony the door opened, and two persons entered the room. The first was a tall, thin man, with closely-cropped iron-gray hair and an expression of face that indicated quickness and intelligence. His companion was altogether a more remarkable and noticeable individual. He also was tall and slender, and dressed in a suit of shabby black clothes. His head was crowned with a thick crop of hair, of such intense blackness as plainly indicated that it was indebted to art instead of nature for its color. This was further borne out by a pair of light gray eyes, which assorted very ill with the raven tresses and bushy black whiskers and mustachios which almost entirely concealed their owner's countenance.

Henri Dantan whispered to Aristide, who had just resumed his seat, "that the first man was the Chef de Police of Abois, but he was unacquainted with his companion."

However, the identity of the man was soon established, for, upon a look of inquiry from the judge, the Chef said:

"This, Monsieur le Juge, is the agent just sent down by the Prefecture of Police at Paris, in answer to our telegram."

"Ah! that is well. And now tell me, Dupont, have you examined Marrois's lodgings, as I bade you?"

"Yes, Monsieur le Juge."

"And the result?"

"Nothing bearing on our affair, monsieur, but this," and taking from his breastpocket a small folded paper, he handed it to the judge.

It was a sheet of note-paper, upon which was written, in the handwriting of a woman: "*At the fête to-night.*"

The judge gave a sigh of regret.

"Still as dark as ever," he said. "This is evidently a disguised hand, and unless the paper has some mark——"

"Excuse me, Monsieur le Juge," interrupted the Chef de Police. "I have examined the paper, there is no watermark, and the name of the writer has been cut off."

"Then for the present we are at a standstill. You gentlemen," continued the judge, turning to the young men, "I need detain no longer. And you, monsieur," he said, to the man with the dyed hair, "can seat yourself at that desk, and my clerk will give you the evidence he has taken down in this case."

The man obeyed; and as Aristide and his friend rose to leave the room the mayor approached them.

"I will only say *au revoir*, Monsieur Vis," he said. "Henri intends taking you to my house, I believe, and I shall have the honor of meeting you there as soon as I can get away from my official duties."

"Till then, my dear uncle," replied his nephew.

And the two young men left the judge's office, and were once more in the street.

"That's a curious-looking fellow, that chap with the dyed hair," said Henri, as they sauntered along.

"An agent from the Prefecture at Paris is apt to be a curious-looking fellow," replied Aristide. "Those men see more in a year of all that is horrible and vile in humanity than we do in our whole lives. And yet, do you know, that to me there is a sort of fascination in that kind of thing. Will you believe me, Henri? Scores of times I have been tempted to try my hand in that direction. It seems to me, my friend, that there is in me all the powers (as yet undeveloped, it is true) of a Vidocq."

"Ah, bah! Aristide, here is a chance to use your powers in a much more pleasing manner," and stopping in front of a large, handsome house, he inquired of a domestic, who opened the door in response to his summons, "whether mademoiselle was in."

The full rich notes of a piano, which came in a flood of melody from some upper portion of the house, seemed to settle the question to the young man's satisfaction, for, without waiting for any reply from the servant, he said:

"Yes, yes, Tomas, it's all right; I will find Henriette in the music-room. Come along, Aristide," and beckoning his friend to follow, entered the house.

Chapter VI.

The home of the Mayor of Abois everywhere exhibited the evidence of wealth, in conjunction with good taste. There was a simple elegance about the appointments, a richness in the furniture, and all the other accessories, extremely pleasing to the eye. This Aristide acknowledged to himself, as he followed his friend up the broad handsome staircase. The sound of the piano grew every moment more and more loud, and, following this clew, the young men soon reached an open doorway, at which Henri stopped. The room into which the two young men were now looking was a small *salon*, furnished in the most chaste and delicate style. The furniture was covered with *cretonne*, of a pale-green ground, upon which were bouquets of exquisite roses; the wall was tinted to match, and adorned with several handsome oil-paintings in richly carved frames. The tables and dwarf bookcases were laden with *bric-à-brac* and *objets d'art*. At the far end of the room, immediately opposite the door, a large grand piano was placed, and in front of the instrument a couple of young women were grouped in a pose charming and unstudied. One, seated upon the piano-stool, was evoking the melodious sounds which had guided the young men to that spot; whilst the other, standing by her companion's side, with one arm thrown affectionately around her shoulders, was turning the leaves of the music. The young men were allowed only a short time to enjoy this charming tableau, for they had been but a few moments in the doorway when the music died away in a soft melodious chord.

"*Brava! Brava!*" cried Henri. "That was charming, mesdemoiselles."

The young ladies turned suddenly at this interruption, and revealed two as pretty faces as Aristide had ever looked upon. No more complete contrast could be conceived of than was here exhibited. The one who had been standing, and whose arm was still entwined around the neck of her companion, was a *petite* brunette, with large liquid brown eyes, full round cheeks as delicately tinged as the downy side of a peach, a *nez retroussé*, dainty little mouth, and dimpled chin. Her head was crowned with a wealth of dark-brown tresses, which grew low on the white forehead in soft fluffy curls. She was dressed in a plain white mull robe, trimmed with delicate laces, which served to display all the perfections of her rounded form.

The other was tall and slender, even to fragility. Her dress, a plain black robe, increased the intense pallor of her complexion, and made more vivid the rich scarlet of her lips. The contour of her face was exquisite. The nose and chin as delicately chiseled as a piece of sculpture; the large dark-gray eyes bore an expression of subdued melancholy; and the hair, which was twisted into a large coil at the back of the head, was of that pure blonde tint so seldom met with except among the Northern races.

"My dear Henriette, permit me to introduce my friend, Monsieur Aristide Vis. Aristide, this is my cousin, Henriette Rousel. And this," continued Dantan, turning toward the blonde, "is Mademoiselle Zortichoff."

"Ah! monsieur," exclaimed Mademoiselle Rousel, acknowledging Aristide's bow, with a charming smile, "we are delighted to meet you. I can assure you that this is not the first time that we have heard your name from Henri. But I was unaware that you were staying at Abois. It is seldom that you Parisian gentlemen stray down to our quiet little town."

"And in what character do you suppose he has come here now, Henriette?" cried Dantan, with a laugh. "Would you believe, young ladies, that you see before you a veritable hermit, like St. Anthony and those other gentlemen?"

"But, Henri——'

"It is a fact, I assure you, my dear cousin. And where do you think I found this venerable anchoret? Not in a cave, fasting on herbs and water, but seated in the "Restaurant de France," enjoying all the delicacies of Père Dubois's kitchen."

"And, pray, monsieur," said the laughing Henriette, "what could have induced you to choose such a singular *rôle* in life?"

"That's it!" cried Henri, before Aristide could reply; "that's the worst of the whole affair. Would you believe it, Henriette?—my heroic friend ran away from a woman; and a very pretty one to boot."

"Mademoiselle knows very well that a woman can sometimes be very dangerous," said Aristide. "And a man is not a coward who flees from a danger he feels himself powerless to resist."

"Well, monsieur," replied Mademoiselle Rousel, as she led the way to a sofa, whilst Henri Dantan remained at the piano conversing in a low tone with the blonde—"well, monsieur, now you have been induced to relax this strictness of your hermit-life, you must allow us to prove that you can enjoy the society of women without any danger to your heart or appetite."

"I am not so sure of that, mademoiselle, and don't know but what it would be best for me to remain in the solitude of my cave."

"But tell me, then: this lady from whom you have fled, was she a blonde or brunette?"

"Can you ask such a question? Could I have the bad taste to admire any but a brunette?" replied Aristide, with a complimentary bow.

"I am afraid, Monsieur Vis, you are inclined to be a flatterer. What you say is very complimentary to *me*, but not by any means so to my friend Valiska; and, *apropos*, is she not charming?"

"Too charming, mademoiselle, I should think, for you to expose Henri to her fascinations. You know that it has been said that there are two things which a woman cannot safely trust to her dearest female friend—her letters and her lover."

"Fy for shame, monsieur! You should not try to weaken my faith in my friend. And as for Henri, he is, as you know, almost insane on the subject of music. That is the tie between him and Valiska. And, by-the-by, monsieur, I hope it may cause a similar attachment in your case."

"Mademoiselle Zortichoff is undoubtedly an exquisite performer, if I am to judge from the little that I have heard; but I still advise you, mademoiselle, to beware of platonic attachments."

"I shall not listen to you; and, see there, Valiska is about to play, and I am sure that her music is better worth listening to than the voice of any woman, even if she is a brunette;" and, with a sly laugh, Mademoiselle Rousel rose, and, followed by Aristide, approached the piano.

"Now, my friend," said Henri, "you are going to have

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a treat. Mademoiselle will give us one of Chopin's Serenades."

The next moment the rich notes of the piano filled the apartment with entrancing melody. The first feeling of Aristide Vis was one of admiration for the skill of the performer, her delicacy of touch, and the exquisite tenderness with which she rendered Chopin's beautiful composition. Soon, however, a dreamy sense of ecstasy stole over him. His mind seemed lulled into a soft trance-like spell, in which dim visions of past happiness flitted by in quick succession. His eyes involuntarily followed the slender white hands as they moved so deftly over the keyboard of the piano, and, without any exercise of volition, he found himself thinking of another pair of white hands, which had entwined themselves around his heartstrings.

Unconsciously, whilst absorbed in this delightful reverie, he had been toying with a pair of gloves which, together with a small black hat, lay upon the piano by his side. These remembrances of the past grew more and more powerful, and without being clearly aware of what he was doing, Aristide involuntarily raised one of the tiny black gloves to his lips.

In a moment all the tenderness of his face died away as suddenly as if Medusa's head had frozen him into a stone. A look of blended fear and horror usurped its place, a shudder ran through his frame, and for a moment it seemed as if the blood stood still in his veins. He looked at the small black glove which he still held in his hand; he looked at the slender white hands moving so swiftly over the ivory keys; he looked at the pale, statuesque beauty of Valiska's face, the large gray eyes filled with a sympathetic softness, as if the soul of the girl was bathed in the delicious harmony of the great master.

Great God! was he mad? What was this terrible idea that had come upon him? Was it some fiend who had raised this fearful thought in his mind? Again he lifted the glove to his face. No, there could be no doubt, no mistake; he recognized that strange and subtle perfume. Where had he last noticed that peculiar odor? He remembered only too well.

As if by the spell of a magician, the whole scene arose before him. The little arbor, the ghastly, blood-stained face of the murdered man; the mayor, his face buried in his hands; the stiff, erect figure of the brigadier, and *he* himself standing there with the small gray kid glove raised to his face, just as he was now holding this black one. He looked closer at the little object.

Yes, a thousand times yes! Frightful as the idea was, he was forced to admit to himself the similarity between this black glove and the one which Lejeune had picked up in the little arbor of the public garden.

Not only was the perfume identical, but the shape, the slim palm, the delicate-tapered fingers, all were there. With the exception of the color, the gloves were the same. He dropped the tiny morsel of kid, as if it had been a burning coal of fire, and his eyes again followed the rapid motion of the two small white hands. Could this be an inspiration—this terrible suspicion which, in spite of himself, held him in its thralldom? Could those delicate hands be in truth stained with the blood of Pierre Marrois? Could that beautiful head, with its sculptured face, the large gray eyes now moist and tender in dreamy sympathy with the soft swell of the music—could that head contain a brain capable of planning and executing so atrocious a deed as the murder of the night before? Was this pale and melancholy girl a Brinvilliers, a Borgia, steeped to her scarlet lips in crime and blood?

The sudden cessation of the music broke the train of thought, and, moved by an irresistible impulse, which he did not even seek to fathom, Aristide, fixing his eye upon Mademoiselle Zortichoff, to mark the effect of his words, said, abruptly:

"That was a terrible ending to the *fête* last night—poor Monsieur Marrois's death. You were there, I suppose, mademoiselle?"

The young lady gave a sudden start, and for a moment it seemed to Aristide that a look came into her eyes like that of a hunted deer which finds itself discovered by its pursuers—an expression of anxiety and fright painful to behold. The next moment she had covered her face with her hands.

Aristide was shocked at this seeming confirmation of the terrible suspicion which had been slowly shaping itself in his mind. Could it be fate that had brought him here? Was he to be the avenger of Marrois's murder? And was the frail, delicate girl before him——?

He had only reached this point, when he was interrupted. Mademoiselle Zortichoff, recovering by an effort her composure, said, in a low, grave voice:

"Excuse me, monsieur. *You* have unknowingly given me great pain. You are perhaps unaware of the fact that poor Monsieur Marrois was a friend—a very kind one indeed—to me and my brother. It was only this morning that we heard of his terrible death. And I confess, monsieur, I have not yet recovered from the shock it gave me."

The increased pallor of her cheeks, and the sad, reproachful expression in the dark-gray eyes of the speaker, caused a pang of remorse to shoot through the breast of the young man; and before he could recover from it, another crushing blow was given to his suspicions by Henriette Rousel, who said:

"Oh, but neither Valiska nor I was at the *fête*, Monsieur Vis, and we not only had the bad taste to stay away ourselves, but we actually succeeded in keeping Henri here as well. I say 'we,' but I am afraid it was rather due to Valiska's music than to any attraction of mine that we owed such a compliment."

"Mademoiselle must excuse me; I only supposed, like the other young ladies of Abois——"

"Come, now," broke in Henri Dantan, "see what you have done, Aristide. Surely, mademoiselle, you are not going to allow the sad remembrance of poor Marrois's death to deprive us of your music?"

"You must pardon me, Monsieur Dantan," said the young lady, rising; "I have overstaid my time already."

"Surely, mademoiselle," said Aristide, "you will not suffer my sad mistake to deprive us of the pleasure of your company? The punishment will be too great a one. You must, at least, allow me the chance to gain your forgiveness for the pain I have caused you."

"You are forgiven already, monsieur," replied Mademoiselle Zortichoff, a gentle smile lighting up the sadness of her countenance. "In fact, there is nothing to forgive."

And turning away, she was bidding Henriette adieu, when Léon Dantan entered the apartment, and approaching the group at the piano, exclaimed:

"What! going so soon? Mademoiselle Valiska, I *had* hoped to be in time for some music."

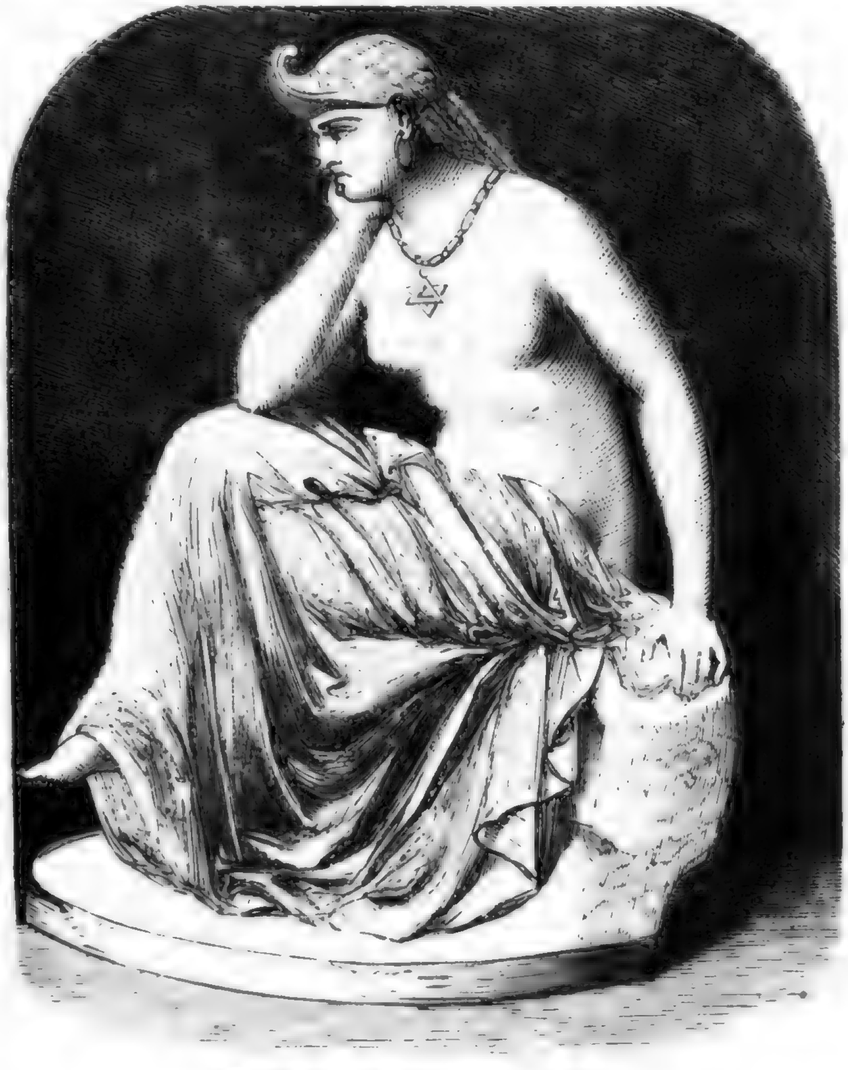
"Not to-day, Monsieur le Maire. You will excuse me, for I have a lesson to give. Henriette!" she looked at Mademoiselle Rousel, and then bowing to the gentlemen, she left the room in company with her friend.

"Monsieur," said the mayor, when the three gentlemen were alone, addressing himself to Vis, "that man they sent us up from the Prefecture has gone over all the testimony in relation to Marrois's murder, and his opinion coincides with yours."

"I am not surprised at that, monsieur. It seems to me to be the only rational one," said Vis. "And the only thing that astonishes me, is that you should have any doubt in the matter. For, pardon me, monsieur, I can see from the expression of your face that you still *have* a doubt."

"Well, then, yes; I admit it, and am going to ask a favor of you, Monsieur Vis. Henri, your cousin has not finished her adieus to Mademoiselle Valiska. I have no doubt you will be willing to join in them. The fact is, my dear boy, I wish to have a few minutes' conversation with your friend."

"Certainly," replied the young man, at the same time leaving the apartment with a haste that proved that this dismissal was not disagreeable to him.



STORY'S STATUE OF "SIBYLLA LIBYCA."

Chapter VII.

When his nephew had left the *salon* the mayor, inviting Aristide to be seated, said, abruptly:

"Again, monsieur, I see you are right. Though what should have put the idea into your head I cannot imagine. Yes, I do doubt this theory which you have originated. In spite of its plausibility, in spite of any additional weight it may now gain, from the opinion of this man from Paris, I do doubt it."

"But, monsieur, you must then have some reason; for you will admit, everything points to the woman in the gray domino as the author of the crime!"

The mayor, who had not seated himself, walked up and down the room before replying. At length he stopped, and said, abruptly:

"Monsieur, you will pardon me if I seem to be taking a liberty with you, but the rare acumen displayed by you last night has impressed me so strongly, that I desire to ask you a question, which I hope you will consider as entirely private between us two."

Aristide bowed affirmatively, without making any further reply.

Monsieur Dantan remained silent for some moments, his eyes fixed upon the face of his companion.

"Monsieur," he said, at length, "suppose a man bound by an oath to keep a secret, when would that man, in your opinion, be justified in breaking his oath?"

"I cannot pretend to misunderstand you," said Aristide. "Your question refers to something in connection with the affair of last night. You, perhaps, possess a clew unknown to any one else."

The mayor seemed to hesitate to reply, and Aristide continued:

"This is my idea, monsieur. If you know anything that would assist justice to avenge your friend, in my poor opinion you would be justified in violating a dozen oaths."

The mayor again walked up and down the room twice before replying. At length he burst forth:

"I will deal frankly with you, monsieur. Ever since I saw poor Marrois's murdered body I have been tortured by the belief that I knew the real cause of the crime; there is not the slightest proof to sustain this, it is only an idea, but one so firmly rooted in my mind that I cannot shake myself loose from its dominion."

"And this cause, I conceive, has some connection with the secret you have taken an oath to preserve?"

"It has."

"Would the revelation of the secret, in your opinion, aid justice to discover the murderer?"

"That's it, monsieur. As far as I can see, it would be of no assistance. I have thought and thought; I have looked at it from every direction; but cannot see that justice could derive the slightest benefit from my revelation. And then, to be honest with you, Monsieur Vis, this secret is an ugly one; and if made public would bring discredit on the names of a number of persons who, up to the present, have lived respected and honored here in Abois."

"Will you allow me to ask you a question, Monsieur Dantan? Has the secret anything to do with a woman?"

"No! Why? Oh, yes, I see; you still adhere to your gray domino."

"I have never wavered, monsieur, in my belief. I am as certain that it was the masked lady who committed last night's crime as that I see you standing before me."

"But do you not hesitate before believing that any woman could do such a deed? And then those strange marks upon the forehead, that bloody cross. Have you tried to explain that to yourself, monsieur?"

"My faith! No! I have not sought to explain anything. I only believe; but I believe as intensely,

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Monsieur Dantan, as possible. I can see the whole scene before me—your poor friend half-intoxicated, the woman seated by his side, her right hand grasping the poisoned weapon——"

"Stop, stop! Monsieur, here comes Henriette. Not a word before her. I can rely on your secrecy?"

Aristide bowed.

"Really, monsieur," said Mademoiselle Rousel, as she and her cousin entered the room, "I am half disposed to quarrel with you for the pain you caused my poor Valiska."

"You cannot suppose, mademoiselle, it was intentional; and, truly, I regret it as much as yourself."

"I only jested, monsieur. Of course you could not have known that what you said would pain her? But hers is such a hard life, monsieur. I cannot tell you how much I sympathize with her in all her troubles. So young, and yet forced to labor not only for her own support, but for that of an invalid brother and an old and decrepit servant, both of whom are entirely dependent upon her. Ah, it is a beautiful sight to see how nobly she bears up under it all, and should make us idle creatures ashamed to look her in the face!"

"You are a charming champion, Henriette!" cries Henri. "I hope when I am absent," he said, looking inquiringly toward his uncle, who seemed so immersed in thought as to be almost unconscious of what was passing around him—"I hope when I am absent you are equally ready to defend me."

"Ah, were you speaking to me?" inquired Léon Dantan, with a start, as if suddenly recalled from the reverie in which he had been plunged.

"No, no, my dear uncle!" cried Henriette, with a merry laugh. "Henri was only trying to make me admit that I was a defender of all his follies and flirtations. But, my dear cousin, you were asking too much of me."

The conversation was continued for some time in this jesting tone, the sprightly Henriette rallying and teasing both her cousin and Aristide, who eagerly disclaimed the follies with which she sought to reproach them.

The appearance of a servant put an end to this *badinage.* The domestic informed the mayor that a gendarme had been sent by Monsieur Duquesnay to request his immediate presence at that gentleman's office."

"I hope, my dear Henri," said the uncle, as he rose to obey the summons—"I hope you will prevail on Monsieur Vis to remain and dine with us."

"Thanks, monsieur," responded Aristide; "but to-day it will be impossible. I have some business."

"Oh, *par exemple!*" broke in Captain Dantan, with a laugh. "A hermit with business! I never heard of such incongruity; that is, unless by business you mean praying to your divinity."

"Oh, but monsieur has run away from his divinity!" cried Mademoiselle Rousel.

"There, there, Henriette, you must have some mercy!" said the mayor, with a smile. "At least," he continued—"at least I shall have the pleasure of seeing you here on my return?"

He looked inquiringly at Aristide; but it was Henri who replied for his friend:

"Yes, yes, uncle! I intend taking him to my room, and I promise that if we begin talking of old times in Paris, he won't be able to tear himself away."

"*Au revoir*, then!" The mayor withdrew, and the two young men made their bow to Mademoiselle Rousel.

"My dear Henri," said Aristide Vis, when the friends were seated alone in the private apartments of the younger Dantan, "I want you to tell me all about this Mademoiselle Zortichoff."

"Oho, my dear hermit!" replied Henri, with a laugh, as he lit a cigar and pushed the box across to his friend; "so you, too, are yielding to Mademoiselle Valiska's fascinations!"

"Not at all, my friend. Of course, I cannot but admire her beauty; but, I assure you, it was the settled melancholy, which seems to shadow all her features, that drew my attention to her. I fancy, Henri, hers must have been, or must be, a life of sorrow, if one is to judge from the expression of those gray eyes."

"And beautiful eyes they are, my Aristide."

"Yes, I agree with you; the poor girl must know the full meaning of the word suffering. But there! You ask me what I know of Mademoiselle Zortichoff. Very little. I met her for the first time five days ago, when my regiment arrived at Abois. She had been established at this place, so my cousin informed me, for three years. Supports herself by giving music-lessons; lives in a tiny little cottage at the far end of the town, and seems to have no thoughts beyond her music and that invalid brother of hers."

"But she mentioned that dead man, Monsieur Marrois. It seems he had been very kind to her."

"Now, my dear friend, you will pardon me, but that poor Marrois had a very bad reputation, and——"

"I shall really quarrel with you, Aristide, if you talk like that."

"Oh, believe me, my friend, I intend no reflection upon your divinity, for I really must say that, to judge from appearances, you are becoming more interested in that quarter than I would like, were I Mademoiselle Rousel."

"Pshaw! Cannot a young man admire a handsome face without——"

"Oh, certainly, if mademoiselle has nothing to say. But why was it that the gay Captain Dantan was not at the *fête* last night? Am I to suppose that your cousin was the attraction that kept you away?"

"Well, what would you have? Mademoiselle Valiska dined here yesterday, and Henriette refused to go to the *fête*, and would not allow me to leave until Mademoiselle Zortichoff returned to her home, which, by-the-by, my dear fellow, I did not regret. I had the pleasure of accompanying the charming creature to her cottage."

"What! alone?"

"Oh, no! there was a great hulking fellow who called for her; an old family servant, I believe. He stalked along behind us, stiff as a grenadier on parade. I assure you, my friend, in spite of the Cerberus, I enjoyed the *tête-à-tête.* The young lady's conversational powers are as perfect as her face, and that you will admit, Aristide, is saying a great deal. I really was so charmed, that, when I left her at her door, I could not make up my mind to go to the *fête*, although it was only half-past eleven, and I had promised my brother-officers to attend. I returned home, and went to bed; a very lucky thing, as it turned out, for it spared me the sight of poor Marrois's murdered face."

"Yes, yes," said Aristide, speaking in a musing tone of voice. "It was, indeed, a horrible sight."

"Tell me, Aristide, do you really believe it was a woman who did the deed?"

"I fear, my friend, there can be no doubt of it, although *this* woman seems to have disappeared as entirely as if the earth had opened and swallowed her, leaving no trace behind. For how in the world," he continued, relapsing into his former meditative tone, "are we to trace so unremarkable a thing as a gray domino amongst all that crowd of maskers who attended the *fête?* What time did you say you parted from Mademoiselle Zortichoff?"

"A little after half-past eleven. But what in the world has that to do with it?"

"Nothing at all, my dear Henri," replied Vis. "But, really, I am lapsing into such a gloomy state, I cannot have the heart to bore you any longer."

"Oh, but you are going to remain until my uncle returns?"

"No, not to-day. I will have to postpone that pleasure until some future occasion."

However, Aristide proved to be mistaken, for he had only gone a few steps from the mayor's house, after separating from his friend, when he came suddenly upon Léon Dantan himself returning home.

"Ah, monsieur!" cried the mayor, excitedly. "What do you think? We have discovered a trace of the gray woman."

Aristide started.

"Yes," continued the speaker, apparently not noticing the movement made by the young man—"yes, we have found the *fiacre* that took her to the *fête.* The driver describes her appearance perfectly, and noticed especially the beauty of her hands. Do you know, monsieur, that if this woman is ever discovered, those same little hands will be the cause of her capture."

"But where did the driver pick this woman up?" inquired Aristide. "That should enable you to ascertain her identity."

"There is the trouble, my friend. We scarcely get a glimpse of light before everything is again cloudy. All that the driver can say is that he was engaged by a tall man, whose face was so wrapped up as to be unrecognizable. He (the driver) was to call at a certain corner, where he would find a fare awaiting him. The *fiacre* was driven to the corner mentioned. A woman in a gray domino was walking excitedly up and down the pavement. She entered, and was driven to the garden, and that is all the man knows. The place at which the masker took the *fiacre* was at the corner of Rue Magenta and Rue d'Orville."

"Had the *cocher* any idea of what time it was when he picked up the masked woman?"

"Oh, yes; he was very clear on that point. It seems he was about leaving the cab stand for the night, when he was accosted by the disguised man, who engaged him. He looked at his watch, and seeing it wanted a few minutes to twelve, told the man the charge would be an extra. This was agreed to."

"And at what time did he reach the garden?"

"It was scarcely a quarter past twelve. The driver is a thoroughly reliable man, Monsieur Vis. But excuse me. This wretched affair runs in my head so, that I forget everything else. I certainly expected the pleasure of your company at dinner."

"For to-day? Monsieur le Maire, it is impossible."

Without another word the gentlemen separated, and so absorbed was the mayor in turning over in his mind the recently discovered evidence, that he was entirely oblivious to the intense emotion which his last words had excited in his companion.

(To be continued.)

IF we did but know how little some enjoy of the great things they possess, there would not be much envy in the world.

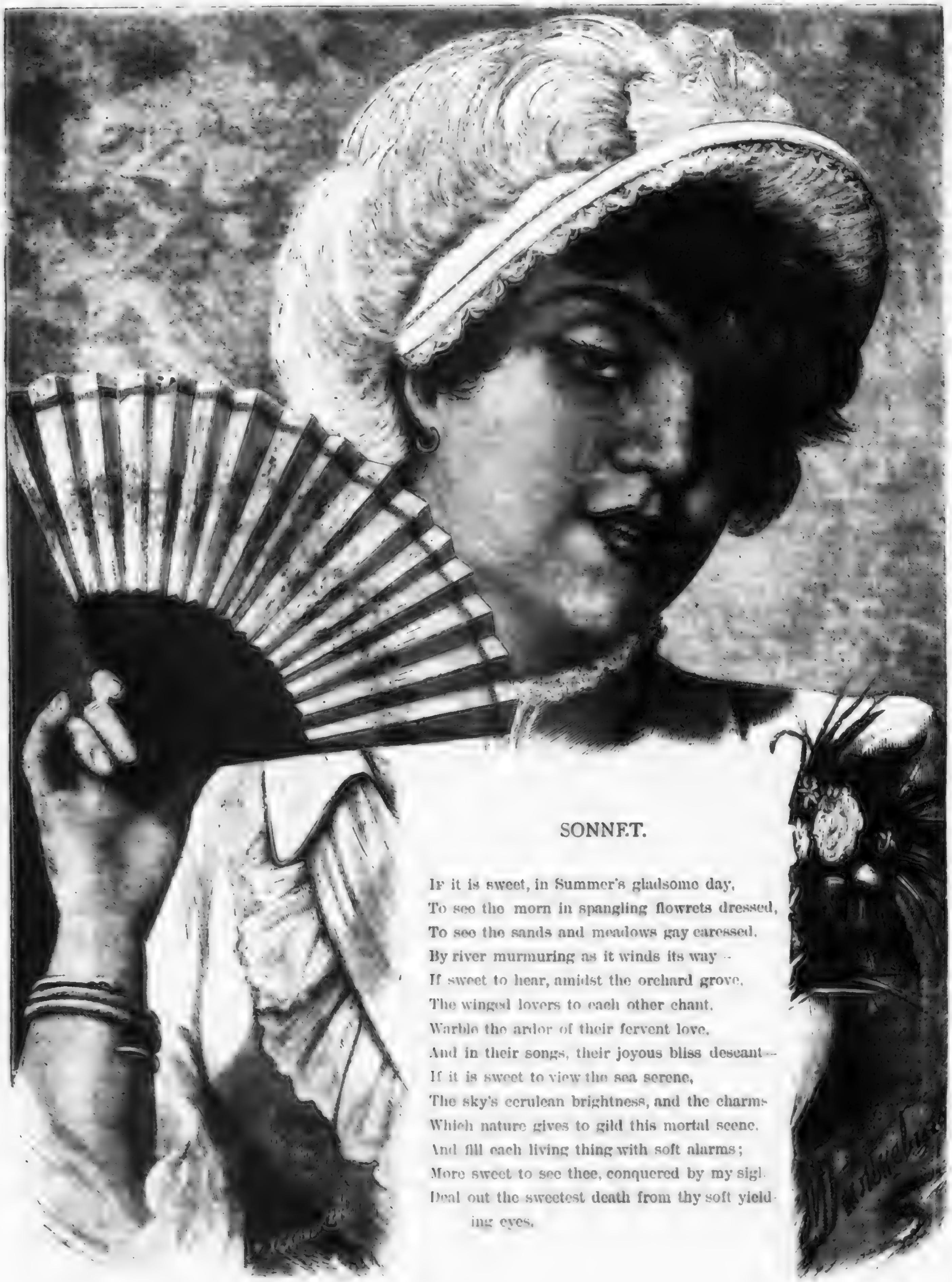
NEW ENGLAND PRIMER DAYS.

THE free-school system was made compulsory in 1647, but free schools existed many years before. Log cabins began the series, but palaces ended it. The first teachers were men exclusively, stern, strong, and orthodox. School and church worked together. Girls did not attend the public schools, nor were women employed in them as teachers, until near the beginning of the present century. They were not educated like the boys, and so were not competent to instruct. Indeed, the girl was of little account in the educational schemes of our fathers. She received a little attention, perhaps, in dame or nursery schools. She was well educated if she could read. To write, to cipher, these were accomplishments. What did not bear directly and obviously upon cooking food, scrubbing floors, spinning yarn, milking cows—what could not be seen to have an immediate market quotability—all this was not practical, would not help a girl to fill her station one whit more acceptably, and was therefore useless. She worked into the system very slowly, and usually in the face of protests. She recited to the master after the boys were dismissed. She was provided for in separate schools; she was permitted to attend Summer schools with the boys, but not Winter. And so for a long time she hung about the outskirts of the system.

In separate schools for the sexes to-day old-time conservatism is shown. It has been only five or six years since Boston decided to give her girls the same opportunity to fit for college that her boys have had for 250 years. The discipline of the early school was harsh. Perversity in the young was expected and provided for. They were all theoretically depraved, and some naturally. The flesh needed to be mortified. These old-time schools began commonly at 7 A. M. and closed at 5 P. M., with an hour's intermission. The Winter hours were 8 and 4. Studies were few, chiefly Latin or Greek in the grammar or college-fitting schools, and reading and writing in the English schools. Books were scarce. There was the Bible everywhere and always. There was the "Bay State Psalm Book," that sounded the depths of poetry if it did not scale the heights. For more than 100 years, and well into the present century, the "New-England Primer" was the almost exclusive juvenile book. It was the first book in language, the first in religion, and, to many, the first and only book in literature. Its range was *a-b—ab* from to the profoundest dogmas of theology. The sombre thought-drift of the times is caught in a list of twelve six-syllable words to be spelled, five of which are abomination, edification, humiliation, mortification, purification. The primer bounds, in six pages, from the alphabet to the Apostles' Creed. The rhymed couplets designed to convey bits of advice, moral lessons, and suggestive facts, are familiar to all. Nearly half of the primer is devoted to the Westminster Catechism, whose 107 points had to be committed to memory by nearly all. The effect of this work on New-England character was marked, if not uniform. The primer days may be said to have closed about the time of the great educational awakening that witnessed the founding of the American Institute of Instruction in 1830, of normal schools in 1839, and the general quickening of educational life in Massachusetts and throughout New England, under the fearless leadership of Horace Mann.

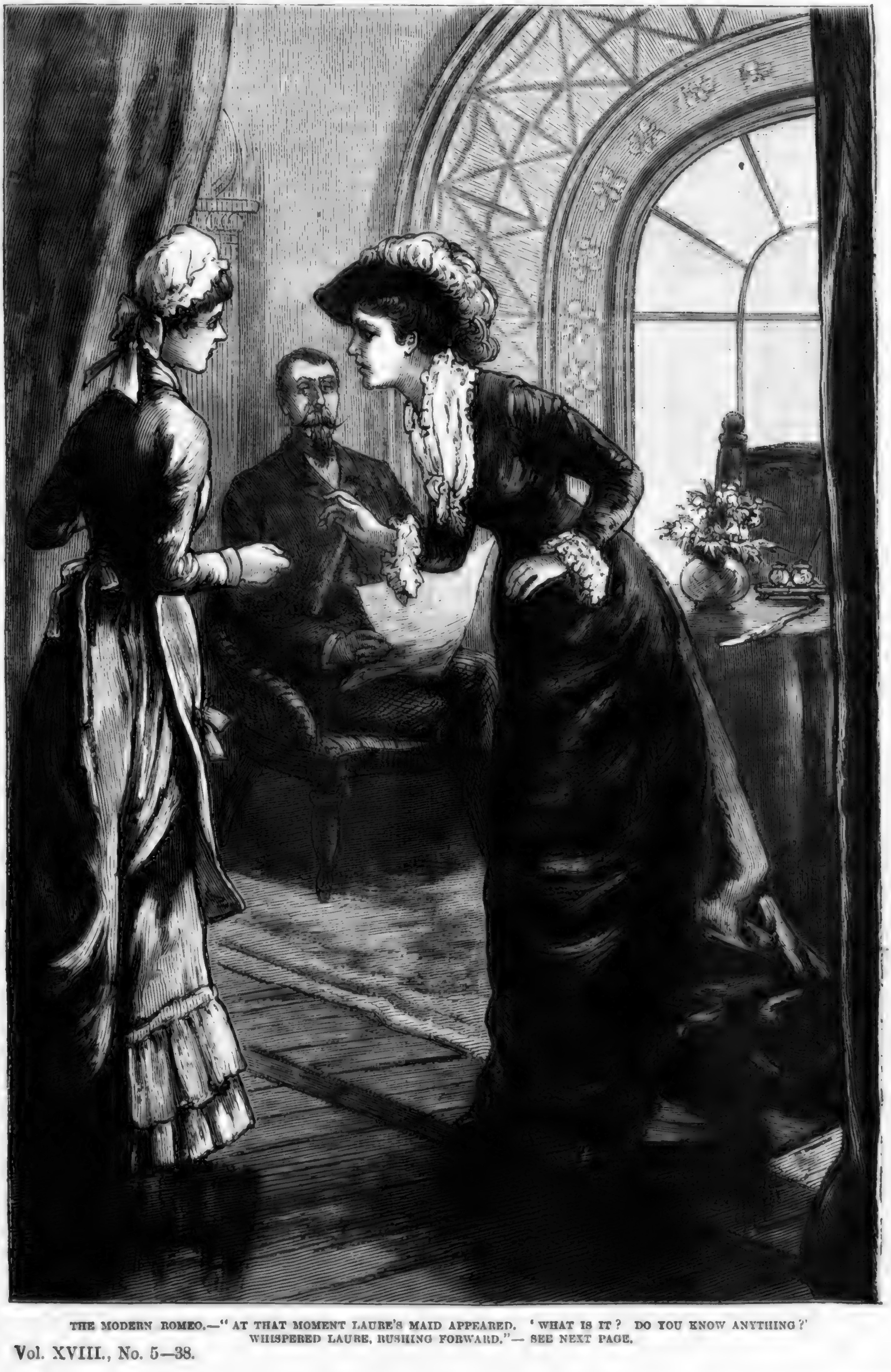
CONFRONT improper conduct, not by retaliation, but by example.

XUM



SONNET.

If it is sweet, in Summer's gladsome day,
To see the morn in spangling flowrets dressed,
To see the sands and meadows gay caressed,
By river murmuring as it winds its way —
If sweet to hear, amidst the orchard grove,
The winged lovers to each other chant,
Warble the ardor of their fervent love,
And in their songs, their joyous bliss descant —
If it is sweet to view the sea serene,
The sky's cerulean brightness, and the charms
Which nature gives to gild this mortal scene,
And fill each living thing with soft alarms;
More sweet to see thee, conquered by my sighs,
Deal out the sweetest death from thy soft yielding eyes.



THE MODERN ROMEO.—" AT THAT MOMENT LAURE'S MAID APPEARED. 'WHAT IS IT? DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING?' WHISPERED LAURE, RUSHING FORWARD."— SEE NEXT PAGE.

XUM

THE MODERN ROMEO.

By Helen W. Pierson.

The *concierge* of No. 11 Rue X awoke one fine morning in the middle of August to find his pocketbook gone, with the sum of five hundred francs.

It was a good deal for the Père Bouchu to lose. The money had been placed on a table in the *entre-sol* that the old man occupied. The only clew to the mystery was that the *concierge* next door had noticed, a few days before, or rather late at night, a young man walking through the street with a ladder on his back. He had not accosted him, because he had seen him doing nothing suspicious.

"So you're sure he was the robber?" said Bouchu.

"I have told you what I have seen," answered Courbette. "More I cannot say, my dear neighbor. He was large, well-dressed, and had black mustachios."

"And he had a ladder?"

"As true as I am here. If I were in your place, I know what I would do.

"Well, what?"

"I would conceal myself for a few days. I would watch for the robber, without saying anything to any one."

"You think he will come back?"

"I am sure of it—absolutely sure—when he imagines that nothing has been discovered."

Père Bouchu followed this advice. On the third night, between one and two o'clock—one of those clear, soft Summer nights, full of a peaceful charm—the *concierge*, overcome by fatigue, was about to seek his bed, when it appeared to him that he saw a shadow moving at the corner of the street.

The shadow was a little above medium height, and seemed to move with precaution, looking about as if to see whether it was perceived, examining all the windows, and seeking to stifle the sounds of its footsteps.

"Ah!" said Père Bouchu, "he comes!" and he concealed himself behind his door.

The young man had truly no ladder, but he appeared too anxious for concealment to be innocent—at least, so thought Père Bouchu.

The street was deserted. All the windows were closed, and nowhere a light to be seen. The noise of the last carriage had ceased in the neighboring streets.

The unknown advanced to No. 11, examined the windows, then disappeared precipitately.

"Could he have perceived me?" thought the *concierge*, half-opening the door and looking down the street; but he hastened to regain his concealment.

The man had appeared anew, but this time he carried a ladder. It was indeed the person whom Courbette had noticed—it must truly be the robber himself!

Arrived at No. 11, the unknown leaned one end of his ladder softly on the first balcony, looked about anxiously, and then slowly put his foot on the first round.

At this moment the *concierge*, carried away by his indignation, opened the door quickly, sprang out, clutched the man's shoulder, and cried out with all his might:

"Thieves! thieves!"

A window opened on the first floor, and a piercing cry rent the air. The man strove to free himself, but Bouchu had a strong grip, and before the captive could shake him off the *sergent de ville* turned the corner of the street.

"Arrest him! Arrest him!" cried Père Bouchu.

The young man, seeing that resistance was useless, let himself be taken, more dead than alive.

At the moment when they were leaving the street he turned a glance back to No. 11, and the tears came into his eyes.

The next morning all the neighbors knew of the arrest. Père Bouchu was congratulated on his courage and presence of mind.

"I told you so!" cried Courbette. "I knew the fine gentleman would come back. He has, no doubt, wasted his substance in riotous living, and now comes to devour the substance of us poor people! Does any one know his name?"

"No. He has a very distinguished air. He is certainly not an ordinary man. He says nothing, only he pretends that he did not come to rob. But when one demands what he intended to do at this hour with a ladder, he remains silent and melancholy."

"Well, he ought not to escape. He should be made an example for others."

At this moment the maid from the first floor joined the speakers. She was a trim young person, with a turned-up nose and inquisitive eyes.

"Well!" she cried, "what happened last night? What was the noise about? My mistress is sick this morning."

"Why, don't you know?"

"I know nothing! I have seen nothing!"

For the tenth time Père Bouchu recounted his exploits.

"But are you sure," asked the girl, "that the man was a robber."

Cries from all sides.

"Suppose he was—a lover?"

"A lover? Oh, the time of Romeo is past! No one gives himself trouble now except for money. There is no woman to-day worth passing a night on a ladder against a wall for."

"Nevertheless——" began the girl.

"Perhaps he came for you, you take up his defense so warmly," said Père Bouchu, slyly.

"No; but I pity the poor fellow, if he was not a thief."

"Well, let him explain——"

"But if this was a case where he could not explain."

"Then it's his affair," said the *concierge*, abruptly quitting the group, with his hands in his pockets.

The girl went up to the first floor to her mistress, who waited with the door half-open.

"Well!" she cried.

"Well, Monsieur Raoul is arrested!"

"Arrested!" cried the woman, wringing her hands.

"Arrested as a thief!" said the maid.

"Oh, my God!" cried her mistress. "What am I to do? What will become of me?"

"It appears that the *concierge* has been robbed, and he is delighted to have seized the robber."

"And is there no means of buying the silence of this man?"

"Oh, madame, the whole Faubourg knows it by this time."

"It is the punishment of Heaven!" cried the young woman, throwing herself on her knees. "We are lost."

The maid retired.

Madame Laure Lefèvre—such was the lady's name—raised herself in a moment, and began walking feverishly through the room, a prey to a frightful agitation.

"Oh, how miserable I am!" she murmured; "and yet I am innocent. How insane of him to come here at night with a ladder. God knows I never encouraged him! God knows my heart is pure, although I cannot help loving him! Oh, what a sensation this will create! My husband will hear it, and my child, my poor child—he will be dishonored! Oh, wretched woman! Wretched love!"

And she walked on frantically till fatigue made her drop upon a couch. She was a woman about thirty, in the prime of her beauty. Her black hair fell back in careless curls from a pale and lovely face. Her large eyes, now quenched in tears, were dark, tender, eloquent. Her mouth was sweet and charming. Her figure was well-developed and full of grace. She had been married about eight years to Monsieur Lefèvre, a banker, possessed of a brilliant fortune, but *blasé*, ruined by excesses—carrying the history of his life in his face. He seemed to exhale an air like a charnel vault. Debauch had left its mark on every feature of his face—on his brow, wrinkled, discolored, but not by age; on his temples, that had taken the hue of old yellow ivory; on his livid, damp lips, and in the eyes without light or warmth.

Laure could not regard him attentively without a shudder, without thinking of those hours of evil pleasures whose ravages she read in his debased countenance. She, however, never failed toward him in her duty. She consecrated her life to her child; she lavished upon him all her meed of love, until one day she met Raoul de Faverny.

This young man was twenty-five years old. He was tall, handsome, magnetic. He had spent his patrimony recklessly. His father was dead; his mother had cast him off as a spendthrift. Nevertheless, the young man was not without serious aspirations to do better. He had found the cup of pleasure unsatisfying. He longed for better things. He resolved to work his way back to the esteem of good men, and at this crisis of his life he met Laure, and loved her.

Not with the old transient passion, but with a strong, absorbing love. They recognized each other as kindred souls—though separated by an impassable barrier.

Laure combated the passion that threatened her peace. She did not love her husband, but she was incapable of being unfaithful to him. She wished to fly from Raoul; but she met him everywhere, and he sent her secretly letters full of passion that she read in spite of herself.

One day she met him in a *salon*. His looks alarmed her. He seemed to forget all caution. He seized her hand.

"I love you," he said. "You must hear me!"

Laure was frightened. He might be overheard. She allowed him to lead her into the conservatory.

"I love you as I had not believed possible!" he cried; "like a maniac, like a fool. I would like to die for you so that you might see how your image is graven on my heart. My blood burns in my veins and beats in my temples when I see you. You are beautiful, and I know you are good; I cannot hope to win you, yet I cannot forget you. I pass my nights under your windows."

"But, monsieur, I am married!" stammered poor Laure.

"Do I not know it! Do you think I do not know what you do every day? Do I not read your very thoughts?"

The young woman gazed at Raoul in terror.

"Why should you not love me a little?" he said. "Give me one word of hope—just one—and I shall be satisfied. If I could know that you think of me sometimes, that I am not utterly insignificant—one who passes like a phantom before your eyes without leaving a memory or regret in your heart—I should be the happiest of men."

Laure cast down her own eyes before those burning glances.

"I must not listen," she murmured.

"You must listen—even if you curse me," he cried. "I will confess all—I cannot keep the secret. For the last three nights I have caught glimpses of you without your knowing it. I have climbed up to your balcony."

"Upon my balcony!" cried poor Laure, trembling from head to foot.

"Upon your balcony!" replied Raoul. "I knew your husband was absent. This emboldened me. It was so long since I had seen you. I suffered so much from not seeing you. I had watched so many nights without catching a glimpse of your shadow on the curtain. So I took a ladder, leaned it against the wall, and mounted."

"But, monsieur, you are insane—you are compromising me cruelly."

"No, no, no!" cried Raoul, in strange excitement. "I will dare all to save you. I will even sacrifice my life. I mounted, and, with face pressed against the blinds, I saw you. You sat there reading. My God, how beautiful you were! I would have given my life a hundred times to have touched your hand, to have obtained one glance—one smile."

Laure became frightfully pale.

"Oh, if any one had seen you!" she gasped. "I would be a lost woman. Don't you see it is my reputation you stake—not your life?"

Raoul was silent a moment; then he said:

"Well, I have been seen by one of your neighbors as I was about to quit the balcony."

Laure gave a cry of affright.

"Courage!" said Raoul; "you will not be suspected. I have taken precautions."

"What?"

"I have stolen."

"Stolen!" cried Laure, in a faint voice.

"I have stolen," exclaimed the young man, with a sombre air, "or, at least, I have made believe. A window opened on the *entre-sol*. I went in there and hid a pocket-book. Now, you see, if I am discovered, I shall pass for a robber and not a lover."

Laure was horribly frightened. Great drops of moisture bathed her brow.

'And how will you restore it—what you have moved?"

"I will not restore it," said Raoul. "I shall not mount a second time to your window till you have told me that you love me. If you refuse this, my mind is made up. I shall blow out my brains. Life is not possible to me."

Laure did not answer.

"You cannot want me to die!" he cried, in anguish. "You will do as I ask?"

"Never!" responded Laure, turning to go.

"To-morrow night I shall be on your balcony," said Raoul.

"I forbid it!" cried the young woman, in a trembling voice, as she entered the *salon*.

Raoul did not consider himself defeated. He had noted the agitation, and knew she was not indifferent to him, and he resolved to brave all. And, in fact, on the night of his arrest, Laure found herself expecting her lover in spite of herself.

We know how the young man was surprised just as he had placed the ladder against the balcony.

At the end of twelve days, the testimony in the case of Raoul de Faverny was terminated. Bouchu and Courbette persisted in their declarations, and the young man was sent before the Court of Assizes for the approaching session.

When he learned this result, Raoul sank into despair. His brain seemed to give way, and his only thought was to kill himself as speedily as possible. He passed his days in trying the bars of his prison to see if they would bear his weight, and in making ropes of his clothing.

It was at this sorrowful occupation that Laure, having obtained admission, found him one afternoon.

When she saw his face pale as a corpse, his wild eyes, his disordered hair, she uttered a cry of despair.

Raoul sprang to his feet.

It seemed to him as if a ray of sunlight—a breath of free air had penetrated into the cold damp room that served as his prison.

"You—you here?" he cried, seizing her hand and caressing it. "I shall die happy. I could not die without seeing you."

"Die!" cried Laure, in astonishment. "Who talks of dying?"

"What do you think I can do?" he cried; and he told her all that had passed.

"But it shall not be!" she cried. "I will not allow you to pass before the Court of Assizes as a robber. I will go to the judge; I will tell him all."

"He will not believe you."

"Then I will tell the whole publicly. The jury will believe me."

A TYPE OF ORIENTAL BEAUTY.

"No, Laure—no, my darling, you shall not do this. It would be one scandal more. It is much better that I should die. Let this lunatic die who has come like a whirlwind into the peace and purity of your life. I have not the right to wish that you should sacrifice to me the confidence of your husband, the honor of your child. I would never accept it. Let me die. Until now I have squandered my life. I have been useful to no one. No one will regret me or think of me to-morrow. Such a life as I have led dies out and leaves no traces. One of your tears is worth a hundred times more than the sorrowful days I shall lose. Let me die, then, Laure, let me die!"

There was such a charm, such an accent of true repentance in the voice of Raoul, that the poor woman burst into tears.

"Oh, no!" she cried; "I cannot let you die. I only am guilty, after all. What wrong have you done? I will tell my husband all, and if you will promise me to go away—never to see me again—he will help you."

Tears came into the eyes of the young man.

"Oh, you see I must die! To leave you, or to die—it amounts to the same thing."

There was a moment of profound silence.

"To leave you or to die—there is no other alternative," he repeated. "I would rather die!"

The young man walked backward and forward through his prison.

THE FAMOUS FLYING MERCURY.

"To die?" he said. "What is it, after all? Death is a thousand times better than a dishonored life. In death at least the brain is at rest, the mind is tranquil, the heart burns no more with vain longings. I shall rest tranquilly in this one ray of pure love that illumines my last days—this love that I have sought all my life, and that I only meet on the threshold of the tomb.. Oh, if you knew me better, Laure, you would know that I am not worthy of you, and so I am willing to die. This heart is soiled, stained. Every one of the unworthy loves with which I have filled my life has left its stain upon it. It is not worthy of you; it is only fitting it should die for you. Let me die!"

Laure allowed Raoul to speak without interruption. She was dumb with despair. She had not strength to utter a word, and silent tears coursed down her pale cheeks.

It was strange to hear Raoul, the man of the world, talking in this way; but he had been touched by grace, as was St. Paul on his way to Damascus.

The true love which he felt for Laure had completely metamorphosed him. He was no more the same man. He attributed the misfortune that had overtaken him to the punishment of Heaven. He had not the right, he, a libertine, to compromise a good woman without her consent, to bring unhappiness into her family. It was just that he should pay the heaviest penalty for his sin!

Once dead, the affair of the robbery would die out. Laure would live on tranquilly, honored as in the past. Her name would not even be mentioned; not a breath of suspicion would fall upon her. He would give his life a thousand times rather than cause her one hour of anguish or shame?

His resolve was taken, and nothing could move it. He was one of those characters who do not comprehend either compromise or half-measures.

Nevertheless, Laure tried to encourage him.

"You must not despair," she said; "it is not possible that you should be condemned. Have you not been honest? Do you not belong to an honest family? They know that you have not taken this *porte feuille*—I will see the judge of instruction. I will declare, if it is necessary, before all the world that you love me, and that it is for love of me that you have risked your life."

"It is no use," he said. "Do not let us talk of it; let me speak of my love for the last time."

"No, no; not that," cried Laure, trembling, and seeking to leave the room.

Raoul took her hand, but at that moment the guard appeared, and announced that the hour for the visit was over.

Laure took leave in profound sorrow, and went at once to make an effort in Raoul's favor with the judge of instruction, in vain! More dead than alive, she left him, and hastened to write and inform Raoul of her failure, but begged him to take courage, as she had decided to witness publicly in his favor.

Raoul kissed the note a hundred times, placed it in his bosom with a sorrowful sigh, and shook his head with a gesture of profound despair.

The trial of Raoul de Faverny was fixed for the 30th of October. Laure learned this from the papers. She was in a state of anxiety—of torture impossible to describe. Her husband had returned to Paris after a season at the baths. She was no more free. She was obliged to give an account of every movement, for he was as jealous as Othello. The terrible day approached without her being able to see Raoul again, or to make any new effort in his favor. The most she could do was to send him, from time to time, by her maid, who was devoted to her, a few words of hope and encouragement. She grew pale and haggard. She did not eat, and a nervous trembling took possession of her. Twenty times a day her husband inquired if she was sick—if she suffered. These questions aggravated her terror and her torture. Yet she felt that she was innocent. She had not deserved the trouble that had come upon her.

Monsieur Lefèvre resented this settled melancholy of his wife as if it was a personal affront. He grew more arbitrary, more irritable. On the morning of the 30th of October, Laure, who had not seen Raoul since the interview we have described, paced the floor of her room like a lunatic, hastily throwing on whatever clothing came under her hand. She had resolved to risk everything to save the young man.

She would escape, hasten to the Palace of Justice and declare all, even at the risk of compromising herself;

XUM

then she would retire to a convent and expiate what she called the sin of her life.

The day was cloudy and wet—the rain falling in a dull drizzle. The atmosphere, murky, cold and oppressive, struck upon her heart like ice.

Every now and then she ran to the window, and, hurriedly snatching aside the curtain, looked out into the street, hoping to see a ray of light and warmth, but the atmosphere remained mournful, murky, heavy as lead, and leaden in color.

Laure quitted the window and pulled the bell, feverishly.

The maid appeared.

"Order the carriage," she cried. "I must go out!"

At the same moment the door opened and Monsieur Lefèvre appeared—a newspaper in his hand.

Laure grew pale and dropped, half fainting, on a chair.

"Going out?" he asked.

"Yes. I have an errand!" she faltered.

"But I have something here to read to you. It is very interesting!"

"I beg of you!" exclaimed Laure, in a sort of terror, "not to detain me—you can read to me some other time."

Her husband gave her an examining glance.

"Stop!" he said to himself; "this excitement—this agitation. She is concealing something from me!"

That moment the maid entered and announced that the carriage was ready.

"We will not need it this morning," said the banker, coldly. "Madame is not going out!"

Poor Laure! She did not struggle longer. She dropped into a chair—like a dove that has been struck by the fatal shot, or a lamb that feels the cold knife at its throat.

Monsieur Lefèvre, content with his victory, had the good sense to respect the stifled sobs of his victim.

He continued to read his paper without a movement of pity, without the stir of a muscle. At last breakfast sounded, and he led Laure into the dining-room.

She went as one walking in her sleep. She was scarcely conscious of what passed around her. She could not swallow a morsel, but her husband did not permit her agony to destroy his appetite.

When the meal was finished Laure glanced at the clock. It was past noon. She saw, as in a horrible nightmare, Raoul conducted between two gendarmes, with downcast eyes, half dead with shame, yet resolved not to save his life by compromising her, perhaps casting an anxious glance in the crowd to see if she was not there.

And he would see nothing. He would believe that she had forgotten him; that she thought no more of him than if he had never existed—than if he had never told his love, and sacrificed honor, and, perhaps, his life, for her!

She seemed to hear the stinging, scathing words of the magistrate; she heard the jeers of the crowd, their cries and vociferations; she felt her strength going.

She made a step to the door, her hand pressed on her heart.

Monsieur Lefèvre, who was smoking tranquilly, turned toward her.

"Well, madame," he said, "are you ready to hear the reading?"

Laure gave him one glance. Her face expressed such horrible suffering that he stopped. He was silent, and read to himself.

At that moment Laure's maid appeared.

"What is it? Do you know anything?" whispered Laure, rushing forward.

The maid slipped a bit of paper into the hand of her mistress.

Laure gave a terrible cry, and fell into a dead faint.

She had seen *drops of blood* upon the *billet.*

His wife's fainting-fit annoyed Monsieur Lefèvre; it might interfere with his digestion.

"Take care of her," he said, tranquilly, to the maid. "When you have brought her to you may call me."

And he left the room.

* * * * * *

At nine o'clock of this same day—the 30th of October—two men might have been seen rushing about the corridors of the Palace of Justice in an insane manner.

"It's your fault—yes, all your fault! You have made all this trouble!" cried one.

"Blame yourself. A person shouldn't lose his head in this style!" cried the other.

"Oh! where is this judge? When will he come? My faith!—they get up late, these judges!"

"Where is he to be found? There isn't a creature in this place. Oh! there's an advocate."

"Bah! He wouldn't know the first word."

And the two men walked about frantically, disputing, gesticulating, accusing each other. These two were no other than Bouchu, the *concierge* of No. 11, and his neighbor, Courbette.

Bouchu was in despair, like one who had committed a crime. He was ready to drop with fatigue.

"*Mon Dieu!*" he cried. "I am a lost man! I shall be despised in my quarter, and it is your fault—entirely your fault! You see robbers everywhere—you!"

"And you are always imagining yourself robbed," returned Courbette.

"To imprison an innocent man!" cried Bouchu. "What will he say to me—this unhappy victim? If he revenges himself, what will become of me? I shall lose my home, perhaps, and the regard of every one."

"Why didn't he defend himself better, then?"

"But he couldn't defend himself—poor fellow!" was the reply.

"Nevertheless, I only told the truth. I am as sure of having seen him as I am of seeing you."

Bouchu shrugged his shoulders disdainfully.

"Possibly. But do you think a young man, well dressed, well brought up, comes to rob? Bah! He was in love; he wanted to see one of my tenants! So imagine my desolation! How do you think this lady—the mistress of the house—regards me? My place is lost!"

And the poor man was ready to tear his hair in rage.

"Cursed pocketbook! I was so sure I had left it on the table, and there I had shut it in a drawer without remembering, and what you said turned my head! *Ma foi!* a place that has been handed down from father to son! I shall lose it!"

"Oh, no, you will not. Threaten to tell all to her husband, and she'll leave you in possession!"

Bouchu calmed himself somewhat at this idea, and waited more quietly for the opening of the court.

At ten o'clock every place was filled at once, as if by magic. When Bouchu had related to the magistrate what had happened, he regarded the *concierge* with a severe air. He believed Bouchu had been bribed to play this part and save the accused.

"And is it only this morning you have found this?" he said, in a very bad humor.

"No, Monsieur le President, it was last night, and I have looked for three months. It seems a fatality."

Bouchu had such an air of truth about him that the president was shaken.

"Well, then," he said, "it will be necessary to set this young man at liberty."

"It is for this that we have come," answered Bouchu.

The magistrate called a messenger.

"Send for Monsieur Raoul de Faverny!" he said.

Not many minutes elapsed before the messenger returned breathless, a note in his hand.

The magistrate opened it hastily. His face became livid.

"You have killed a man!" he cried to the two *concierges*, who had waited out of curiosity. "Monsieur de Faverny has hung himself!"

"Dead!" cried the two, in affright.

The magistrate did not speak, but hurried to the prison. The two men followed, speechless with horror.

When they had arrived at the cell where Raoul had been confined, all recoiled at the frightful sight.

The unhappy young man still hung from one of the bars of his prison.

It may be remarked, for the comfort of honest poverty, that avarice reigns most in those who have but few good qualities to recommend them. This is a weed that will grow only in barren soil.

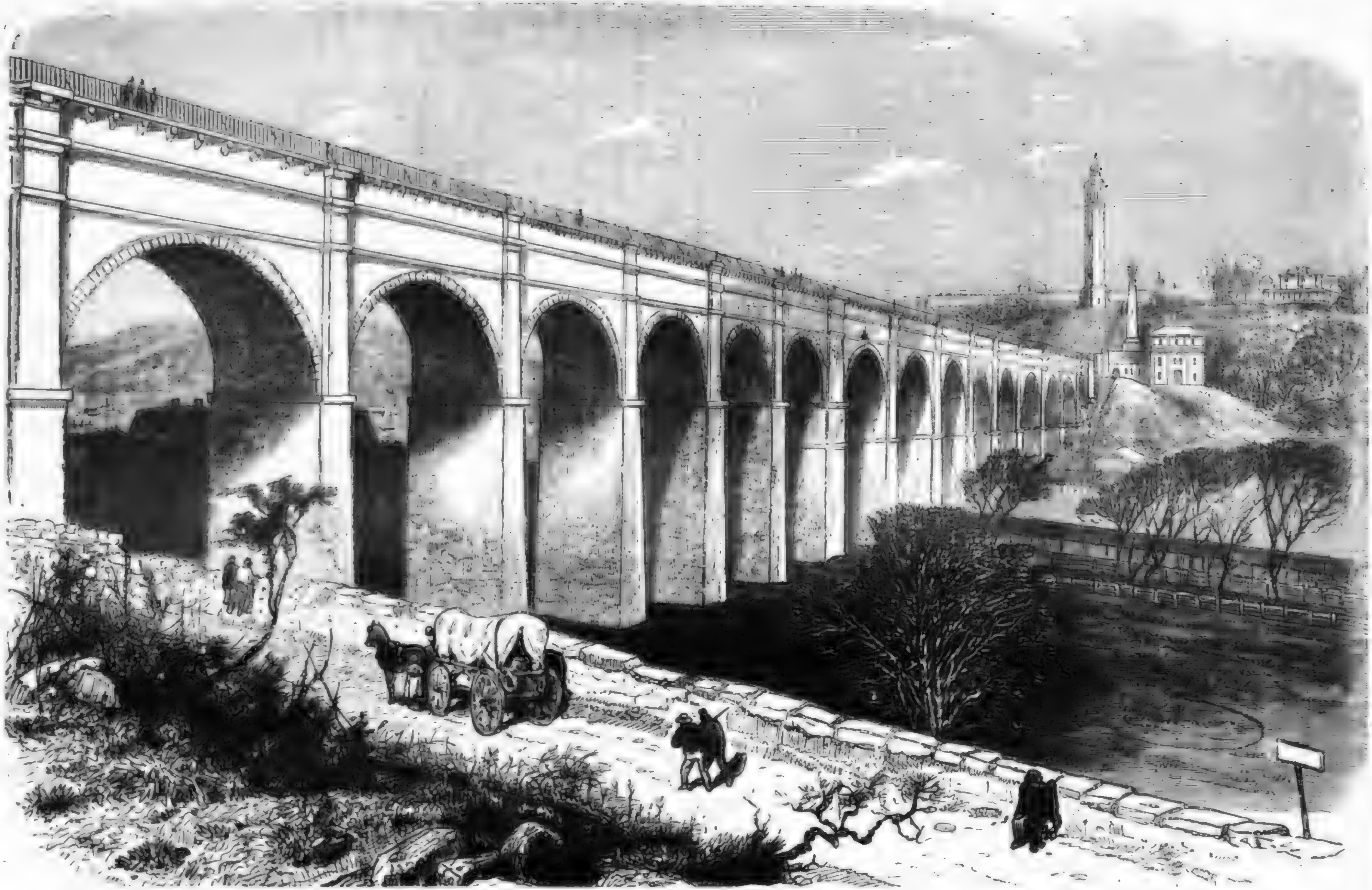
NEW YORK CITY AFTER THE WAR OF 1812.

BY EVART A. DUYCKINCK.

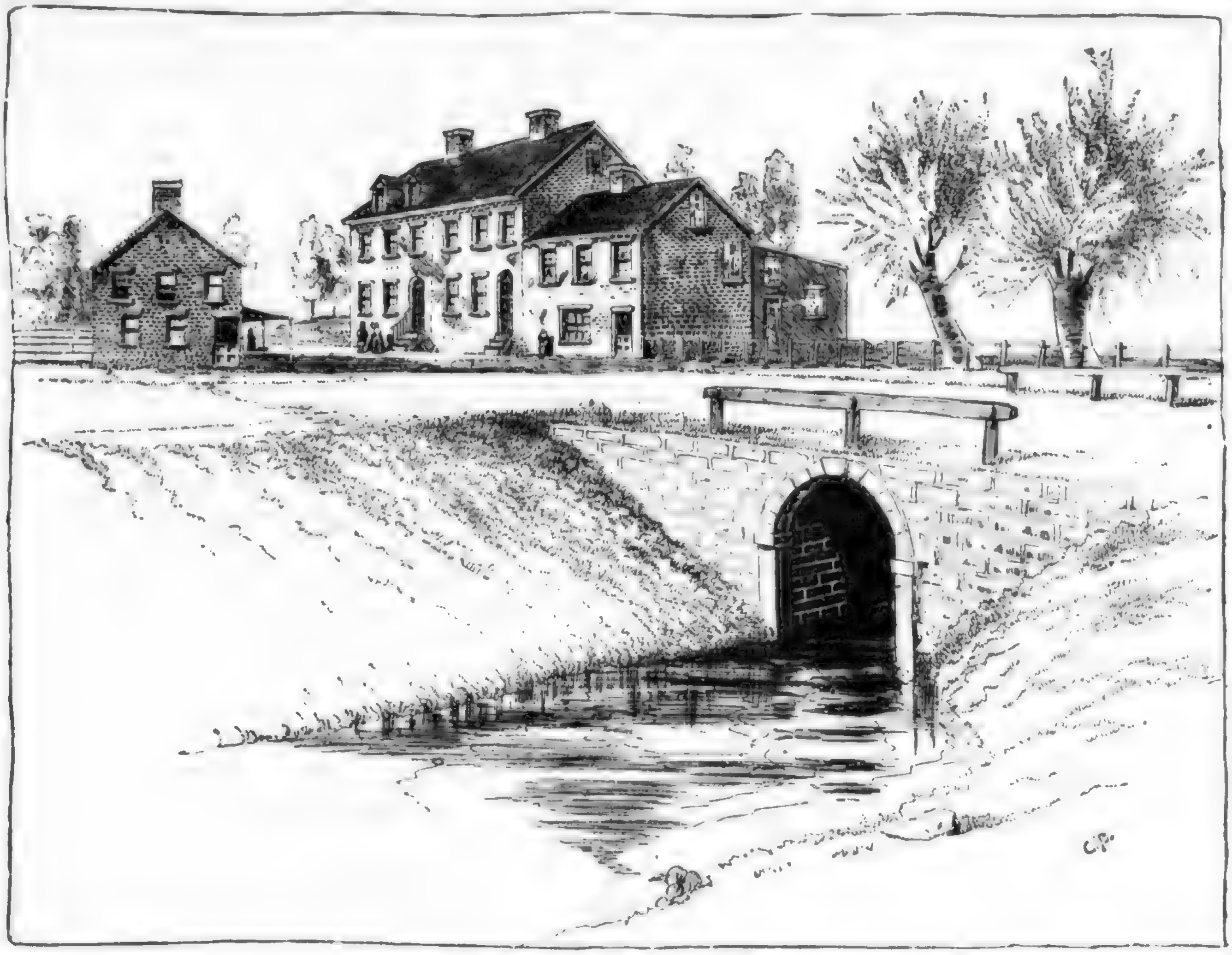
In the events of the war of the United States with England of 1812, as it is termed, from the date of the formal declaration—the two countries had really been in a state of more or less active hostilities for some years previous—the City of New York, though at one time anxious for her safety, was spared the disaster of immediate suffering as the scene of conflict. Her sympathies were not the less with the patriotic efforts of the day. A mercantile people, however averse from war, could not be insensible to the long series of injuries to American commerce by England, and the dishonor to the flag by her continued and contemptuous assertion, accompanied frequently with wanton violence, of the pretended right of search. Looking back upon the period, the feeling now is one of amazement at the patience which so long bore with the infliction. It was quite customary with British officers to arrest American vessels on their course, and take from them by force sailors plausibly or not claimed as British subjects, and transfer them, without further ceremony, to the service of the Crown.

Early in 1806, after these outrages had been endured for years, the United States Congress, at the instigation of the merchants of the leading cities, among which New York was prominent, was aroused to the preliminary action for redress of prohibiting the importation of British manufactures. This had scarcely been passed when an illustration, one of many, of the evils suffered was afforded at their very doors to the citizens of New York. The story is told in a review of the times by Dr. Morgan Dix, the rector of Trinity, in an historical address at the centennial celebration of St. Paul's Chapel: "On Friday, April 25th, 1806, at five o'clock in the evening, a poor little sloop, laden with market produce and stores, and hailing from the Delaware, was quietly making for the Narrows, on her way to New York. Preposterously as it sounds to us, when off Sandy Hook, she was fired into by a huge man-of-war, of two decks of guns, bearing His Britannic Majesty's commission, and named the *Leander*. At the first shot the little craft very submissively hove to. The frigate, however, fired again, and by this second shot John Pierce, the brother of the captain of the sloop, who was standing at the helm, was instantly killed. When the sloop came up to the city, bringing the news and the corpse together, there occurred one of those movements which are prophetic of coming trouble. The affidavits of the captain and master, containing a full account of the outrage, were laid before the Common Council by the Mayor, and it was thereupon ordered that the funeral of the murdered man should take place at the expense of the city. At twelve o'clock, meridian, on the 28th of April, the ceremonies were performed in such a manner as to testify the depth and intensity of the public indignation. The body, having been taken from the City Hall, was carried in procession down Wall Street to Pearl, through Pearl and Whitehall Streets to Broadway, and up Broadway to St. Paul's. The flags on the shipping were set at half-mast; all the bells tolled sullenly and ominously. The corpse was preceded by the clergy in white scarfs, and followed by the brother of the deceased and the hands of the sloop. After them came shipmasters and sailors, and a great concourse of citizens. The funeral service was read in St. Paul's by Dr. Hobart, and the body was buried in the churchyard."

When the struggle came, New York, in common with her sister cities, had, in the midst of the general suffering, one pleasing duty to perform—that of honoring the naval heroes of the day. She had ever a welcome for them as they came—first Hull, fresh from his victory over the *Guerriere;* then, in rapid succession, Jones, Decatur and Bainbridge. All had civic receptions; swords were presented; *fêtes* were given at the City Hotel; their portraits were painted by Jarvis, at the public cost, for the gallery at the City Hall. One of these occasions of rejoicing happily fell on a great day of festivity, when, on the 1st of January, 1813, Decatur's prize, the *Macedonian*, was brought to the city. "Here," says Mr. Lossing, the faithful chronicler of the war, "she was greeted with great joy as a 'New Year's gift.' 'A more acceptable compliment could not have been presented to a joyous people,' said one of the newspapers. 'She comes with the compliments of the season from old Neptune,' said another. 'Janus,' the peace-loving, smiled,' said a third, more classical. The excitement of a feast had then scarcely died away, for only three days before a splendid banquet had been given, at Gibson's City Hotel, to Hull, Jones and Decatur, by the corporation and citizens of New York, and the newspapers of the land speedily became the vehicles of the 'effusions' of a score of poets, who caught inspiration from the shouts of triumph that filled the air." Then in the following month came Lawrence's victory, in command of the *Hornet*, over the *Peacock*, when the Common Council of New York honored him with the freedom of the city, a memorial piece of plate, and a public dinner; to be followed, alas! by a very different reception, when, after he had fought his last gallant fight, and given to the world his noble signal of endurance, "Don't give up the ship!"



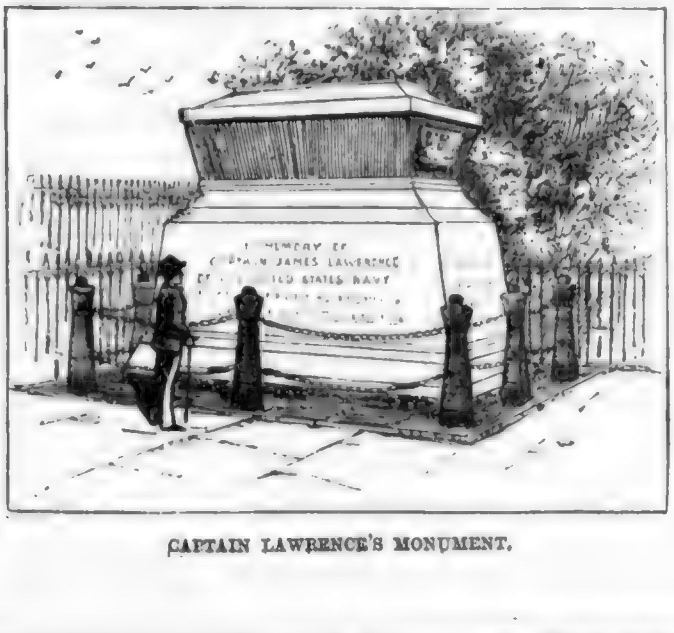
THE CROTON AQUEDUCT AT HIGHBRIDGE, ON THE HARLEM RIVER.



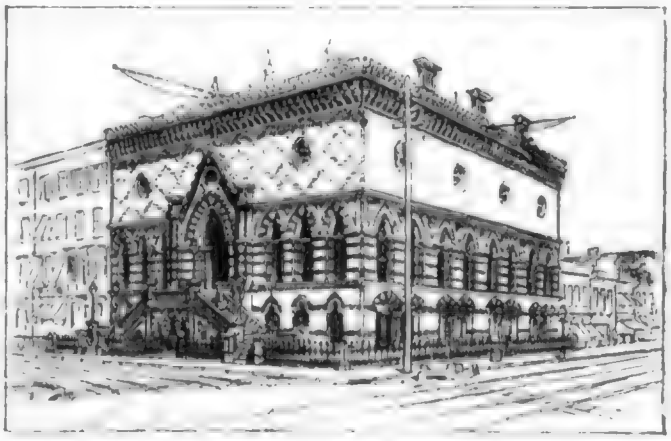
CANAL STREET AND BROADWAY IN 1812.

his remains, in September, were brought to repose with funereal honors in a corner of Trinity Churchyard. There the Corporation erected a marble monument, a broken column, typical of his untimely end. In 1847, the tomb having become dilapidated, the remains were removed to a more conspicuous station in the churchyard on Broadway, at the southern entrance to the church, where a new monument commemorates the heroic death of Lawrence, and of his companion in the action, the youthful Ludlow.

The same month which saw the burial of Lawrence witnessed Perry's victory on Lake Erie, for which the City Hall was illuminated. In the Summer of 1814 came Commodore Porter, after the romantic and adventurous cruise of the *Essex* was over, escaping by flight in a whaleboat, on his return to the Atlantic coast, the British flag under which he was conducted, to seek the shores of Long Island, where he landed in safety, and proceeded in triumph to New York. Then, in July, came the turn in the fortune of the war by land, when Scott won his laurels at Niagara, too soon followed by the British incursions on the Chesapeake, and the burning of the Capitol at Washington. This brought the sense of danger home to New York, and the remainder of the Summer and Autumn of the year was passed by her citizens in strenuous exertions for defense. De Witt Clinton was then Mayor of New York, and was not wanting in words and deeds of patriotic fervor. Voluntary offerings were made, a committee of defense was organized, citizens of all classes and professions turned out to work in the trenches and at the fortifications, which rose rapidly at the defensible points of the island, at Brooklyn, and elsewhere in the harbor. We may see traces of this hearty toil of the last generation preserved within the



CAPTAIN LAWRENCE'S MONUMENT.



THE ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

present peaceful inclosure of the holiday Central Park. Great gallantry was doubtless shown on the occasion by the citizens, though happily their work was never tested by the guns of the enemy. This was the season of the city poet Woodworth's easy war lyrics, and of Halleck's early verses commemorative of Swartwout's gallant company of distinguished citizens, the Iron Grays—

> "When first their banner waved in air,
> Invasion's bands were nigh,
> And the battle-drum beat long and loud,
> And the torch of war blazed high!"

The completion of the Erie Canal, uniting the waters of the Hudson with the great Lakes, accomplished in 1825, was a supplement to the achievement of Fulton, the interest taken in which, at the time, can scarcely, notwithstanding the present value of the enterprise to the State, be appreciated in these days of rapidly executed, gigantic railway undertakings. It is only by the reflection that what we are now securing, over the vast region from the Atlantic to the Pacific, of national strength and prosperity, by the multiplication of long-extended tracks of railway, then seemed to depend entirely upon opening lines of communication by water. The agitation of the topic began with the independence of the country, a growth of its new life and unfettered energies. Washington, whose early experience in the West and training as an engineer gave him an intimate acquaintance with the physical elements of the subject, was always highly impressed as a statesman with its importance in a political view. He constantly urged the necessity of directing the trade of the West from Spain, then in possession of Louisiana, holding the mouth of the Mississippi, and Great Britain in the St. Lawrence, by opening new lateral water highways to the coast. He was anxious to secure these commercial advantages for Virginia. Nowhere was the opportunity greater for a grand scheme of improvement than in the State of New York, a generally open country, threaded by magnificent rivers, and dotted at intervals by lakes inferior in size only to the inland seas which formed her western boundary, The utilization of these resources was pointed out by the route of the old Indian water communications and portages from the Hudson to Montreal on the north, and the great Lakes on the west.

"Any one," says Cadwallader D. Colden, in his able "Canal Memoir," "that had traversed those portages, or heard them described, and knew that artificial ways had been constructed in other parts of the world, must have thought of completing these water communications by canals."

The general subject consequently occupied the attention, from the close of the Revolution, of the leading politicians of the State, and of various public-spirited persons of a scientific turn of mind. Foremost among the latter in bringing the topic to the attention of the Legislature was Christopher Colles, ever active in schemes for the common welfare, often in advance of his times, and, like most ingenious inventors without capital, but ill rewarded for his pains. He proposed an improvement of the navigation of the Mohawk, and subsequently of the water communication between Oswego and Albany. Elkanah Watson, a native of Massachusetts, a mercantile agent in Europe during the Revolution, imbued with the practical ideas of Washington in internal improvements, turned his attention, during a prolonged residence at Albany, to the study of Western canals, and is to be remembered for his exertions, by his pen and in other ways, in preparing the way for the system which was afterward adopted. The active-minded Dr. Hugh Williamson also employed his pen on the subject. Governor George Clinton, General Schuyler, and Gouverneur Morris, gave it an enlightened support. But of all the statesmen favoring the canal policy, De Witt Clinton holds the first place, for his evident and persistent efforts in the cause. For fifteen years, from 1810 to the completion of the work, he was its constant advocate, as Canal Commissioner personally surveying the ground, rendering it familiar to the public in popular writings, presenting the subject to the Legislature in an able memorial, and in 1817 drafting the Bill for its successful prosecution. On the 4th of July of that year the great Erie Canal was commenced at Rome, Clinton, who had recently been elected Governor of the State, bearing a conspicuous part in the ceremony of the day. The construction of the work occupied about eight years, and was not carried on without considerable factious opposition from those who pretended to doubt the practicability of the affair, or objected to its cost. Clinton, a master of statement, met every difficulty in his addresses to the Legislature and reports of the progress of the undertaking. Success, at last, the only unassailable argument in such cases, crowned the work. In the public rejoicing at the event, the clouds which had hung over the enterprise from the beginning were dissipated for ever.

Never has the State of New York enjoyed a more hearty triumph. The celebration of the event began at Buffalo, on the 26th of October, 1825, with a city procession to the head of the canal, where Governor Clinton, with various official personages and delegations, entered the *Seneca Chief*, gayly fitted up as the leader of a flotilla of boats laden with the characteristic products of the West, drawn up to pass the entire extent of the canal, with its eighty-three locks and 363 miles to Albany, and the Hudson to its union with the ocean. As the first boat started on its course a signal-gun was fired at Buffalo, and repeated at near stations along the route till, in one continuous sound of roaring artillery, the intelligence reached New York in exactly one hour and twenty minutes. The time spent in thus forwarding the message on the banks of the Hudson River was exactly twenty minutes. A return communication was sent in similar manner and equally short time. All along the line of the canal—at Lockport, with its cleft mountain barrier; at Rochester, where prayers were offered up and an address delivered in one of the churches; at Syracuse; Utica; at Little Falls, with its wild, romantic scenery, to Albany, where a procession was formed to the capital; everywhere at all the intermediate villages—there were gatherings of the people, with notables of the region, with decorations, speeches, addresses and feastings. Descending the Hudson, the little flotilla of canal boats was escorted and led along by the famous steamboats of the river, the *Chancellor Livingston* at the head, conducting the *Seneca Chief;* the *Constitution*, with the *Young Lion of the West* in tow, charged with a representative freight of two living wolves, a fawn, a fox, four raccoons and two live eagles; the *Chief Justice Marshall*, the *Constellation*, the *Swiftsure*, the *Ohio Branch*, towing the safety barge *Matilda;* the *Richmond*—proud successors, after only a few years, of the first experimental vessels of Fulton. Many were the spectators on the banks of the river as the gay and novel procession moved along. By day there were cheers and salutes, receptions and feastings on shore at the chief towns; at night there were bonfires and illuminations, answered by rockets from the boats. At West Point there was a salute of twenty-four guns, wakening the echoes of the Highlands, and the officers of the post were received on board as guests of the Corporation of New York, invited to take part in the closing festivities. Early on the morning of the next day, the 4th of November, the fleet was anchored opposite the city in the North River. Here Governor Clinton was welcomed by a committee of the Common Council. Presently all were again in motion for the formation of the grand aquatic procession to be manauvred in the harbor and sail in magnificent array to the ocean. The fleet which had descended the Hudson was now joined by large accessions from the city, the *Fulton* assisting the *Chancellor Livingston* in towing the *Seneca Chief;* the watermen of Whitehall in their light craft; the *Washington*, carrying the Common Council with the Mayor of the city, Philip Hone, and some 800 invited guests; the barge *Lady Clinton*, reserved for the ladies of the party; and a large number of steamers plying in the bay, among them the *Nautilus*, Captain Vanderbilt. The day was remarkably clear and calm, so that this part of the entertainment had every advantage of sky and water. As the grand procession swept by the Battery, which offered the best view of the spectacle, it was cheered by the guns of the neighboring forts, and as it entered the Narrows a national salute was fired from Fort Lafayette. On reaching the ocean the United States schooner *Porpoise* was in readiness to offer the congratulations of Neptune. A salute was fired from her decks, and immediately the whole fleet formed a circle round her of about three miles in circumference. Here the ceremony was performed by Governor Clinton of mingling the waters of the lakes with the ocean by pouring a keg of the water of Lake Erie into the Atlantic. This was followed by a characteristic performance on the part of Dr. Mitchill, who came provided for the occasion with bottles of water from the Elbe, the Thames, the Seine and Tagus, the Orinoco, La Plata and Amazon, all of which he poured into the sea. Having emptied his bottles, the doctor drew upon the exhaustless stores of his reading in an address redolent of poetry and symbolism. On their return the fleet exchanged salutes with the British ships in the harbor.

The participants in the excursion were landed at the Battery in time to join the city procession, which, having started from that point in the morning, had passed along Greenwich Street and Canal to Broadway, through Broome Street to Bowery, down the Bowery to Pearl Street, and was now entering Broadway at the Battery, on its way to the closing ceremonies at the City Hall. The procession presented a brilliant display in the banners and decorations of the numerous benevolent and mechanic societies; many of the trades — the coopers, hatters, and others—were exhibited in operation on platforms. On the printers' stage, drawn by four horses, were two hand-presses of the latest invention, on which copies of an ode, written for the occasion by Samuel Woodworth, were struck off and distributed to the multitude. The Fire Department, with its glittering engines and implements, made, as usual, a gallant show. "It was probably," says Dr. Charles King, one of the aids of the day, "the most elaborate and most imposing public ceremony ever witnessed in the city. I know," he adds, "that it is common to speak of each celebration in turn as the finest; but I, who have witnessed a great many fine pageants here and elsewhere, have never seen one which, in all its effects and moral considerations, and actual display on land and on water, equaled the Canal Jubilee."*

The day was succeeded by a brilliant illumination of the city in the evening, with the exhibition of various emblematic transparencies, and an unusual display of fireworks from the roof of the City Hall.

The completion of the Erie Canal was an event of the first importance both to the City and State of New York. The next celebration of a great undertaking accomplished, following seventeen years after, belonged peculiarly, though not exclusively, to the city. This was the completion, in 1842, of the Croton Aqueduct, bringing the waters of the river, an affluent of the Hudson beyond Sing Sing, from its far home through the difficult region of Westchester County, rising in strong hills or sinking in deep valleys, across the Harlem River, to be carried onward in its covered channel of solid masonry, and distributed to the streets and houses of New York. The city from the beginning had a bad reputation for the insalubrity of its water. The wells in the earliest time were brackish and unwholesome. It was the complaint, as we have seen, of the traveler Kalm, that the stranger arriving at the place could get no water fit for his horse to drink. Good springs were to be found in the higher parts of the island, just beyond the inhabited portion; but, as population was pushed onward, it carried its deteriorating influence with it, and the sources were corrupted. The problem of securing a plentiful and wholesome supply of water for the citizens in their homes was one which, for a long time, gave employment to the scheming brains of restless speculators and cunning inventors, of practical men and the impracticable. It was probably a benefit in the end that the work constantly projected was so often deferred, so long delayed. When done at last, it was well done, and doubtless all the better for hesitation and failure which had exhausted all minor and less effective projects. New York, in more than one instance, has been the gainer by patient waiting. She has been slow to take upon her the work of many civic improvements, but when she has moved, it has been for great results. There are some things in the management or neglect of her affairs which afford material enough at present for grumbling, but the example of what she has done in suddenly removing old grievances, imparts confidence that what we groan over to-day may be supplanted by some brilliant achievement to-morrow. In this matter of the introduction of the Croton water, how long was it sighed for in vain; how much unavailing newspaper indignation was there expended on behalf of a long-suffering community? It is curious and instructive to note the various attempts made at the solution of the problem, distant and interrupted precursors of the conclusive effort. They not only illustrate the subject, but exhibit something of the actual condition of the city at different times. Projects were listened to at one period as all-sufficient, which at another were quietly dropped for their imbecility. The city had outgrown them.

The first serious effort to supply the inhabitants of New York with pure water was entered upon just before the Revolution, in 1774, when the Common Council of the city, entertaining the proposition of the ingenious Christopher Colles, actually purchased the land and issued paper bills of credit for the purpose of erecting a suitable Reservoir. The site chosen was then beyond the limits of the thickly settled portion of the city, on Broadway, or, as it was then called above the Park, Great George Street, between the present Pearl and White Streets. Pure springs then abounded in that locality. Wells were to be dug and the water pumped up into a Reservoir. An outline of the machinery by which this was to be effected may be seen on the reverse of the

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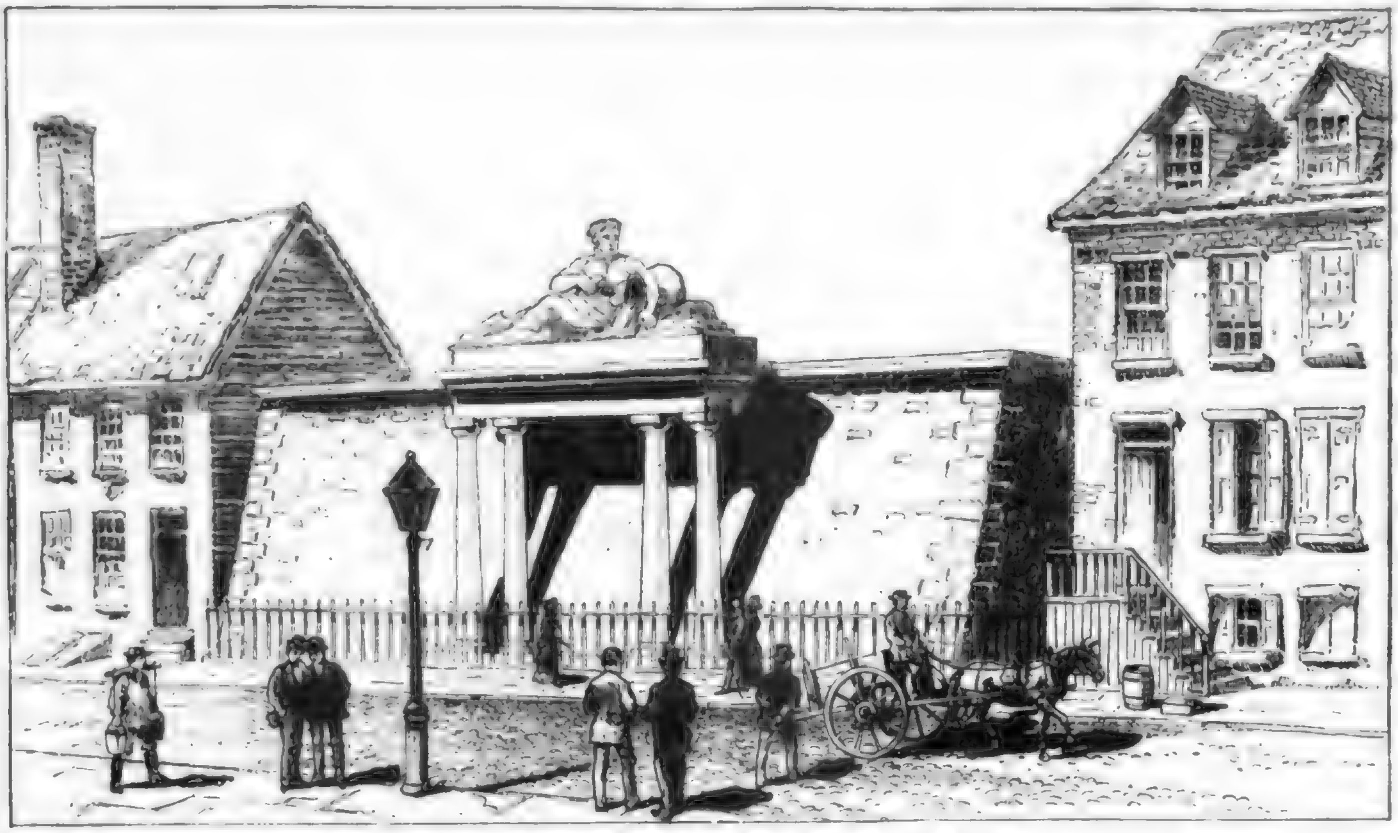
* Lecture before the New York Mechanics' Society, 1857.

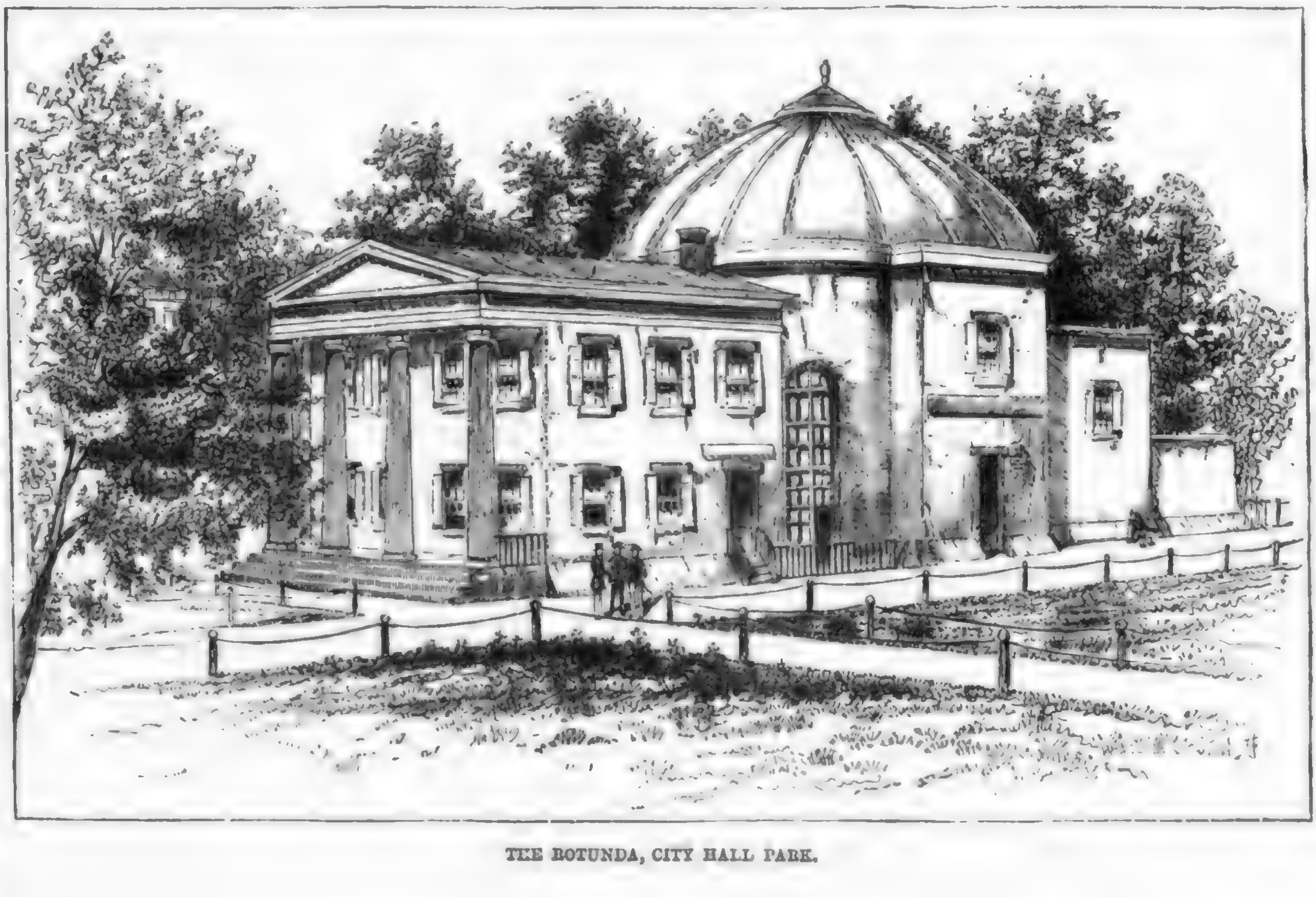
XUM



RESERVOIR OF MANHATTAN WATER-WORKS, CHAMBERS STREET.

unpaid little treasury-notes of the city, having the imprint of Hugh Gaine, and the promises, in small amounts, of the Corporation of those days, in form and appearance very like the paper Continental money issued so freely a few years afterward. The money, from its minute subdivision, was probably freely circulated, and is still to be met with in the hands of collectors. The Van Cortlandt family were paid for the land; the work went on, and the Reservoir might have been filled with water but for the untoward disturbance of the Revolution. After that was over nothing more was heard of the investment; but the want remained, and new schemes were set afloat to meet it. Private persons began to approach the Corporation with proposals, and that body got so far—and no further—as to assert the principle that the privilege of supplying the city with water should be kept to itself, and not given to individuals.

In 1789, Rumsey, of Philadelphia, confident of his

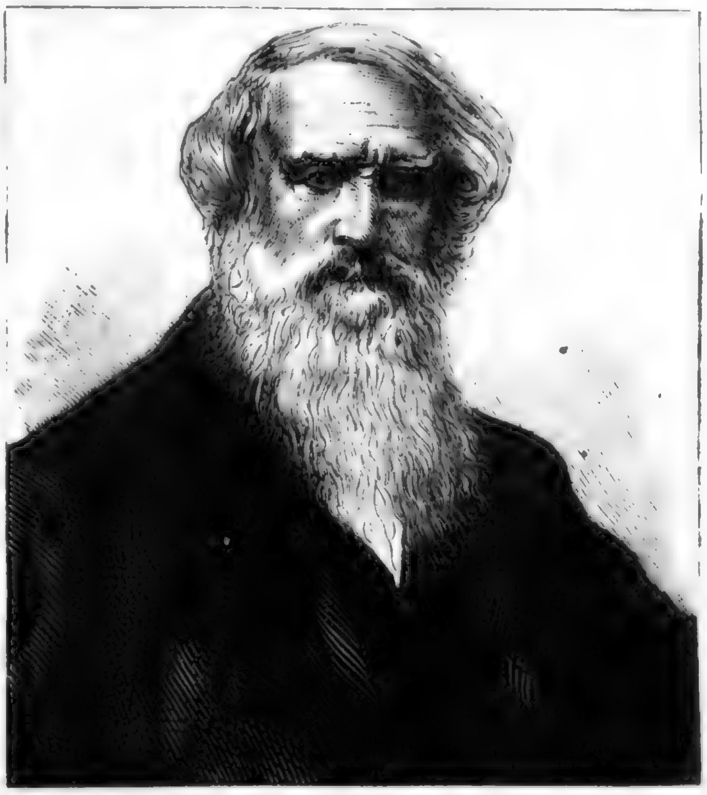


THE ROTUNDA, CITY HALL PARK.

hydraulic inventions, offered to furnish the city with pure water by contract. He was encouraged to bring forward his plan, and did not. Passing over others, in 1795 Samuel Crane, clinging to the old Tea-water Pump, proposed to lead the water from that source about the town. Then came propositions for pipe-laying, and in 1798 a communication of a larger scope than any heretofore made, by Dr. Joseph Brown, suggesting the Bronx River, in Westchester County, as a source of supply. A dam was to be built, from which the water was to be brought by a canal to the Harlem River, carried across the stream in pipes, and pumped up into an elevated Reservoir on New York Island, for distribution to the city. This was a wide leap, for those days, from the Tea-water Pump in Roosevelt Street.

In presenting his scheme, Dr. Brown spoke with authority as a physician, urging upon the citizens the necessity of action for the safety of their lives, as he attributed much of the virulence of the late visitations of yellow fever to the insufficient and impure water in use. The Common Council was moved, called upon the Legislature for power to act on the general subject, and obtained a report from the Canal Engineer, Mr. Watson, which proved favorable to the plan of Dr. Brown.

It seems that at this time there was a strong disposition to utilize that natural reservoir, the Collect. The water of this pond had a high reputation for purity; it was much admired for its coolness; its great depth promised an adequate supply, and, in comparison with the distant Bronx, it certainly had the advantage of being at hand in the city. Dr. Brown, in his memorial, poured contempt upon the notion of drawing water from "the large, stagnating, filthy pond, commonly called the Collect, which now is, or soon will be, the centre of the city," and consequently the drain and sink of its manifold contaminations; while the engineer Weston, admitting that "the general bias of opinion was in favor of the scheme," suggested doubts of the continued purity of the water, and questioned the adequacy of the supply. This discussion appears to have disposed of the Collect in this relation. A few years after, this pond, a natural feature of much interest in the geography of the island, was filled up, partly with earth from the neighboring elevation of Bunker's Hill, famed for the fine circular prospect from the summit, which was leveled in the same march of city improvements.



SAMUEL F. B. MORSE.

The Bronx scheme was costly for the time, and fell before the more easy and plausible method of financiering advocated by Aaron Burr, of securing the work mainly at the expense of an incorporation created under the name of the Manhattan Company, ostensibly with the primary object of supplying the city with pure water, but in reality with the design of securing perpetual banking privileges. The company was chartered in 1799, and went immediately into operation, but instead of drawing wholesome water from a distance, as was expected, sank a well in Duane Street, with which they supplied a distributing reservoir on their premises, fronting on Chambers Street. The water was thence carried about the city in wooden pipes. The Manhattan Bank flourished—the Manhattan water, loaded with noxious impurities, soon became a byword and offense. The company, with its privileges and promises, long stood in the way of improvement.

The subject, however, continued to be agitated. In 1819 a proposal was made by Robert Macomb to bring to the city the pure waters of Rye Pond, about thirty miles distant, in Westchester County. The Housatonic River was talked of for the purpose, and a charter obtained from Connecticut in 1823; in 1825 the New York Waterworks Company was incorporated by the Legislature, and in 1827 the New York Well Company, the water to be procured on the island, on elevated grounds; all these, and a project partly carried out the next year of sinking artesian wells, ended in nothing. In 1829, at the instance of the Fire Department, a well and reservoir were established, with distributing pipes, in Fourteenth Street, near Broadway. "From this feeble and economical beginning," says Charles King, "sprang our noble Croton Aqueduct; for, the immense and immediate advantages in cases of fire derived from this reservoir impressed more vividly upon the public mind the far greater advantages that would result from having a river at command."

The Croton River now began to be steadily brought forward as the only proper and sufficient means of supply, though the Bronx and inferior schemes were still talked of. In 1833 and the following year Acts were passed by the Legislature providing for the appointment of Water Commissioners charged with the subject of supplying the city with pure water, with power of employing engineers and making contracts, subject to the approval of the City Corporation, the whole, when matured and the expense estimated, to be submitted to a final determining vote of the people. Under this Act Stephen Allen, William W. Fox, Saul Alley, Charles Dusenberry, and Benjamin M. Brown, were appointed commissioners. The necessary surveys having been made under the direction of Major David B. Douglas, engineer, a report was made in favor of the Croton River as the only full and pure source of supply; and in April, 1885, the recommendation being approved by the Common Council, the ratification of the measure went before the people of the city, 17,330 voting for it, 5,963 against it. Funds were now raised by the creation of a special water stock, and the work was proceeded with without delay under the direction of J. B. Jervis as chief engineer.

Appraisements were made of the value of land required on the route of the Aqueduct; a dam was constructed at the Croton River, six miles above its mouth; conduits of solid masonry led thence a distance of thirty-two miles to the Harlem River. By a special Act in 1839 the Legislature ordered the construction of the High Bridge at that point; waiting its completion, the water was conveyed across the valley by a temporary pipe; a receiving reservoir was erected on New York Island at Eighty-sixth Street, now the lower reservoir in the Central Park, and a distributing reservoir at Murray Hill, the entire distance being about forty and a half miles. On the 22d of June, 1842, the water was let into the receiving reservoir with appropriate ceremonies; and on the ensuing 4th of July into the distributing reservoir. A grand civic celebration of the completion of the work took place on the 14th of October, 1842. A procession was formed in ten divisions, in which were represented the military; official persons of the State and city; the literary and benevolent societies; the temperance societies, an appropriate feature of the day; the butchers of New York and Brooklyn; the fire department. The route of the procession was from the Battery up Broadway to Union Park, down the Bowery to Grand Street, through Grand Street to East Broadway, thence through Chatham Street to the City Hall Park. As the front reached the eastern gate of the park, at the end of the circuit, the rear was passing the western, up Broadway. It was thus about seven miles long. The closing ceremonies took place in front of the City Hall, where addresses were delivered by Samuel Stevens, President of the Board of Water Commissioners, and J. L. Lawrence, President of the Croton Aqueduct Board, followed by the singing of an ode composed for the occasion by George P. Morris. Thus, in five years, between 1837 and 1842, with an expenditure of twelve millions of dollars, a work of inestimable importance, the discussion of which had agitated the city for the better part of a century in abortive schemes and unfulfilled expectations, was quietly and thoroughly accomplished, leaving its gigantic development in the future, commensurate with the increasing requirements of the city, a simple matter of routine.

A commercial city, with its eager pursuit of material interests, would not, at a first glance, appear favorable to the cultivation of art; but, as it is more closely regarded, influences begin to appear which, in the end, prove its best encouragement and support. The energies required in the mercantile life generate other and higher forms of mental activity; accumulated wealth provides at once the means and incentive of art production, which enters largely into the commodities of advanced trade; luxury requires new resources of enjoyment beyond the supply of the mere necessities of life; the ideal is ever best sustained in healthy development by contact with the actual. These considerations explain the growth of art, in its various forms, in contact with wealth and material civilization. So the fine arts wait upon the metropolis, and crown the edifice which commerce has built.

New York, compared with the great cities of the Old World, is still in her infancy, yet we find her honorably connected with the history of art in America. The early painters of the country, in whatever colony they were born and nurtured, set up at one time or other their studios in this city. Benjamin West, the nursing father of the race, passed here nearly a year, at the age of twenty, painting the portraits of many leading citizens at double the prices he had hitherto obtained, and when he left to sail for Italy to achieve his noble position in England, it was by the liberality of his last sitter, a New York merchant named Kelly, that he was cheered on his way by a munificent gift of fifty guineas. Among the portraits which he painted in the city were those of Bishop Provoost, still owned by Trinity Church, and of Gerardus Duyckinck and his wife, of the Rapelje family, a famous belle in her way. The latter were full-lengths. Copley, the contemporary of West, who, like him, left the country at an early age to rise rapidly to eminence in Europe, resided for some time in New York, "painting for the rich and fashionable" at his studio in Broadway. His portrait, painted about 1773, of the Rev. John Ogilvie, of Trinity Parish, remains an excellent specimen of his style. He also painted in crayons in the city at this time.

Malbone, the graceful miniature-painter, who lighted up the countenances of his sitters with the refinement of his own gentle nature, found a generous support for his art in his visit to this city in 1797, at the age of twenty. Stuart, among the foremost portrait-painters of all time, after he had established his reputation in London, on his return to America opened a studio in Stone Street, where, Dunlap tells us, "it appeared to him as if he had never seen portraits before, so decidedly was form and mind conveyed to the canvas." Among his chief New York portraits are those of John Jay, General Gates, Egbert Benson, General Clarkson and John R. Murray. Trumbull was much at New York, in the exercise of his art, painting Washington in the city in 1790, and others, and in his later days presiding, somewhat narrowly, it was thought, over the waning Academy of the Fine Arts. Vanderlyn, a native of the State, born in 1776, at Kingston, Ulster County, came to New York in his boyhood, and acquired a taste for his profession as a painter in the employ of a Mr. Barrow, an importer of engravings and dealer in prints. He was taught drawing in the school kept in the city by Archibald Robertson, an emigrant from Scotland, the painter of a miniature Washington, and, setting up a studio, was patronized by Aaron Burr, who assisted him in going abroad. On his return to New York, he was much engaged in furthering the fine-art interest of the city, where, about 1817, he opened an exhibition of panoramic paintings in the building known as the Rotunda, erected by him, with the pecuniary aid of his friends, in the City Hall Park. Here he exhibited, besides his "Panorama of Versailles" and others, his wellknown painting of "Ariadne," and "Marius amid the Ruins of Carthage," for the latter of which he had received the Napoleon gold medal in Paris. John Wesley Jarvis, born in England, the nephew of the great Church reformer whose name he bore, was brought in his childhood to Philadelphia, and early in life established himself as a portrait-painter in New York. Here he made his way upward in the profession, at first in partnership with Joseph Wood, drawing profiles on glass, achieving popularity among the citizens by his rare social talents, and, in the war of 1812, securing permanence of fame by his numerous portraits of the military and naval heroes of the period, painted by order of the Corporation, for the Gallery at the City Hall.

With Cooke, the actor, and Gilbert Stuart, Jarvis has left a fund of personal anecdote, preserved on the pages of Dunlap. He was a most agreeable companion; his stories were excellent, and in more than one instance furnished material for the entertainments of Charles Mathews; but his pleasant experiences were, as is often the case, allied to a careless, improvident disposition, which somewhat clouded his professional career. His pupil, Henry Inman, carried his art much higher, his best portraits ranking him with the masters of the American school in grace, refinement and power of expression. He was a native of the State, and early came to reside in the City of New York, where his best artistic years were spent, and where his life was closed in 1846. His contemporary, Huntington, his rival in versatility, fifteen years younger, belongs entirely to the City of New York by both residence and his eminently distinguished professional career. Refined, tender, imaginative in art, he represents the noblest moral elements of the profession in his presidency of the National Academy of Design, to which he was called as the successor of Durant in 1862. The latter, like his distinguished predecessor in the office, Morse, achieved reputation in two distinct departments, either of which would secure his permanent fame: as an engraver of the highest excellence, his numerous portraits of the eminent men of the country, his "Musidora" and "Ariadne," after Vanderlyn's painting, and his grand historical composition after Trumbull's "Declaration of Independence" ranking him with the foremost artists of this or of any country, while in his later career as a painter he has transferred to his canvas, with a grace peculiarly his own—the reflection of a truly generous nature—the most delicate and subtle beauties of the American landscape. Nor are his merits as a portrait-painter to be forgotten. Morse belongs to Massachusetts by birth, but to New York by long residence and the achievement here of his position in the scientific world, which has somewhat thrown into the shade his early career as a painter, when he was associated as a pupil with the fathers of the art, West and Copley, and as a fellow-student in bonds of ardent friendsip with Allston and Leslie. His art career in New York is identified with the history of the National Academy of Design, of which he was first president, and of which he may be said to have been the founder. Elliott, too, younger than Inman, like him born in the interior of the State, his successor as the chief American portrait-painter of his day, identified by the pursuit of his profession in the city with its social history, has passed away at the height of his fame, leaving an abiding impression of his strength and genius. These, the living and the dead, are historic names in the art records of the country, and are all identified with the City of New York. We might enumerate other contemporary artists of enviable fame, but our business here is mainly with the past.

We have spoken of eminent painters. There is another department of art, chiefly employed in rendering their works familiar to the public. It has a language, too, of its own, and its productions, freely multiplied, often survive the originals. This is engraving. Here also New York may challenge something of a position. Cornelius Tiebout, a native of the city, was one of the earliest American copperplate engravers. He was led to the profession by his apprenticeship to a silversmith in the city, who employed him in engraving. After being engaged on various miscellaneous works for the booksellers in New York, he visited London in 1796, and improved greatly under the instruction of the eminent engraver Heath. On his return he executed some excellent portraits. Dunlap speaks of a head of John Jay. Another of much merit was a plate of full quarto size, an excellent engraving of Stuart's fine head of General Gates. He also executed a portrait of Bishop White after Stuart. Tiebout's office, as we learn from his handsomely engraved card with a flourish of Cupids, was at 28 Gold Street. Benjamin Tanner, whose name appears on old engravings, was his pupil. Tiebout subsequently went to Philadelphia, where he had a prosperous career in his profession till he engaged in an unsuccessful trading speculation, on the failure of which he removed to Kentucky, where he died.

In 1793, there was an eccentric but very versatile follower of the arts in New York, John Roberts, a native of Dumfries, Scotland, and friend of Robert Burns, musician, mathematician, mechanician and engraver. There was then in the city an excellent miniature-painter, Benjamin Trott, who had copied Stuart's portrait of Washington. Roberts undertook to engrave this, and had completed his work, when a hasty misunderstanding with his friend Trott led him to destroy it. A few proofs had been taken off, one of which, in the collection of the late Dr. Anderson, shows the hand of a finished artist. Dunlap speaks of his engraving, in 1797, the frontispiece for Longworth's edition of "Telemachus," the plates of which were the work of another New York engraver, Thomas Clarke.

Rollinson, Scoles, Gimbrede, Forman, and the elder Maverick, were early copperplate engravers, employed by the booksellers in the city. Good specimens of the works of these artists are rare; but something more than has yet been attempted might be accomplished to rescue their memory from oblivion. Of their successors in our own time it is less necessary here to speak. The younger Maverick, master of a clear, open style, devoted himself to bank-note engraving, which has since absorbed so much of talent, and it is at the present day, in the hands of Smillie and others, the peculiar department of American art.

In this province, of those who have passed away, Danforth, one of the founders of the National Academy, who died in this city in 1862, will long be remembered for his admirable engravings of the works of Leslie, which rank him with the best of the English school. At a later date, Burt, Halpin and Marshall occupy the foremost place in the prosecution of one of the most difficult branches of the art, portrait-engraving.

In the history of wood-engraving, an art now of universal diffusion, there is one name which should not be forgotten in the annals of the City of New York—Alexander Anderson, the father of the profession in America, who died at the advanced age of ninety-five. His father, a native of Scotland, carried on in New York the business of a printer, having, in 1773, in partnership with Samuel F. Parker, been engaged in an attempt to revive *Parker's New York Gazette*, and subsequently, at an office of his own, issued the *Constitutional Gazette*, a journal published twice a week, from July, 1775, till the end of August, 1776, and devoted to the popular cause. The printer's son, Alexander, was born in the City of New York, April 21st, 1775. He was therefore in his infancy when his father, the rebel printer, as he was called, was compelled to flee upon the arrival of the British. As he was leaving the island for a place of refuge in Connecticut, his wagons were seized for the use of the patriot garrison at Fort Washington, and his books and papers converted into cartridges. Young Anderson's first associations were those of rural life on the shores of the Sound at Greenwich; but he also derived some impressions of art, to which he was peculiarly susceptible, from the rude, grotesque woodcuts which were then printed in books, and something of a higher character from the prints of Hogarth. Returning to New York at the departure of the British, he entered upon a course of school education, receiving instruction in Latin and Greek, while he gratified his own boyish instinct in

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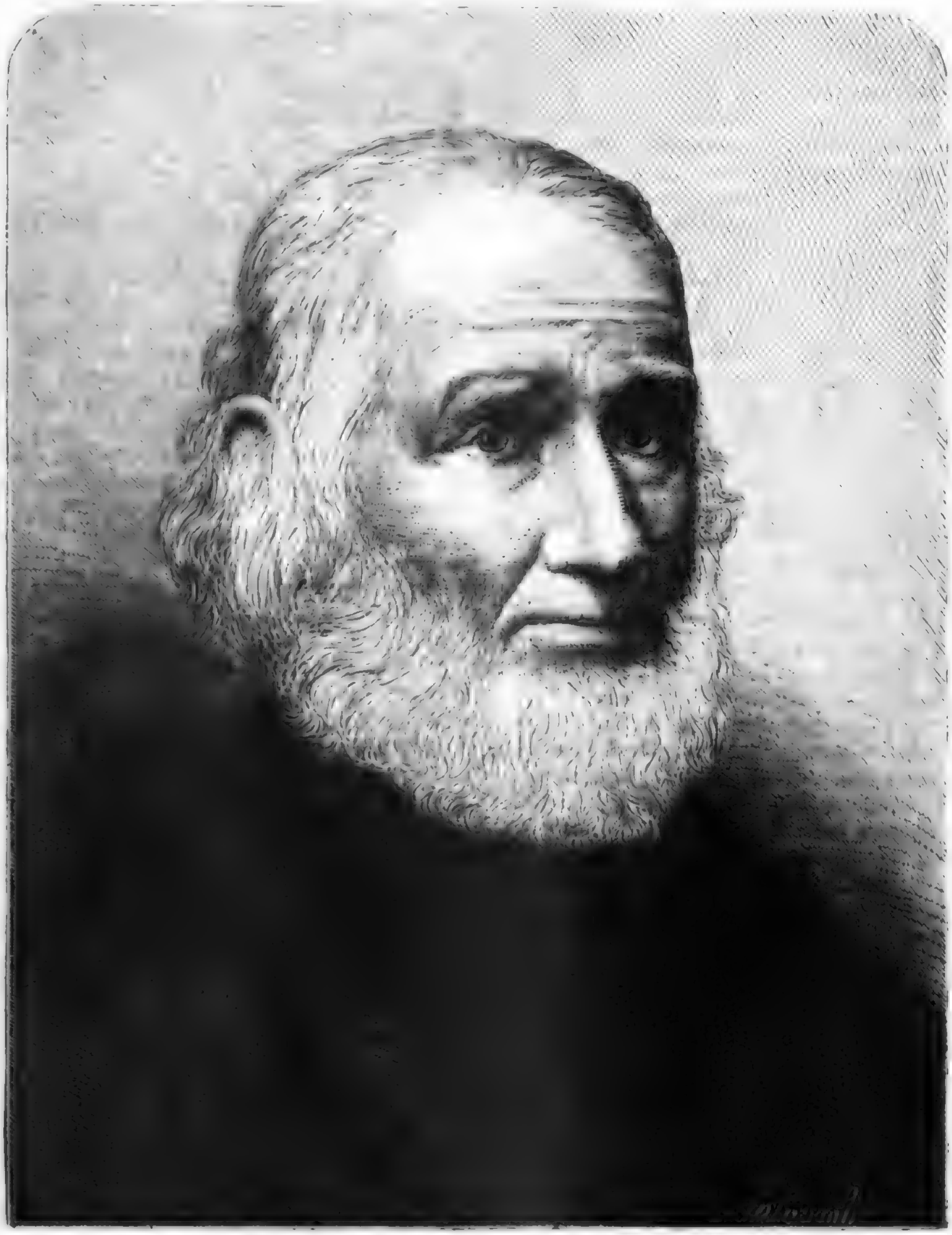
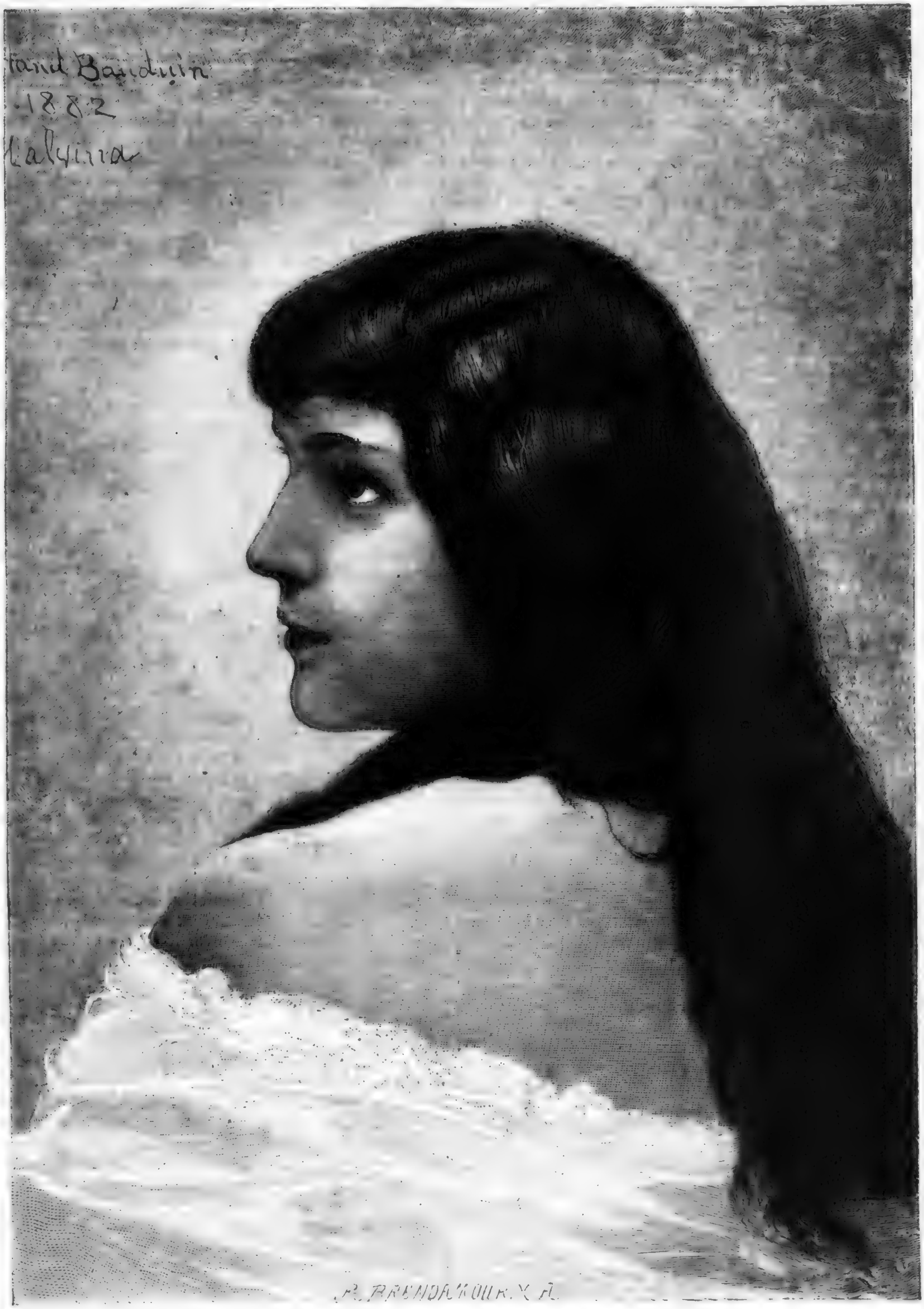
carving and drawing. An attempt at engraving followed upon bits of copper rolled out from pennies in the mill of a friendly silversmith. His first graver was the back spring of a pocket-knife, ground to a point. He engraved some small ships for the advertisements in the newspapers. At fourteen he was set to learn the profession of a physician with Dr. Joseph Young, then a practitioner of note in the city, with whom he continued five years, compounding and administering drugs. All the while he was contributing to his support by his practice of engraving, finding employment from Durell, the bookseller, and soon being called upon for the miscellaneous work of various kinds which was in request in the city.

A sight of Bewick's illustrations at this time led to his perfecting himself in wood-engraving, his first work in this line being a reproduction of the series of cuts, by John Bewick, of the "Looking-glass for the Mind," which he began on type-metal, and continued on boxwood, which was then not easily to be procured in New York. At the age of twenty, in 1795, he was placed in charge of Bellevue Hospital, as resident physician, by the Health Committee, during the yellow fever season of that year. In 1796 he took his medical degree at Columbia College, producing an inaugural dissertation of merit on Chronic Mania, which was printed. In the yellow fever season of 1798 he lost within a few weeks wife, child, brother, father and mother. Being thus left alone in the world, he visited his uncle, Dr. Alexander Anderson, King's Botanist at St. Vincent's, in the West Indies. Soon returning to New York, he became exclusively engaged in his profession as a wood-engraver, which he pursued, counting from the beginning, for three-quarters of a century. For many years he executed pretty much all the work done for the booksellers and others in the city, and for many outside of it. His wood-cuts are consequently to be numbered by thousands. Many of his designs were ori-



DR. ALEXANDER ANDERSON, FIRST WOOD-ENGRAVER IN NEW YORK.


and Bauduin
1882
Malvina
R. BRENDAMOUR X A.

MALVINA.— FROM THE PAINTING BY ROLAND BAUDUIN.

ginal; all were drawn by himself upon the block, transfers not being then in use. His style was that of Bewick, with strong, simple effects of light and dark. The range of his work included every variety of book-illustration, from the Bible and Shakespeare, in numerous series, through the whole range of the British classics to primers, spelling-books, etc. Had encouragement been afforded him, he would probably have published much from his own designs, for he was a good draughtsman, and had that kind of moral invention which lends such an interest to the emblematic vignettes of his master, Bewick. This taste was shown in his extreme old age, when in his retirement, no longer employed by the booksellers, he executed various designs, adapted or original, all instinct with feeling and beauty. In his personal character he was a man of temperance, purity and honesty, of great moral worth, happy in the unintermitted exercise of the art which he loved, and which he had made his own by his unassisted efforts.

So long had Anderson the entire business of the city in wood-engraving, that when Adams began work in New York, in 1825, he found here but three engravers practicing their art, Anderson and his two pupils, Morgan and Lansing. In a particular direction Adams carried wood-engraving to its highest refinement. Some of his choicest works were executed for the New York *Mirror*, after the designs of the painter Chapman, of whose delicate handling he was an admirable interpreter; but he is best known by his extensive series of engravings for the folio Bible, which generally bears his name, published by Harper & Brothers.

While the artists whom we have mentioned have made a name for themselves, by force of their native genius, the art interests in the city have been maintained by several associations. The first of these in point of time, the "New York Academy of Fine Arts," was projected in 1802, and chartered as the "American Academy of Arts" in 1808, when Robert R. Livingston became its president. He obtained for it, while Ambassador in Paris, a valuable set of casts from the antique, the gift of Napoleon, which for a long while constituted its only possessions. But little use appears to have been made of them, the institution lying dormant for a number of years, till it was revived in 1816, under the presidency of De Witt Clinton, who delivered a learned public address in its behalf. Dr. Hosack was also one of its constant benefactors. Its first exhibition of paintings was held that year in the building then recently occupied as an Almshouse, on the site of the present new City Hall. Clinton was succeeded in the presidency by Colonel Trumbull, who appears to have adopted anything but a conciliatory course toward his brother-artists in the city, who were strangely neglected in the management of the institution. This was a cardinal defect in the policy of its stockholders. There was a lack of prudence in its business affairs, it fell into neglect, and its inefficiency resulted in the formation of a society of artists, a simple "Drawing Association" for study and social intercourse, which speedily developed, in 1828, into the chartered association, the present "National Academy of Design."

The master-spirit of this enterprise was Professor Morse, who was chosen its first president, and held the office without intermission for eighteen years, when he was succeeded by A. B. Durand, whose term of office was nearly as long. Morse then occupied the chair for a single year, when he was called away by his public and scientific engagements, and was succeeded by Huntington, under whose presidency the Academy, established in a permanent edifice of its own, has entered upon a new career of popular favor and usefulness. The "Historic Annals" of the institution have been given to the public in a volume prepared by one of its most faithful members, Thomas C. Cummings, and the record is a highly honorable one in the maintenance of an interest which could only be sustained by the utmost disinterestedness and prudence. Fortunately, New York possessed in her artists a body of men not only of great worth in the various branches of their profession, but of singleness of aim and high moral character. Under the guidance of such men as Morse, Cole, Durand, Weir, Inman, Ingham, Gray, Huntington, Darley and others—the list would include the whole body of Academicians—the institution has always commanded the respect of the public. This was handsomely shown, in 1863, in the subscription for the erection of the noble building now occupied by the Academy.

Among those who took part in the ceremonies at the laying of the corner-stone was the poet Bryant, who had been identified with the welfare of the Academy from its origin, having, in 1828, furthered its infant fortunes by the delivery before its members of a course of lectures on the "Mythology of the Ancients." The superior organization of the Academy necessarily threw into the shade its ineffective predecessor, the old American Academy, which soon ceased to exist. It is not to be forgotten, however, that it was for many years the only upholder of art interests in New York, and that it was for a time liberally sustained by many public-spirited citizens. Among the treasures in its possession was a noble full-length portrait of Benjamin West, painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence, for which several thousand dollars was collected in a liberal subscription, that it might be presented to the Academy.

In the breaking up of the institution, this interesting work passed to the Gallery at Hartford. Subsidiary to the National Academy in promoting the sale of works of American artists was the American Art Union, engrafted on another art institution, the Apollo Association, in 18. The main feature was the purchase of works of art to be distributed by lot to its subscribers, and so efficient was its management, that it attained an annual income, by five-dollar subscriptions from all parts of the country for several years, of nearly one hundred thousand dollars, which was expended upon the works of many of the best artists, numerous paintings of merit, medals, statuettes, etc. The mode of distribution being pronounced by a legal decision at variance with the laws of the State, it closed its career in 1851.

THE WIFE OF LEON-LE-DUC.

"THERE! I can't go any further. Ease me down here by the bank. I can crawl to the water and drink. All's up with me; so go your ways, Leander-le-Doux, and leave me to die—alone. Go your ways, and tell Minette—she'll be easy comforted by you. Did you think I was blind, or a fool, Leander-le-Doux? Go your ways, I say, and leave me to die here in the wilderness."

"Not yet, Leon-le-Duc—not yet!" said Leander, slowly, as, leaning upon his rifle, he stood looking down at the stalwart figure of his friend, stretched upon the crisp brown grass clothing the river-bank.

And as he looked he thought:

"Yes, he'll die. I see it in his face, and I will marry Minette. But leave him here——"

"Well, why don't you say something, or do something? What are you staring at?" demanded the sick man, impatiently, raising his heavy eyes to the face of the young hunter.

"I was thinking what was best to be done, Leon-le-Duc. Don't you believe you'll be better to-morrow or next day? We've got provisions enough for four days, and maybe I'll scare up some game, though it ain't likely in these barrens."

"No. You can't do me any good by stopping, and it's just possible you might do some by going. Push along to Nolleton and get the doctor, if he'll come; or maybe some of the fellows will come out and carry me in. As you go past my house, stop and tell Minette how it is with me, and if she's a mind to come back with you and the doctor, why, fetch her. Just to say good-by, you know; you needn't grudge so much, seeing as she's my own wife, married by a parson."

He paused, and feebly wiped the cold dews from his forehead.

Leander-le-Doux glanced at him uneasily, then looking away, muttered:

"She's your own wife, of course. No one ever said she wasn't."

"No, but some one has wished she wasn't, and made her wish so, too, Leander-le-Doux," retorted the sick man, sharply; and the young hunter remained silent, though a dark flush mounted to his sunburned cheek, and his eyes sought the ground.

"Well, well; leave me my share of the bread and meat, load my rifle and lay it beside me, and then go your ways, Leander-le-Doux. I bear no hard feelings, nor I don't grudge you happiness when I'm under ground. Go now, and leave me."

Almost without a word, the younger man obeyed. Unslinging the pack f.om his back, he opened it, and divided the dried beef and hard biscuit it contained into two portions, examined his whisky-flask, and finding it nearly empty, laid it untouched beside the portion of food intended for the sick man, unrolled his own blanket, and spread it over the trembling limbs of the prostrate giant, and finally fetched a canteen of water from the river, and set it beside him.

Then he took up Leon-le-Duc's invincible rifle, carefully examined the charge and the cap, saw that the bullet pouch and powder-flask lay ready, and covered the whole with their oilskin case. Then he reslung his pack, resumed his own rifle, and stooping over the sick man, held out a brown, broad hand.

"I am going now, Leon-le-Duc. Can I do anything more for you?"

"No; except to be good to Minette. She's such a —— There, there! don't stand staring at me. Go along with you. Go your ways."

He turned impatiently upon his grassy bed, and with only a muttered "Good-by," Leander-le-Doux slowly went his way.

Very soon the sick man turned to watch him. The sun was setting, and his level rays, shooting between the straight, naked trunks of the pine forest, lighted its sombre depths, and revealed the far reaches of its arcades until they seemed almost interminable.

One of the fires frequent in this region had swept through the tract some months previously, destroying every vestige of underbrush, and charring the pine-boles to blackness, while overhead the dense foliage made a screen of impenetrable gloom.

No bird sung, or cricket chirped, or squirrel chattered, beneath the gloomy shade; no flower bloomed, or tender green thing smiled; all was stern, dark, desolate—a temple not of life, but death and mystery.

Leon-le-Duc, lying beside the sullen waters, watched the tall figure of the young hunter, the handsome and stalwart fellow, whose mates had given him, half in malice, half in admiration, this *sobriquet* of *le doux*, as expressive of his attractions and success in love—watched him slowly threading his way through the dark forest to the light and pleasure and comfort that lay beyond. Yes, to his own cabin, where Minette, his own wife, awaited his coming; and as he thought of the meeting and of his own helpless condition, Leon-le-Duc, the swarthy giant, trembled and groaned like a suffering woman.

Then, when the tall figure had at last quite disappeared; when not even the flash of the last sunbeams upon the polished barrel of his rifle could be distinguished; when the sombre shades fell like a mantle from the crests to the feet of the scattered pines; when no sound was audible in earth or heaven but the rush of the turbid river, and the ominous whisper of the night-wind in the tree-tops—then at last this man, who had laughed at danger, scoffed at pain, derided loneliness, and never asked or cared for sympathy of man or God—then, all at a blow, the sense of his utter desolation came upon him, and a horror inconceivable took possession of him.

"All alone!" muttered he, carefully raising himself, and peering about with his wide black eyes, half fearfully, half hopefully, as if the sight even of a foe, even of a wild beast, would be welcome in exchange for this utter solitude.

But not even beast or bird, or any moving thing, relieved the desolation crushing down upon him, and, with a groan, the lonely man sank back upon his pillow.

"All alone! to die here all alone!" whispered he again. "And he with Minette! Oh, Minette, only three years ago, and you'd have followed me through fire and water, and now it's only cold looks and colder words! Well, I shall die here, and she can marry him before my grave is covered in, if she likes; but all alone, all alone!"

Then the night came down, black, silent and awful, lighted by neither moon nor stars, and with no voice but the rush of the sullen river, and the mournful cry of distant night-birds.

It passed, and the long day followed, with its pitiless sun scorching the sick man's fevered blood; its horrible stillness and hopeless inaction.

When the sun set for the second time, Leon-le-Duc, who had not prayed since he was a child at his mother's knee, feebly murmured:

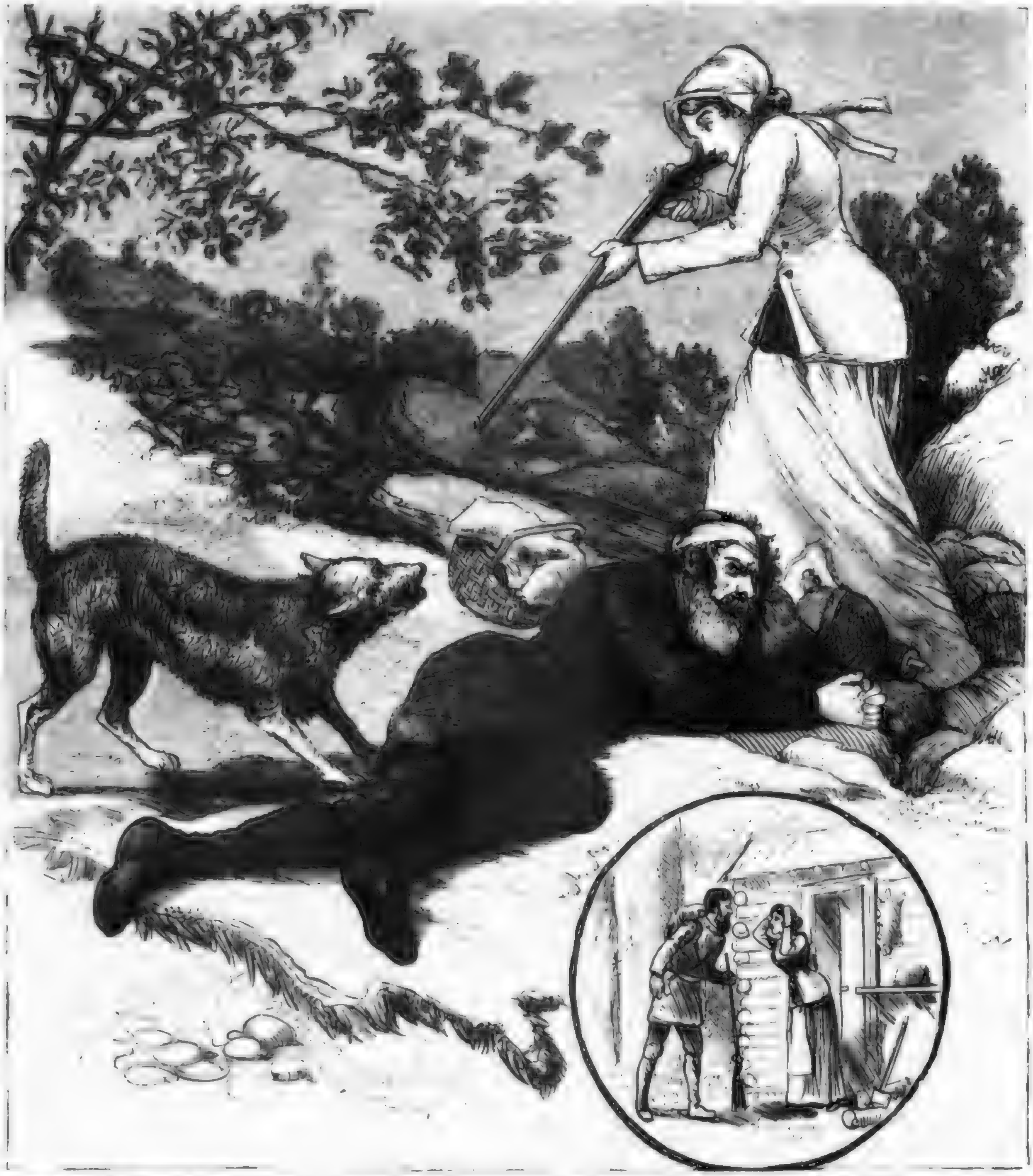
"Oh, God, don't let me live till morning, for I can't stand it any longer!"

Then came the long procession of the hours—hours like days to that lonely man, who, after one brief slumber, found himself unable to close his eyes again, but lay staring into the black forest, and up at the illimitable sky, straining his ear to catch the faint and dubious sounds that now and again floated past upon the night-wind, yet never spoke to him with familiar comfort.

He dared not speak, although he longed so for even the sound of his own voice; he dared not move hand or foot, for he dreaded to arouse the horror that seemed brooding over that vast and silent solitude.

More helpless than an infant, more terror-stricken than a woman, he, Leon-le-Duc, the strongest, bravest, mightiest hunter of that Western region, lay all alone waiting for his death.

The dense blackness of the night changed at last to a cold gray, and faint, uncertain lights shot through the sky, and made darkness visible beneath the canopy of the



THE WIFE OF LEON-LE-DUC. "SHE SNATCHED AT THE RIFLE LYING AT HER HUSBAND'S SIDE, AIMED IT FULL LENGTH AT THE GLARING EYEBALLS, AND FIRED." . . . . "'DEAD! IS LEON-LE-DUC DEAD?' ASKED MINETTE, IN A LOW VOICE."

pine forest. Then he heard a movement in the dense thicket at his head, a thicket of deciduous trees fringing the hem of the evergreen forest.

He tried to move and look in that direction, but the stiff limbs and rigid muscles refused to obey the impulse. The movement, slow, stealthy and ominous, increased, drew nearer, was close at hand, then paused, uncertainly, and was followed by a stillness that seemed to hum and buzz in the sick man's ears.

With a mighty effort he turned his head, and, with slow horror gathering in his eyes, fixed them upon the bushes close behind him.

They parted, and the savage head of a monstrous wolf appeared, snarling and gnashing his white teeth, not yet daring to spring, but quivering all over with savage fury. From the wolf, Leon-le-Duc looked toward his rifle. It lay beneath its oilskin cover not more than three feet from his hand; but that hand, so powerful once, had not now the strength to raise a feather.

"Oh, God!" groaned the helpless man, "I asked to die, but not this way. Good-by, Minette."

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Leander-le-Doux, steadily making his way through the forest, mile after mile, until, far in the night, he paused to rest for a few hours, rising with the earliest morning to resume his journey, found that journey even more wearisome than he had feared, by reason of the heavy heart he carried.

"We didn't think it would be like this three years ago, when I first saw Minette," said he; and then memory went back to the day when he, wandering in search of adventure, without ties of home or kindred, without fortune or estate, except in his wonderful rifle and his own strong arms, had chanced upon the cabin in the woods, within which Leon-le-Duc had just brought his bride, Minette, the prettiest girl of the Canadian border. He remembered the hospitable welcome of the hunter, the sweet, shy smiles of the young wife, and his own content in finding himself beneath the roof. Then he remembered how, as days and weeks rolled on, the ties of mutual liking and mutual interest became so strong, that Leon-le-Duc himself had proposed they three should make one family, at least until Leander should take to himself a wife, and build a cabin beside his own.

But this Leander had found himself in no haste to do, while Minette's bright eyes, and Minette's sweet voice, were his morning greeting and his nightly dream, while her home was his, and her kind offices always at his command.

PEASANT CHILDREN.—FROM THE PAINTING BY GAINSBOROUGH.

There had been no wrongdoing, for Leon-le-Duc was his friend and host, and among the border men the sense of honor is as imperative and as keen as among the chevaliers of the most remote period; but as the months and years went on, and Minette, no longer gay and tuneful, crept silently about her house, or sat dreaming away her leisure in sad reverie—as she grew cold and silent toward her husband, and shy and conscious in her demeanor to her guest, both men read her heart even more truly than she herself knew it, and both pondered the knowledge deeply and silently.

And now the crisis had come. Now Leon-le-Duc lay dying, or so near it, that, if help was delayed but for a day, his case was hopeless; and then—who could blame the comrade who was hastening for assistance, but had the ill fortune to return with it too late? And as the evil thought slowly stamped itself on his mind, Leander-le-Doux stopped and wiped the sudden moisture from his forehead, and looked about him, as if even in that solitude some eye must be ready to read the guilty shame upon his brow.

At midday he reached the cabin, and, crossing the little clearing with noiseless feet, looked in at the open door.

Beside the hearth sat Minette, the firelight flickering over the braids of her nut-brown hair, and in the depths of her hazel eyes, as she sat idly staring at the blaze, her work lying forgotten upon her lap. She was very pale, and the dark rings beneath her eyes told of watching and weeping, of broken rest and unquiet heart.

As Leander's shadow fell upon the floor, she started and looked up, a torrent of blood rushing over her face and neck, and a glad light quenching the tears in her great eyes. She rose directly, and came to meet him.

"Leander-le-Doux! You here so soon!" exclaimed she, hiding her real delight under an appearance of surprise.

"Yes, Minette."

And, holding both her hands, the hunter stooped, and kissed her lips.

"I told you never to do that again," frowned Minette, blushing more than ever, and turning away her happy face.

"I know it, Minette; but I could not help it. Oh, Minette, the time is coming when I may kiss you as often as I like. God forgive me, but how can I be sorry!"

"Sorry for what? What are you talking about Leander-le-Doux? What has happened?" asked Minette, pale enough now.

"Nothing—Leon—Minette, do not look at me so!"

"Speak, then! What has happened to Leon? You have killed him!"

"Minette! do you think of me like that? He is dead, but it was sickness, and not I, that killed him. It was the hand of God."

"Dead! Is Leon-le-Duc dead?" asked Minette in a low voice, and pressing her hand upon her throbbing temples.

"Dead or dying. He could not live many hours as I saw him last," faltered Leander.

"And you left him dying?"

"He told me to. I came to get help—a doctor, or men to bring him into the settlement."

"Then, why don't you go? What are you staying here for? It is six miles to Nolleton, and no horse to help you over it. Start quick, for God's sake!"

"But, Minette, think a little. He is dying, and he said so himself. He said, too, that I—that you—that when he was gone, you could marry me, and he wouldn't grudge us our happiness. Minette, say that you love me, for I know you do."

"And if I do, what then?" asked the young woman, quickly.

"A few hours from now will do as well to start for Nolleton, and if Leon-le-Duc is dead when we get back to him, then you will be my wife; he said so himself, and I know that you love me," stammered the poor young man.

But Minette interrupted him:

"And you have planned out all this, Leander-le-Doux! You have left the man that befriended you, and trusted you, and never said a hard word, even when he saw how matters were going betwixt you and me—you have left him out in the wilderness to die all alone, and by inches while you slunk home to make love to his wife! And you think I'll stop here, kissing and courting with you this afternoon, so that he shall be sure and be dead by the time you reach him with the help he sent you for! Leander-le-Doux, I wish the kiss you took just now had been poison, and blistered your lips! Anyway, it is the last you'll ever get from me."

"It isn't the first, then, nor they haven't all been on one side," said Leander, sullenly.

"That's true, and more's the shame to me that it is true," retorted Minette, coolly. "But now, once for all, I tell you, I never will have another word of love to say to you. You have just showed out what you are, and spoiled your own chance, whatever happens to Leon or me. Now tell me, are you going to Nolleton, or am I? for one of us is, and mighty quick, too!"

"I'm going," muttered Leander, turning toward the door.

"Stop, first, and tell me where you left my man. I'm going to him," commanded Minette; and Leander turned to look wistfully at her.

"I left him just where Stony Creek falls into Jones's Run, beyond the great pine tract; but, Minette, you can't go alone. Get yourself ready, and I'll be back from Nolleton just as soon as I can, with a horse for you. It's thirty miles from here, if it's a step. Wait for me, that's a good girl; and, Minette, if you could forget, or at least forgive, what I said just now——"

"There, there, go along, Leander-le-Doux. After Leon is safe we'll talk of forgiving and forgetting."

And Minette, turning away from the handsome, pleading face of the man she had loved so well, began to make preparations for leaving the house. But there was relenting in her voice, and Leander called out:

"Good-by, Minette. Be ready when we get back, and—God bless you, girl."

She made no answer, but, as he went, stole softly to the door, and looked after him, until his figure was buried in the forest lying between the cabin and the settlement. Then she turned away with a long sigh, murmuring:

"Good-by, Leander-le-Doux; good-by for good and all. I have been wrong, but I haven't been wicked, and we have got to part while I can say that."

Then she hastily finished her preparations, put up a basket of such simple restoratives as she had at hand, left her house, and closing the door, wrote upon it with a bit of charcoal: "Gone to Leon-le-Duc."

"I've only to follow up the run, and I shall come to him sure," murmured she to herself, striking into the forest in the direction of the river.

And with no better guide than this for her thirty miles' walk through a desolate wilderness, Minette set forth to seek her husband, perhaps with some idea of expiation for her almost infidelity urging her to the danger and fatigue she so willfully undertook.

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"Oh, God!" muttered Leon-le-Duc. "I asked to die but not this way. Good-by, Minette."

At sound of the human voice the wolf drew back a little, although his green, glaring eyeballs and cruel fangs remained clearly visible through the leaves that concealed his gaunt body. Noticing this effect, the sick man raised himself slightly, and shouted twice or thrice with all his strength. Uttering a sullen howl, the wolf drew back for a moment, but presently a stealthy rustling at another point of the thicket told that he was again approaching.

"Have it your own way; I won't try any longer," muttered Leon-le-Duc, desperately, and fell back with closed eyes and clasped hands, trying to remember some words of prayer before he died.

The stealthy rustling increased, and the head of the monster again cautiously emerged from the bushes. Its prey lay motionless before it, and, with a low growl, the wolf crept forward step by step, until his whole lean length stood revealed, and his eagerly-protruded jaws were working and slavering within half a dozen feet of the defenseless man.

Another step, and another, and the fetid breath of the creature played upon his cheek, the click of his gnashing teeth sounded close upon his ear—the moment had come. Some remnant of the respect that even the most savage brute instinctively feels for man alone restrained the creature from his final spring, when Leon-le-Duc, despairing of the prayer, opened his eyes and moaned aloud:

"Minette, darling!—oh, Minette!"

"Leon!"

She burst through the bushes in the very track of the wolf, and bounded toward her husband, answering to his call as if it had been a magic summons.

Then she saw the grisly creature who stood over him, and did not fly at her approach, but only snarled and growled defiance at this new foe, which instinct told him was less formidable than the other whom he had already dared.

The woman shrieked, sprang back, hesitated, trembled, and then rushing forward, with the desperate courage of a coward driven to bay, she snatched at the rifle lying at her husband's side, aimed it full at the glaring eyeballs, and fired. With a wild cry of astonishment, rage, terror and pain, the wolf leaped high in air, dropped, spun dizzily round, and fell dead, his quivering limbs touching those of Leon-le-Duc, who, raised upon one elbow, lay staring at the apparition of his wife, as if he must doubt his own eyes, in spite of the proof she had already given of her positive presence.

Flinging down the rifle, Minette rushed upon him, crying, laughing and kissing him all in a breath.

"Oh, Leon! how lucky that I came just that minute! And didn't I shoot him nice, and I always so afraid to fire a gun, though you taught me so carefully? Poor, poor Leon. You are dreadfully sick, dear, aren't you?"

"Why, Minette, how came you here? And where are the men, and Leander-le-Doux?" asked Leon, all bewilderment.

"They are coming dear. Leander stopped at the shanty and told me, and then went on to Nolleton, and I started right off for you."

"But how did you find me, and did you travel all night, poor child?"

"Yes. I came up the run, you know, and I suppose it took a little longer to go round the bends than if I had come straight through the woods; but then I couldn't do that, because I didn't know the way, and I couldn't wait. Then, when I came near I heard you holler, I suppose at the wolf, and so I set out and ran as fast as I could; and then I heard you call my name, and so I rushed through the bushes, and—here I am."

But through all her hurry and demonstrativeness, Leon-le-Duc saw that something was working in his pretty Minette's heart more than she had yet spoken, and taking her hand in his, he said:

"Stop, Minette, and tell me something before we go any further. Had you rather be wife to me or to Leander-le-Duc? Speak the truth, woman!"

"I do. I had rather be yours, if you will forgive me, and love me as you did once, Leon," said Minette, her clear brown eyes full on his.

"I do, child; I do forgive and love you," said Leon, closing his heavy eyes.

When the doctor and the men arrived, a few minutes later, they found him thus—asleep upon Minette's bosom; and very tenderly and carefully they placed both upon the litter they had brought, and took them home.

Leander-le-Doux walked beside it to the door of the cabin, and then he paused.

"Good-by, friends," said he, briefly; "I'm going West."

And toward the setting sun he turned his steps, and was seen no more for ever in that region.

ITALIAN BANDITS.

Brigandage seems to be the inalienable heritage of Greece, Italy and Spain—the three downward extremities of Europe and civilization. From piracy having been so rife in the Mediterranean, we might suppose the breezes of that sea to be somewhat overcharged with the spirit of liberty; but we should perhaps be more correct if we concluded that the radiance of southern suns enfeebles and demoralizes human nature.

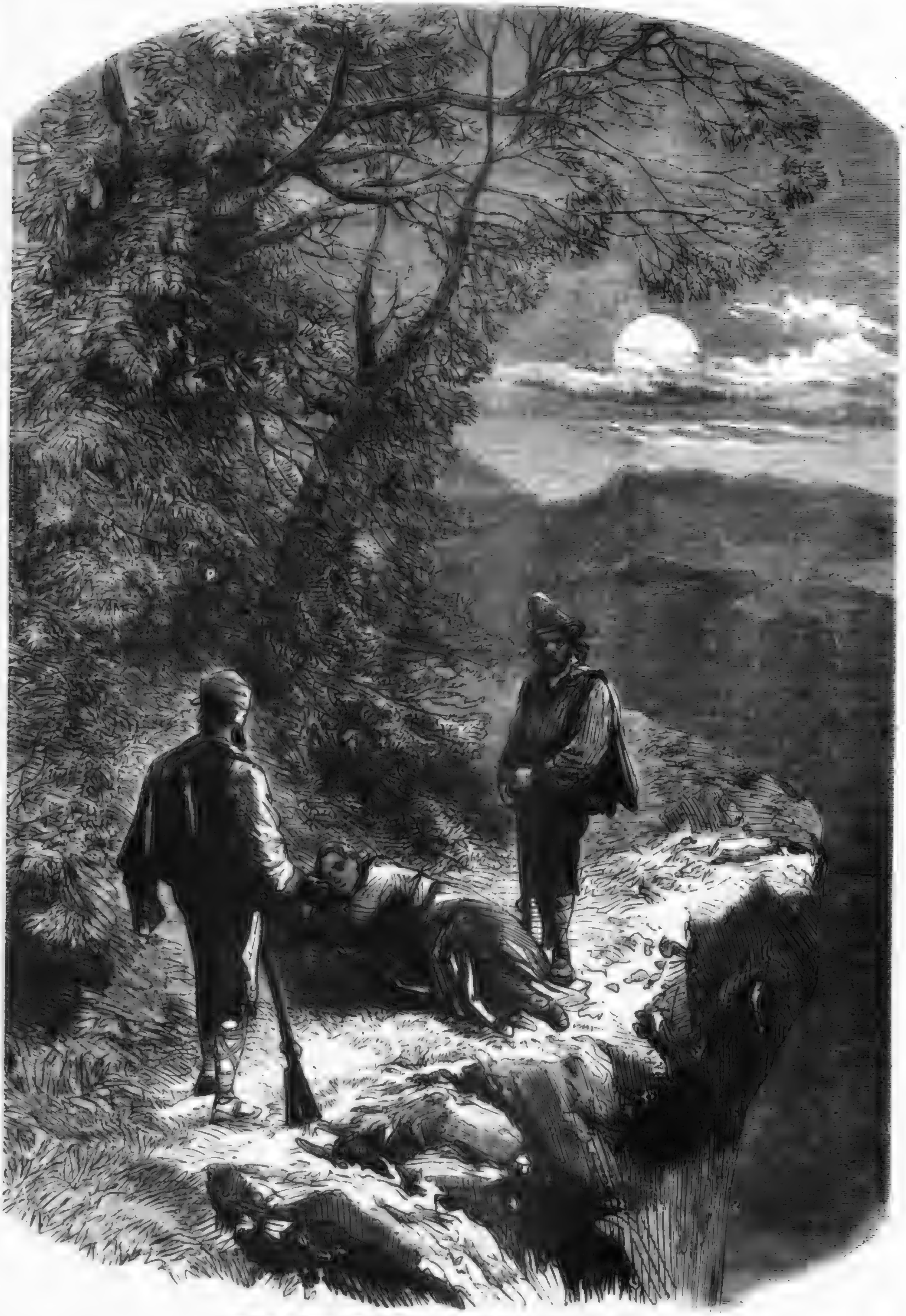
The lands are spellbound, a sweet languor pervades the air, congenial rather to indolence and pleasure than to healthy and honest industry. The Celtic race, moreover, was never fond of toil, and, if a living must be made, would prefer to obtain it by some wild romantic enterprise than to undergo the drudgery of everyday work.

Add to such considerations that these countries are crossed by chains of mountains, offering natural advantages for concealment, and the existence of brigandage is easily intelligible. But, granting every inclination and facility for lawless adventure, it is necessary to its success that it should possess the sympathy of the population. If the people generally were unwilling to shelter the offenders, crime would be kept within due bounds; but where there is no just indignation against it, life and property will never be secure.

Under such circumstances the violator of the laws assumes an entirely different character from that he bears in a settled country. He is a sort of national representative and champion of liberty; he only robs and murders the rich, and has, perhaps, as many nice points of honor as a professed duellist.

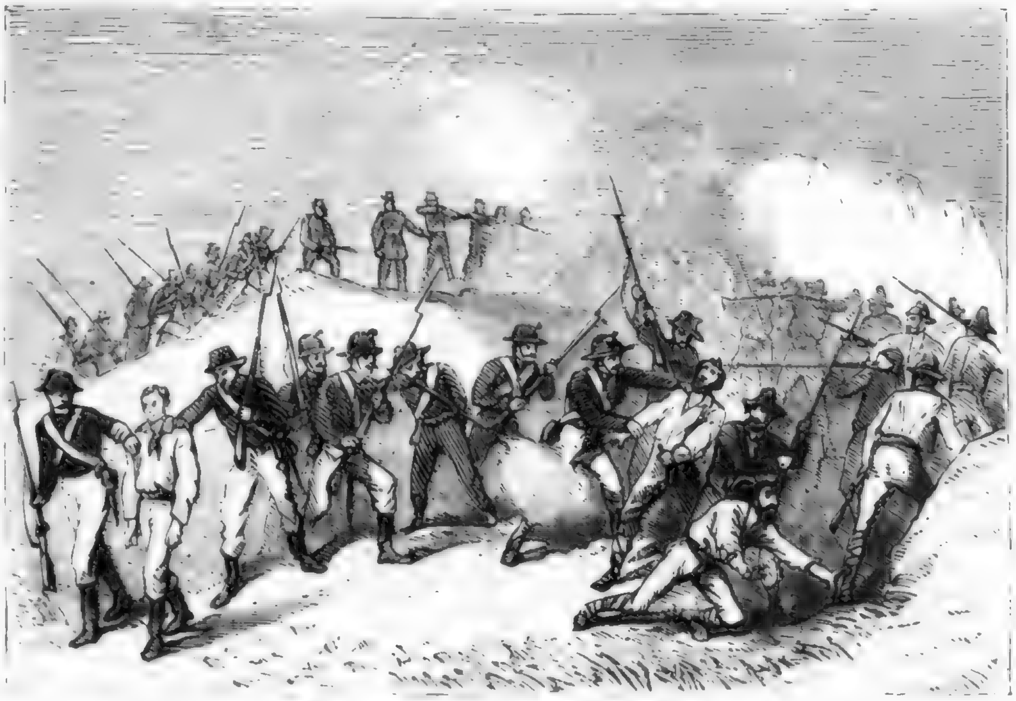
It is not long since the highwayman was regarded as a hero even in England, as a glorious successor of Robin Hood and of the merry men who lived under the greenwood tree. The laws were then arbitrary and distasteful, the people were uncivilized, and young men of good family often took to the road even in that sober Saxon land.

Brigandage has, therefore, various aspects and forms, corresponding to the characters and positions of those who practice it, from the courteous chief to the vulgar



ITALIAN BANDITS.—WATCHING A PRISONER DETAINED FOR RANSOM.

footpad. Many of these men, to do them justice, have had great temptations to crime. In Italy, for instance, the laws were, until lately, immoderately severe in their penalties against any who resisted the officers of justice; and sometimes when a young man was called out as a conscript on the eve of his marriage, or the aged father of a family was about to be carried off to prison for a small debt, much sympathy would be awakened in the village, and some young men, of more courage than reflection, would offer resistance to the police. From that moment their fate was sealed; nothing remained for them but death or the gallows.



ITALIAN BANDITS SURPRISED BY GOVERNMENT TROOPS.

Under these circumstances they had little choice but *andare in campagna*—to betake themselves to the mountains, where they became *bandits* (outlaws), and avenged themselves by rendering the neighboring roads unsafe for travelers.

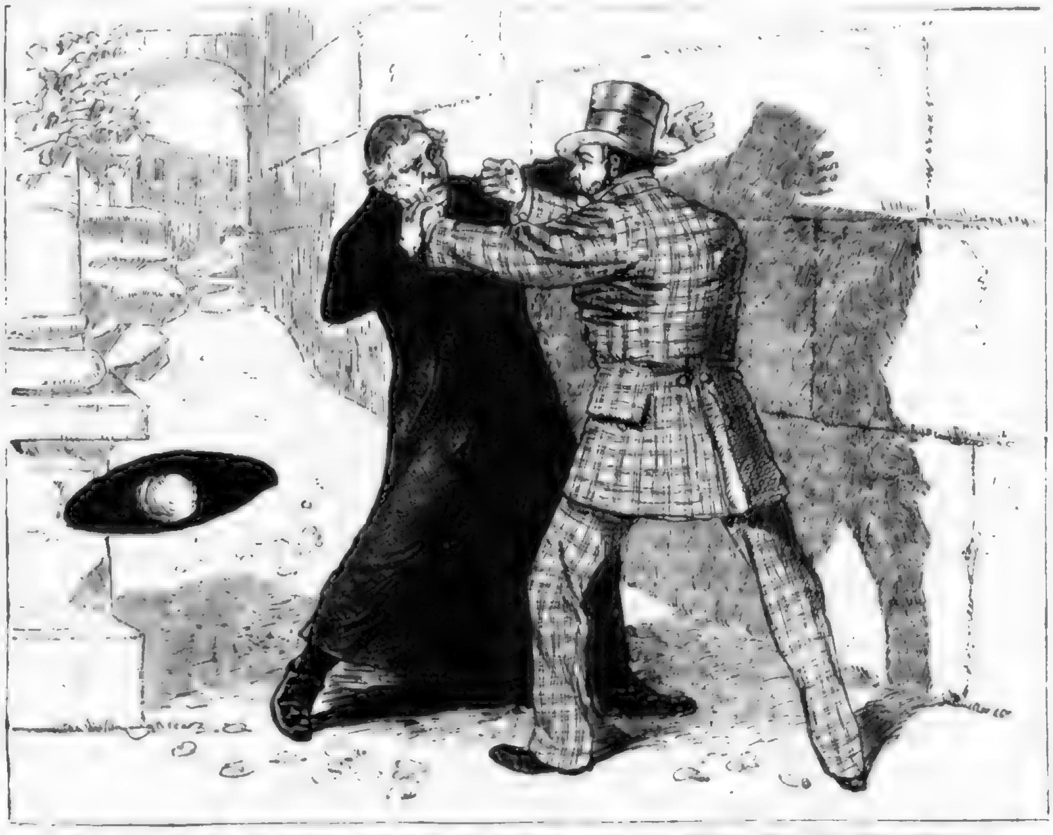
A Sicilian lady told me lately, to my surprise, that she had never seen a bandit—they kept mostly to a few localities—but she admitted that none of her family ever ventured far from the house without an armed escort. She took that favorable view of brigandage which is held in the island.

"There is nothing extraordinary in it," she said; "the Government keep up a large army; every man has to serve seven years, and, as they dislike soldiering, they run away. They cannot then obtain employment, and they become bandits. What would you have? They must live. Well, they are not so bad as the Irish."

Some of the brigands, and especially some of their chiefs, are, or have been, clever and romantic fellows. They are fond of gay costumes, can sing good songs, and relish good jokes, principally such as are of a practical kind. A Piedmontese gentleman once gave me several instances of their indulging their humorous fancies, of which the following may serve as a specimen:

Two Italian counts (Pietro F—— and Giuseppe C——) had been chamois-hunting in the Alps, some fifty miles from Turin. As is usual on such expeditions, they had lived some days in the mountains, sometimes sleeping in cottages, sometimes under temporary shelter prepared by their guides. In a few days, after enjoying a very satisfactory amount of sport and discomfort, they retraced their steps, and stopped on the way back at a small albergo at the foot of the mountains. Here they paid off the guides, and remained to await their carriage, which was to convey them in the cool of the evening to Turin.

Meanwhile, they ordered dinner, and entered the principal room, which was empty, or at least occupied by only one individual, who was sitting at a small table sipping some wine. His costume resembled that of the peasantry, but was of finer material, and from his superior mien and finely-cut features, the counts supposed him to be some enthusiastic sportsman, who had adopted the country



"BEFORE THE MAN COULD SEE HIM, HE RUSHED OUT AND SEIZED HIM BY THE THROAT, DEMANDING THAT HE SHOULD RESTORE HIM HIS WATCH."

XUM

dress for convenience. Their conjectures seemed corroborated by his lithe athletic figure, which seemed unaccustomed either to toil or ease, and bespoke him as robust and hardy as a mountaineer."

The counts felt that he was a man of their own mind, and on his making some casual observation, readily entered into conversation with him. They were not mistaken; he knew well every crevice and gorge in the mountains, and gave them sage advice as to where the the best sport was to be found.

Evening drew on, but the conversation was so pleasant that they lingered still, and the stars shone bright in the firmament before they rose to leave. Their sporting friend then asked them which direction they intended to take, recommending the road through the open country, as the upper one was said, though he did not believe it, to be infested by banditti.

"Banditti!" exclaimed Giuseppe; "we care little for them; we only wish we could meet a few. I have something here," he continued, producing a brace of pistols, "that would give them a warm reception."

"And I, too," added Pietro, showing another brace; "I have something pretty here; not to mention a little Catalan knife, which might do good service at close quarters."

"You are brave men," replied their companion, "and will teach the fellows a lesson whenever you meet them."

"I should like to send a ball through that rascal Marco," added Giuseppe.

"Ah, Marco! Yes; but perhaps he is not so bad as you think him."

"He had better not come near me, that is all I have to say," replied Pietro.

The stranger now took out his watch, and observed that it was growing late. He was fatigued, and wished to retire, so he wished the counts "good-night" and "*Buono viaggio.*"

It was a moonless but a cloudless night, and in that southern climate the starlight made the roads and fields visible, though it covered them here and there with checkered and uncertain shadows. Marco—for it was none other—on leaving the travelers, walked along the upper road they were to take, with an amused expression of countenance, from which those who knew him would have concluded that he was bent upon some merry mischief.

About a mile from the inn he met a peasant returning home, and, stopping him, ordered him to stand in a certain position on the edge of a neighboring vineyard, and to hold a vine-stake—which he pulled up out of the ground—to his shoulder like a gun. Having made this arrangement, he concealed himself behind some trees, and just as the counts' carriage was driving past, rushed out and seized the horses' heads, vociferating:

"Halt, halt! Stop, in the name of Marco!"

The horses offered little opposition to the order, and as for the coachman, he nearly fell off the box with terror. The counts, however, hastily got out their pistols, and one of them took a deliberate aim at Marco's head.

"If you fire, you are dead men!" cried Marco. "My band are in the vineyard, and ready to open upon you. You can see them," he continued, pointing to the man with the vine-stake. "They are only waiting my word!"

"I certainly *do* see some one," said Giuseppe, looking in the direction indicated.

"So do I," replied Pietro. "He has a large company, I have been told. What can two men do against fifty or sixty? We shall only lose our lives for nothing."

"What do you want of us?" asked Giuseppe, as, observing their change of tone, Marco approached the carriage window.

"Well, my friends," replied the bandit, whose voice they now recognized, "I shall not treat you as badly as you intended to treat me. You are brave men and true sportsmen, but I must have all the arms in your possession. Hand them out quickly, or it may be the worse for you."

After very little deliberation, the counts' guns and pistols were delivered up.

"And that little Catalan knife!" demanded Marco.

"Give it up at once, Pietro," said Giuseppe, nervously. "Give it up, man! We shall be shot."

The demand was immediately, though reluctantly, complied with by his companion.

"You have another pistol somewhere," continued Marco. "Come, out with it!"

"I have *not*," returned Pietro. "Giuseppe, give up the other pistol."

"I have given up everything, as you well know," answered Giuseppe. "If there is another, *you* have it!"

"I! What do you mean by that? It is false. You want to keep back things, and to get me shot as having them. You're a dishonest, lying——"

"Well, signors," interposed Marco, observing their alarm and recriminations, "I will relieve you by telling you that I think you have been as good as your words. You have delivered up everything, and may now proceed on your way. You said you would teach Marco a lesson. I hope that he has taught you one of many, and that in future you will allude to him with greater respect."

The counts returned to Turin dejected and disgraced. They had no opportunity afterward of making use of the sporting gentleman's information about the mountain game, as the Government, in indignation at their pusillanimity, revoked their licenses for carrying firearms.

Brigands are largely indebted for their immunity and success to the landlords of small country inns, who, in the course of their business, hear of all the movements in the neighborhood. In some cases mine host is merely actuated by fear, but in others he is a willing instrument, and even a principal. Toward the end of the last century one of the Dukes of Hamilton escaped in a most providential manner from the hands of one of these worthies.

He was making the "grand tour," according to the fashion of the times, well armed and accompanied by his servant. One night their carriage broke down in a somewhat unaccountable manner near a small roadside inn among the Apennines. They were compelled to stop there for the night, and after supper he and his man retired to their respective bedrooms. The duke's apartment was spacious, but had nothing remarkable in its appearance; and, being tired, he was about to undress hastily, when he observed that his large dog, his constant and faithful companion by day and night, was sniffing and looking about the floor in a very uneasy and dissatisfied manner. His attention was aroused, and watching the dog, he looked under the bed, and there perceived something that looked like a trap-door. Having made such a discovery, he thought it would be better to stay awake, and sat up in a chair instead of going to bed, placing his pistols conveniently beside him. Sleep, however, overcame him, and he was awakened in the middle of the night by the growling of his dog. Opening his eyes, he saw a light coming from under the bed, and a man's head beginning to appear. He seized and cocked his pistols, calling out that he would shoot the first man that entered. Upon this the trap-door immediately closed. The duke remained on guard until daybreak, when he summoned the landlord to give an account of what had occurred. The man no sooner appeared than the dog sprang upon him, and it was with difficulty that they prevented his suffering summary punishment for his treachery. Inquiries were forthwith instituted, and it was found that many travelers had mysteriously disappeared in that fatal hostelry. This story has the more interest at the present time as several portraits of this, the eighth duke, remain among the fading glories of Hamilton Palace.

It will be refreshing to turn from such a dark episode to another which has more of the comic than of the tragic character, but in which the lord of the spigot again plays a part.

A celebrated Italian physician, who, not satisfied with the legitimate game of his profession, was a keen sportsman and an unerring shot, met at an albergo near Milan a man not very dissimilar from the signor with whom the Torinese counts became so inauspiciously acquainted. A conversation sprang up, in which bandits and their proceedings were discussed; and the doctor, alluding with some natural pride to the precision of his aim, said he much desired that one of them would cross his path. Armed with his trusty gun and pistols, he walked at large, and should like to see the man who would dare to molest him. Evening drew on, and his new acquaintance—a noted brigand, and a bold, whimsical fellow—left the inn first by about half an hour. Proceeding in the direction the doctor was to take, he broke off a branch from a chestnut-tree, and fixing it into the middle of the road, suspended from its top a small lantern he carried with him. Presently the doctor was heard approaching, with his firm, military step. On coming to a turn in the road he suddenly perceived the light, and halting, called out to know "Who comes there?"

No answer was, of course, returned. The doctor drew himself up. A breeze agitated the chestnut-branch, and the lantern moved.

"If you advance another step you are a dead man!" cried the doctor.

The wind, however, took no notice of the threat, and the lantern continued to swing.

"If you don't answer I shall fire!" shouted the doctor, and suiting the action to the word, he raised his gun, took aim, and——

"*Basta!*" said a voice close to his ear, and he found himself pinioned by an iron grasp from behind. "You must not waste your powder," said the brigand, "because I want it; and I also require your trusty gun and pistols. And now," he continued, relieving him of the articles in question, "you need not be alarmed, for I do not intend to shoot you; but I shall take away your arms and ammunition, as you do not seem to me to make good use of them."

But the gay and fanciful bandits of this type are now becoming scarce; a lower kind are more common, and the hero of story is not the sort of man generally encountered on the highway.

A charming lady once told me that she was greatly disappointed on her wedding-tour in Italy at not seeing a bandit; she was constantly looking out for one.

"But, my dear," observed her husband, "be consoled; you have probably met with many. You would not know one if you saw him."

"Oh, yes, I should," she persisted; "he would be a tall, handsome, romantic-looking fellow, with a velvet coat and feathers in his hat."

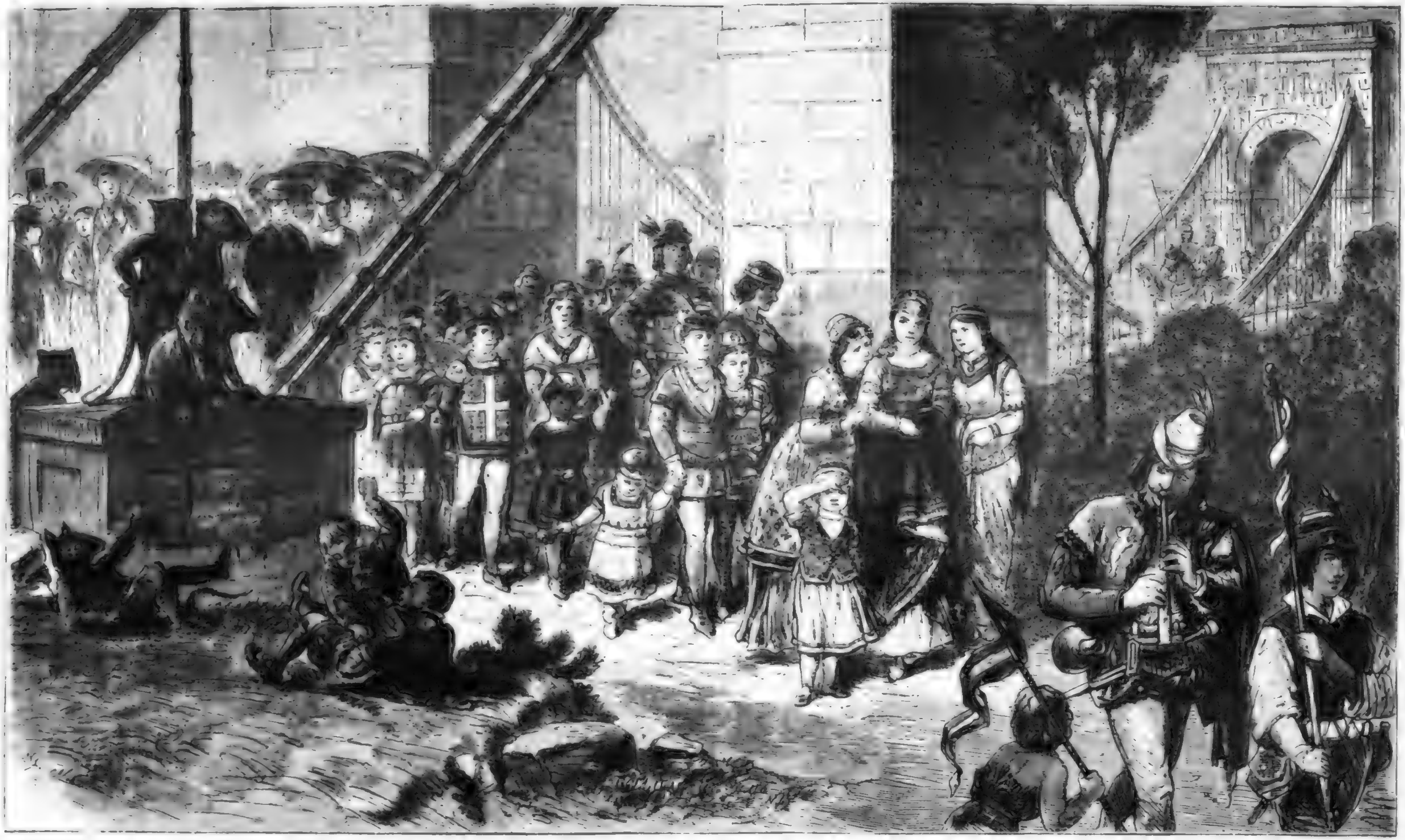
Before they left the south the fair lady's illusion was sadly dispelled; for they did meet a bandit in charge of a policeman, and a more ragged, dirty, unpoetical man she never beheld.

The States of the Church were more infected with brigandage than almost any other part of Italy. It is said that even Cardinal Antonelli's grandfather made his livelihood in this unpleasant manner. The Sacred City itself was, until lately, notoriously unsafe. I remember having heard of a remarkable misfortune which befell a celebrated antiquary, who, in spite of the warnings of his friends and the frequent reports of robberies, persisted in wandering about unattended in the less frequented parts of Rome. One night he determined to pay a visit to the Colosseum, to behold it, like Melrose Abbey, "by the pale moonlight"; and certainly he was well repaid by gazing on that stupendous monument of imperial power, when the spectral beams seemed to repeople it with the multitudes of the past, and he almost fancied that he could hear the shouting of the populace and the roaring of the wild beasts. Where were now those eager faces, those excited voices? Silent and still! The acacia waves where great Cæsar sat; the cross stands where gladiators fought!

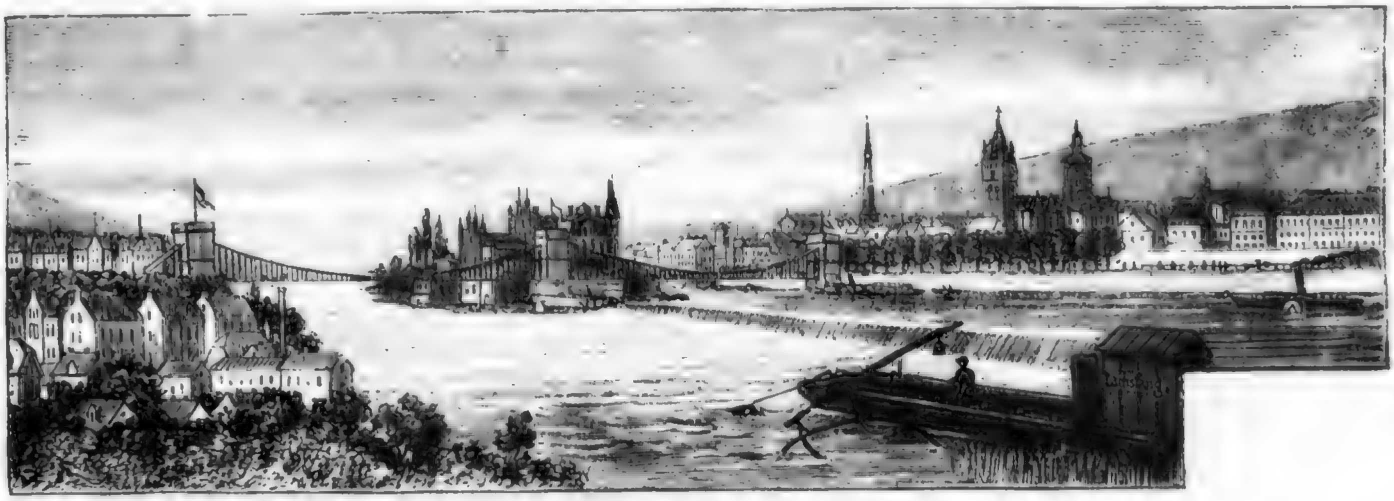
Such and kindred thoughts occupied the mind of the student, when he suddenly felt himself rudely jostled by a dark figure muffled up in a long cloak. The person passed quickly away on to the other side; but the shock had completely dispelled our antiquary's visions of the past, and recalled him to the vulgarity of the present. He did not like the rough treatment he had received, and remembering the accounts he had heard of robberies happening in this neighborhood, he immediately put his hand into his pocket to feel for his watch. It was gone! He now became thoroughly awakened and considerably disconcerted. Where had the thief escaped to? On looking round carefully he espied the man standing under the shadow of one of the small shrines then in the arena. Keeping his eye well on him, he stole round on the other side of the shrine, and before the man could see him, rushed out, seized him by the throat, demanding, in the best broken Italian he could command, that he should restore him the watch. The delinquent was evidently taken off his guard; and the antiquary, who was more powerful than most of his fraternity, receiving no answer, uttered several imprecations, put his hand into the man's pocket and took out the watch. He then felt satisfied, and let him go, after dealing him a good punch in the ribs, and telling him he should be thankful to get off so easily.

Our friend returned home rather elated with his success, and congratulated himself on his presence of mind, but inwardly resolving to be more circumspect in his future explorations.

After recounting his adventure to his family he retired, being fatigued, a little earlier than usual. Before getting into bed he proceeded, as usual, to wind up his watch. What was the matter with the key? It did not fit. He now looked carefully at the watch. No wonder he could not wind it; although somewhat similar, it was not his. He looked around, and there beheld, on the mantelpiece, his old English companion, ticking away as merrily as if nothing had occurred! The alarming truth now flashed upon him—he had not taken his watch out, and had purloined that of some other person! He resolved to make his mistake known by an advertisement in the morning. But before dawn he was awakened—or rather startled, for he could not sleep—by a tremendous knocking at the front door. Looking out, he saw half a dozen armed

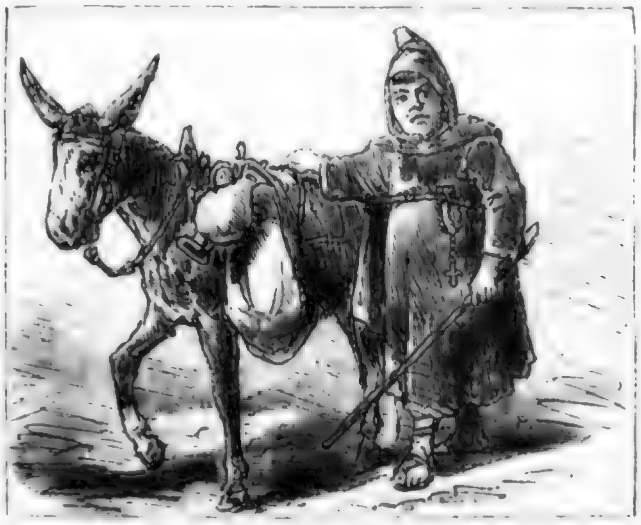


THE PIPER CARRYING OFF THE CHILDREN.



VIEW OF HAMELN.

men in the Papal uniform, and soon heard that they had come to take him into custody for robbing a priest in the Colosseum. The police were admitted, and he explained the mistake and offered the watch ; but they shook their heads, said that several robberies had been committed lately, and that he had been observed loitering in a suspicious manner in unfrequented localities. They refused to leave the house without him, and he began to think of stories he had heard about Italian prisons and tortures. Fortunately, however, he was personally known to the British Consul, and by means of the intercession and explanations of that official, this affair, which at one time wore a serious aspect, was brought to a satisfactory termination.



THE TAIL OF THE PROCESSION.

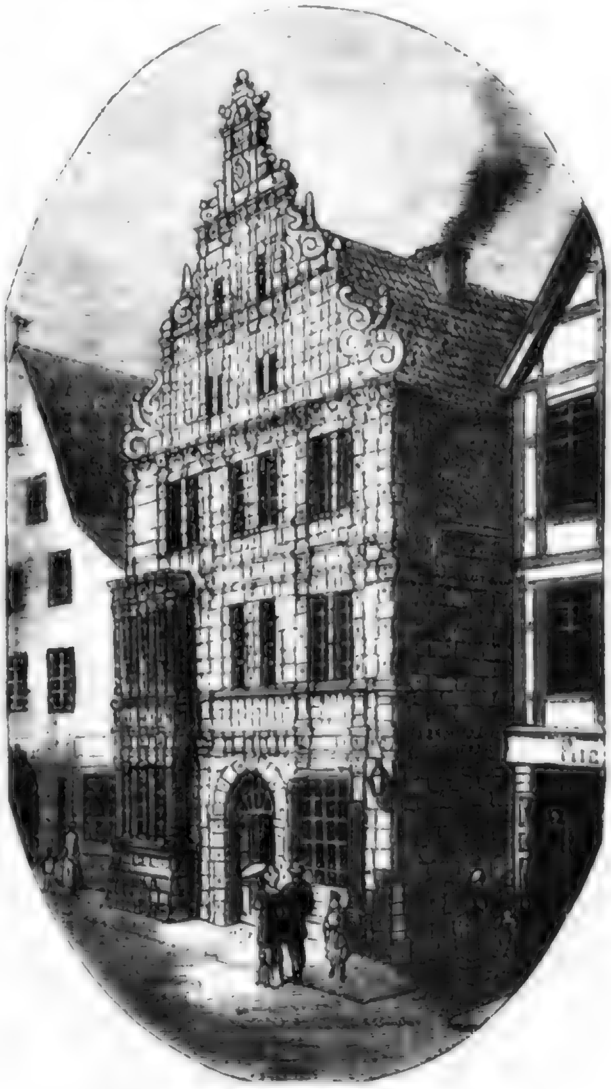
THE PIED PIPER CELEBRATION AT HAMELN.

The legend of the Piper of Hameln is told as follows : Hameln town was infested with rats in the year 1284. In their houses the people had no peace from them ; rats disturbed them by night and worried them by day—

"They fought the dogs, and kill'd the cats,
And bit the babies in their cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And lick'd the soup from the cook's own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoil'd the women's chats,
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats."

One day there came a man into the town, most quaintly attired in parti-colored suit. Bunting, the man was called, after his dress. None knew whence he came, or who he was. He announced himself to be a rat-catcher, and offered, for a certain sum of money, to rid the place of the vermin. The townsmen agreed to his proposal, and promised him the sum demanded. Thereupon the man drew forth a pipe and piped.

"And ere three shrill notes the pipe utter'd,
You heard as if an army mutter'd;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling,
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling:
And out of the town the rats came tumbling.
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,



THE RAT-PIPER'S HOUSE.

XUM

> Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
> Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
> Cocking tails and pricking whiskers;
> Families by tens and dozens,
> Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives,
> Follow'd the piper for their lives.
> From street to street he piped advancing,
> Until they came to the river Weser,
> Wherein all plunged and perish'd."

No sooner were the townsfolk released from their torment than they repented of their bargain, and, on the plea that the rat-destroyer was a sorcerer, they refused to pay the stipulated remuneration. At this the piper waxed wroth, and vowed vengeance. On the 26th of June, the feast of SS. John and Paul, the mysterious piper reappeared in Hameln town—

> "Once more he stept into the street,
> And to his lips again
> Laid his long pipe of smooth, straight cane;
> And, ere he blew three notes (such sweet
> Soft notes as yet musician's cunning
> Never gave to the enraptured air),
> There was a rustling, that seemed like a bustling
> Of merry crowds justling, at pitching and hustling,
> Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
> Little hands clapping, and little tongues chattering,
> And, like fowls in a farmyard where barley is scattering,
> Out came the children running,
> All the little boys and girls,
> With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
> And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
> Tripping, skipping, ran merrily after
> The wonderful music with shouting and laughter."

The piper led the way down the street, the children all following, whilst the Hameln people stood aghast, not knowing what step to take, or what would be the result of this weird piping. He led them from the town toward a hill rising above the Weser—

> "When, lo! as they reached the mountain side,
> A wondrous portal open'd wide,
> As if a cavern were suddenly hollow'd;
> And the piper advanced, and the children follow'd;
> And when all were in, to the very last,
> The door in the mountain side shut fast."

No! not all. Two remained: the one blind, and the other dumb. The dumb child pointed out the spot where the children had vanished, and the blind boy related his sensations when he heard the piper play. In other accounts, the lad was lame, and he alone was left; and in after years he was sad. And thus he accounted for his settled melancholy—

> "It's dull in our town since my playmates left;
> I can't forget that I'm bereft
> Of all the pleasant sights they see,
> Which the piper also promised me;
> For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
> Joining the town, and just at hand,
> Where waters gush'd, and fruit-trees grew,
> And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
> And everything was strange and new;
> And sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
> And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
> And honey-bees had lost their stings,
> And horses were born with eagle's wings;
> And just as I became assured
> My lame foot would be speedily cured,
> The music stopp'd, and I stood still,
> And found myself outside the hill,
> Left alone against my will,
> To go now limping as before,
> And never hear of that country more."

The number of children that perished was 130. Fathers and mothers rushed to the east gate, but when they came to the mountain called Koppenberg, into which the train had disappeared, nothing was observable except a small hollow, where the sorcerer and their little ones had entered.

The street through which the piper went is called the Bungen-Strasse, because no music, no drum (Bunge) may be played in it. If a bridal procession passes through it, the music must cease until it is out of it. It is not long since two moss-grown crosses on the Koppenberg marked the spot where the little ones vanished. On the wall of a house in the town is written, in gold characters—

> "Anno 1284 am dage Johannis et Pauli war der 26. Junii dorch einen piper mit allerlei farve bekledet gewesen 130 kinder verledet binnen Hameln gebon to Calvarie, bi den Koppen verloren."

On the Rathhaus was sculptured, in memory of the event—

> "Im Jahr, 1283 na Christi gebort
> Tho Hamel worden uthgevert
> hundert und dreiszig kinder dasülvest geborn
> durch einen piper under den Köppen verlorn."

And on the new gate—

> "Centum ter denos cum magus ab urbe puellos
> Duxerat ante annos CCLXXII. condita porta fuit."

For long, so profound was the impression produced by the event, the town dated its public documents from this calamity.

This year the town of Hameln resolved to celebrate the day. On the 28th of June the whole place was bright with sunshine, and with wreaths, garlands and transparencies. The rats, of course, entered into the decoration on all sides. Everything was done to give brilliancy to the six-hundredth anniversary of the event which has been commemorated in the legend. Our views will carry the reader away to the old town on the Weser, amid the rich fields and orchards, during the quaint celebration.

PROLONGING LIFE.

The possibility of prolonging human life has undoubtedly, from the most ancient times, afforded a fascinating and extensive field alike for the visionary and the deepest thinkers. Plans for prolonging existence have ever been amongst the principal allurements held forth by empirics and impostors; and by thus imposing upon the credulity of the public, many notorious charlatans have acquired rich harvests of ill-gotten gold. Men of science have throughout all ages devoted their attention to the subject, as one deserving of the most profound investigation. And their researches have been attended with more or less benefit to posterity. We find that Bacon himself attached so much importance to the matter that he prosecuted inquiry in that direction with the utmost assiduity. Although it would be almost impossible to review all the schemes advanced, yet a review of the most notable theories advocated for prolongation of life is certainly deserving of attention. At the same time, an elucidation of their fallacies, as occasion may arise, is of no small moment, in order to ascertain with greater certainty their true value. It is indeed interesting to observe the various and often opposite means advocated by enthusiasts for attaining the same end.

Even as far back as the Egyptian, Greek and Roman periods, we find the idea of prolonging life prevalent. The Egyptians bestowed considerable attention to the attainment of longevity, and they believed that life could be prolonged through the efficacy of sudorifics and emetics constantly used. Instead of saying, "How do you do?" as an ordinary salutation, they inquired of each other, "How do you perspire?" In those days, it was a general custom to take at least two emetics during each month. Hippocrates and his disciples recommended moderation in diet, friction and well-timed exercise, which was certainly a step in the right direction.

It was during the darkness of the Middle Ages, ripe with fanaticism and superstition, that the most absurd ideas of witchcraft, horoscopes, chiromancy, and empirical panaceas for the prolongation of life first became disseminated. The philosopher's stone and elixir of life were then vaunted by the alchemists. Foremost among the prolongers of life we find Paracelsus, an alchemist of great renown, and a man of considerable attainments. He claimed to have discovered the elixir of life. So great was his influence, that even the learned Erasmus did not disdain to consult him. Patients and pupils flocked around him from every quarter of Europe. Notwithstanding his famous "stone of immortality," he died at the age of fifty. His vaunted elixir was a kind of sulphur similar to compound sulphuric ether. Nevertheless, to the researches of Paracelsus we are indebted for our primary knowledge of mercury, which he was the first to use as a medicine.

About this epoch, one Leonard Thurneysser attained world-wide celebrity as an astrologer and nativity-caster. He was a physician, printer, bookseller, and horoscopist all in one. He professed that, by the aid of astrology, he could not only predict future events, but likewise prolonged life. He published yearly an astrological calendar, describing the nature of the forthcoming year and its chief events. His calendar and other quackeries enabled him to amass the sum of one thousand florins. He declared that every man lay under the influence of a certain star, by which his destiny was ruled. On ascertaining from what planet a person's misfortunes or sickness proceeded, he advised his patient to remove his residence within the control of a more propitious luminary. In short, to escape from the influence of a malignant to a more friendly satellite was the basis of his theory.

Marsilius Ficinus, in his "Treatise on the Prolongation of Life," recommended all prudent persons to consult an astrologer every seven years, thereby to avoid any danger which might threaten them. During the year 1470, an individual named Pansa dedicated to the Council of Leipsic a book entitled "The Prolongation of Life," in which he most strongly urges all persons desirous of longevity to be on their guard every seven years, because Saturn, a hostile planet, ruled at these periods. According to the teachings of astrology, metals were believed to be in intimate connection with the planets. Thus no doubt it was that amulets and talismans originated, as reputed agents for prolonging life. The disciples of this creed had amulets and talismans cast of the proper metals, and under the influence of certain constellations, in order to protect themselves from the evil influence of adverse planets. These absurd conceits were at a later period revived by Cagliostro, of whom we shall have more to say presently. It would indeed appear that the more mysterious and ridiculous the conceptions of fanatics and imposters were, the greater was their success.

The example of the renowned Cornaro affords a brilliant instance of the superiority of an abstemious life to the foolish doctrines put forth at that period. Up to forty years of age he was excessively intemperate both in eating and drinking, so that his health suffered considerably. He then resolved to submit himself to a strictly temperate regimen, and for the remaining sixty years of his life, which almost reached one hundred years, he continued the observance of his rules, with the result given. Although life might be prolonged by exercising greater moderation in eating and drinking than is generally adopted, yet, nevertheless, few persons could safely follow so strict a dietary.

Shortly after the death of Louis XIII. of France, who was bled forty-seven times during the last ten months of existence, a contrary method came into fashion. Transfusion was for a time relied upon as a means for invigorating and prolonging life. The operation was performed by aid of a small pipe conveying blood from the artery of one person to another. In Paris, Drs. Dennis and Riva were enabled to cure a young man who had previously been treated in vain for lethargy. Further experiments not being so satisfactory, this device as a prolonger of life became discarded.

Francis Bacon held somewhat unique ideas regarding the possible prolongation of existence. He regarded life as a flame continually being consumed by the surrounding atmosphere, and he thence concluded that by retarding vital waste and renewing the bodily powers from time to time, life might be lengthened. With the object of preventing undue external vital waste, he advised cold bathing, followed by friction. Tranquility of mind, cooling food, with the use of opiates, he advocated as the most suitable measures for lessening internal consumption. Furthermore, he proposed to renovate life periodically, first by a spare diet combined with cathartics; subsequently, through choice of a refreshing and succulent diet. With some degree of modification, there seems to be much wisdom in his views, excepting as regards the use of opiates, which are decidedly of a prejudicial nature.

Numerous charlatans have appeared, and still appear at intervals, loud in their asseverations of having discovered the veritable elixir of life—gold, tinctures, and many other nostrums with which they mendaciously promise to prolong life. The most notorious of these empirics was the Count de St. Germain, who with barefaced effrontery protested that he had already existed for centuries by aid of his "Tea of Long Life," which he declared would rejuvenate mankind. On close examination his miraculous philter was ascertained to consist of a simple infusion of sandal-wood, fennel and senna leaves.

A great stir was created in 1785 by the occult pretensions of a fanatical physician in France named Mesmer. He vaunted the possession of extraordinary magnetic power, which enabled him forthwith, by its agency, to remove every disease and prolong life. At the king's desire, a commission was instituted to report upon this phenomenon, in which Dr. Franklin took a leading part. The only practical result of this inquiry was the discovery of animal electricity. At one time, Mesmer refused three hundred and forty thousand livres for his secret. After Dr. Franklin's investigations, Mesmer lapsed into obscurity.

Last, but not least in the foremost rank of impostors, was Joseph Balsamo, *alias* Count de Cagliostro. This charlatan appeared just before the first French Revolution. During his remarkable career, Cagliostro made more than one fortune, which he subsequently lost, and died in prison in 1795. The distinguished Cardinal de Rohan was one of his chief dupes. Like St. Germain, Balsamo boasted that he had discovered the elixir of life and throughout Europe, found persons of all degrees eager to possess his panacea. This elixir was a very powerful stomachic, possessed of great stimulating properties, tending to augment vital sensations. It is a fixed law of nature that everything which increases the vital forces tends to abridge their duration. Concentrated and potent stimulants, which are usually the active principle of most elixirs, although for the time increasing physical strength, are in truth very prejudicial to longevity.

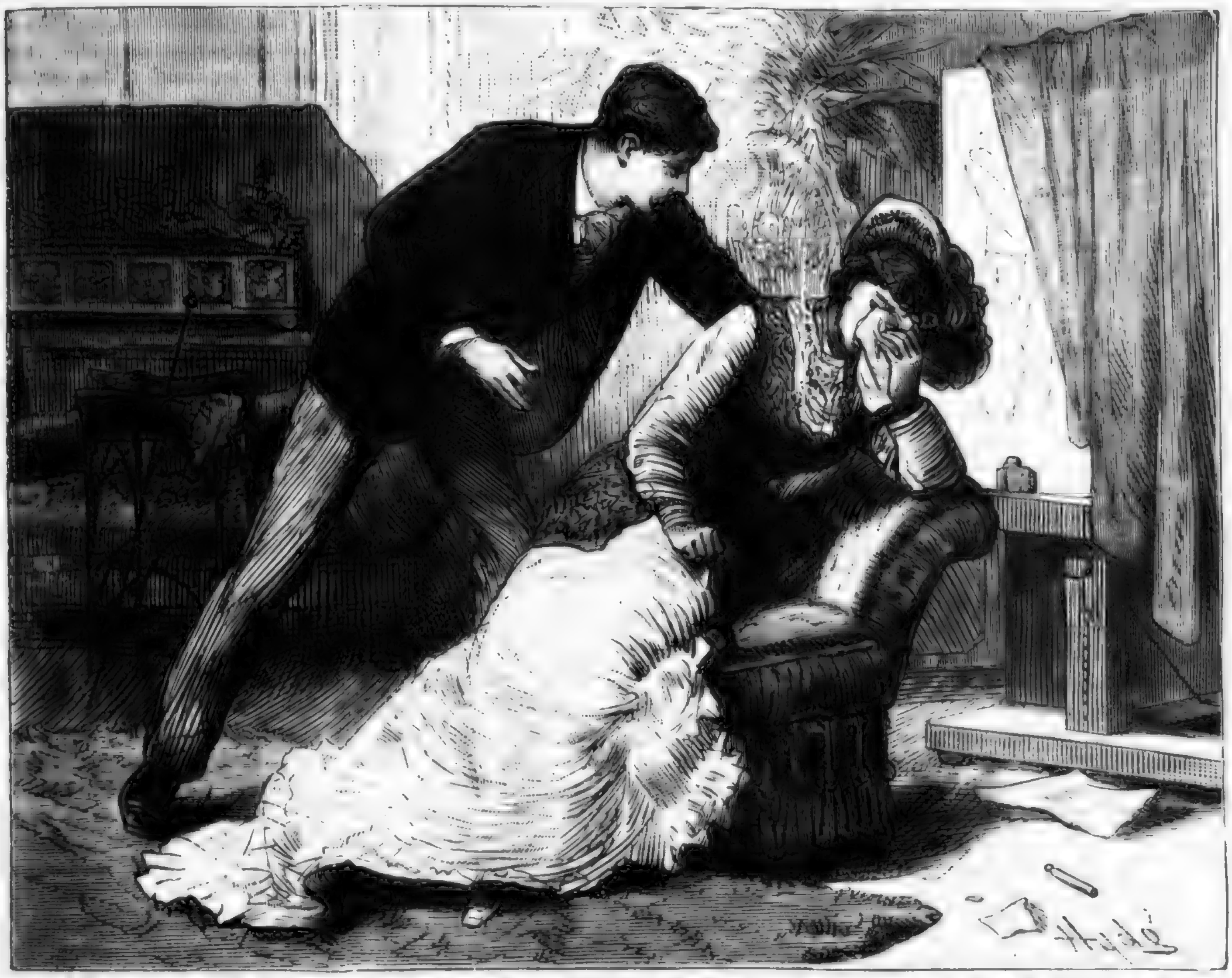
We will now pass on to examine other theories more worthy of attention, before we proceed to establish what at present appears to be the most certain means for promoting longevity. The plan of "hardening"—based upon a false supposition that by toughening the physical organs they would wear longer—obtained at one time numerous followers. When we reflect that the main principle of life depends upon the pliability of every organ, combined with free circulation, it naturally follows that rigidity must be unfriendly to longevity. Perpetual cold baths, exposure to keen air, and exhausting exercise, were advocated by the "hardening school." Like most enthusiasts, they carried their ideas to excess, a limited use of which would have been beneficial. Later on, a theory well suited to the idle and luxurious gained many adherents, namely, to retard bodily waste by a trance-like sleep. One enthusiast, Maupertius, went so far as to propound the possibility of completely suspending vital activity. Even Dr. Franklin, having observed the restoration of apparently dead flies by exposure to warmth, was struck with the feasibility of promoting long life by the agency of immobility. The misconception of this theory, from a physiological point of view, is at once self-evident, as want of exercise is simply poisonous to health. Upon a constant metamorphosis of the tissues, physical well-being must depend to a great extent. A destructive plethora would most certainly be induced by attempting "vital suspension."

STUDY IN A RESTAURANT.

LUNCHEON WITH YOUR SISTER, AND LUNCHEON WITH SOME ONE ELSE'S SISTER.

That celebrated set of mystical philosophers, the Rosicrucians—famous for their profound acquaintance with natural phenomena, and the higher branches of physical, chemical and medical science—considered that human existence might be protracted far beyond its supposed limits. They professed to regard old age by means of certain medicaments, whose action upon the system should curb the progress of natural decay. The means by which they professed to check senile decrepitude were, like other mysteries of their fraternity, never revealed. The celebrated English Rosicrucian, Dr. Fludd, whose writings became famous, is said to have lived a century.

The principal disadvantage of the various plans which have been set forth for promoting longevity appears to be that they are all deficient in this important respect—that they only regard *one subject, and neglect the rest.* However beneficial any theory may prove, it must be materially inadequate in fulfilling its purpose, should numerous other matters of the greatest importance bearing upon human economy be ignored. Hufeland, in his luminous work, "The Art of Prolonging Life," is of opinion that the real art of longevity consists in cultivating those agents which protract existence, and by avoiding all circumstances tending to shorten its duration. This is undoubtedly the most reasonable method for obtaining



BLONDE AND BRUNETTE.—"'MARRIED!' HER WHITE LIPS FORM THE WORD WITHOUT UTTERING IT. SHE HAS TURNED SO PALE AND FAINT THAT BERNARD HURRIES TOWARD HER."

the end in view. Moderation in all things (avoiding as far as possible every morbific condition), and open-air exercise are far more reliable means of prolonging life than any of the elixirs and panaceas ever advocated. Finally, health and longevity can only be attained by an intimate acquaintance with and obedience to those natural laws which govern our physical economy.

BLONDE AND BRUNETTE.

One cold November afternoon two beautiful young women stood side-by-side at Schaus's window, looking interestedly at a painting that had just been placed on view. The one was a tall and magnificently-formed brunette, with rich dark hair, a proud, impassioned face, and eager dark eyes that seemed to hide a settled sadness under all their flashing brilliancy. The other was a slender, exquisite blonde, with dim gold hair in soft, natural waves above her wonderful gray-blue eyes. Both these young women were unmistakably stamped with Beauty's royal ensignia. The brunette was dressed in silk and velvet and fine laces—the blonde, in poor, threadbare, and almost insufficient clothing, but with that desperate effort at neatness and fitness that youth, however burdened and oppressed, must make.

For some minutes they stood together, almost touching each other, in their absorbed contemplation of the picture—"Fair Rosamond," by Bernard Lesca.

To the girl in the shabby clothes it was a *picture*, simply—to be enjoyed for a moment and passed by. But to the other, whose heart beat fast under her silken bodice, it was a wonder, a dream, a romance.

His work—the work of the man to whom she had given, silently and hopelessly, all the intense love of her ardent nature.

Bernard Lesca, the struggling young artist, who was only beginning to meet praise and recognition, had won, without seeking it, the passionate devotion of Helen Garland—a belle and beauty, and the only child of a millionaire. They had met almost daily during the three months while he was engaged in painting her portrait, and when the work was ended it came upon Helen like a shock, the knowledge that her heart had gone beyond her own keeping.

Of Bernard's feelings toward her, beyond mere courtesy, she could guess nothing. Poor, proud and sensitive, he was not the man to wear his heart on his sleeve, for the frivolous crowd to gape at—nor even for his beautiful patroness to examine at will. And so Helen, with all her wealth and power and loveliness, could only dream and hope and suffer in secret, like the humblest of maidens to whom love, unbidden, finds its way.

"Please, ma'am, help a poor child. Give a poor child a penny, please, ma'am."

The pitiful, monotonous voice, the little dirty outstretched hand, the shivering, ragged little form, scarcely attracted a glance from Miss Garland. She had never known the meaning of cold or hunger or wretchedness in any physical sense through all her happy life. How

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could she understand the pathos of this appeal? But the girl beside her turned quickly to the child with a kindly, compassionate look, and opening her poor shabby pocketbook, took from her scanty treasure a few coins, which she dropped into the child's hand, with a smile that thrice sweetened the giving. Then, with a parting glance at "Fair Rosamond," she moved away from the window and went lightly along the busy street, facing the sharp Autumn wind that fluttered her thin garments as she walked.

Miss Garland, watching her with strange intentness, felt the tears suddenly fill her eyes—this little simple act of charity had touched her strangely. Before she knew her own intent, she was following the slender figure through the hurrying crowd. By degrees it became plain to her what she meant to do, and a smile lighted her face, and her step grew firmer.

The way chosen by her unconscious guide proved to be a long one. Through Broadway to Bleecker Street, through Bleecker to the Bowery, through the Bowery to a cross-street that seemed to have no name—a terrible place for this dainty, beautiful creature to venture through, but she said to herself, shuddering, "I can't turn back. Wherever she goes, I know I, too, can go with safety. I am not afraid while I can keep her in sight."

And while Miss Garland goes scudding through these down-town muddy streets—a wonder to the passers-by—her carriage is waiting her order at Delmonico's, and the impatient coachman stamps up and down the pavement, a prey to indignation and suspense.

At length the swift, lithe figure which Miss Garland's eyes cling to steadfastly slackens pace at a miserable doorway, that seems trying to shrink out of sight between a liquor-store and a rag-shop. The door is open, and Miss Garland's heart beats fast as the girl turns into the hallway, but she follows her determinedly, and says, in her soft, rich voice:

"Wait, please—wait a moment."

And the two stand face to face, looking at each other by the light of the dim lamp that burns in the lower end of the hall.

"Excuse me." Miss Garland is breathless from excitement and fatigue, but she speaks with a gentle earnestness. "I have followed you because I wished to speak to you. I saw you give money to the poor child. I thought it was so beautiful, and—and it would make me very happy if you would let me give you—if you would let me help you. I have so much, and you have taught me a lesson——"

Her pocketbook is open, and she is trying to force some banknotes into the hand of the girl, who draws back with amazement, and a little pride in her face.

"Oh, no; indeed no!" she says, quickly. "I am not so poor as that! I thank you just the same; but I can't take it. No—no!"

"Do not refuse," Miss Garland pleads, impetuously. "I have followed you all this way. I know it made you happy to give to the little child, and it would be such a happiness if you would let me do something for you. The cold weather is coming, and you will need warm clothes."

But still the girl shrinks away, and repeats, firmly—but now her eyes are full of tears:

"Oh, thank you—thank you a thousand times! but, indeed, I can take nothing. I am very poor, as you see: but surely you can understand that I may be proud, too."

"You deprive me of a pleasure, and I think you are unkind to do so," Miss Garland answers; and her own dark eyes are moist. She is but little used to plead in vain. "I cannot see what place pride has between us. Well, I will not insist, but I hope you are not too proud to accept my card," placing it in her hand with a bright, sudden smile, "and come and see me. Will you promise? I wish particularly to talk with you—and soon. Will you come to-morrow? And will you tell me now your name?"

"My name is Frances Day."

* * * * * *

A week later there came to Bernard Lesca's studio a lovely girl, in a shabby bonnet, who presented to him a little sealed and scented note. He smiled as he looked at the handsome writing. Tearing it open, he read these lines:

> "DEAR MR. LESCA: I have found, by chance, this beautiful young woman, Frances Day—the bearer—whose face, I think, will charm you. It occurred to me that she might meet your ideal for the 'Madonna' face in your 'Alms at the Beautiful Gate.' You have so often deplored the scarcity of good models, that I have taken the liberty of sending her. In any case, dear Mr. Lesca, you must paint her blonde loveliness into some sort of a picture for me, and allow me the pleasure of paying for her sittings. The truth is, she is very poor, and very proud, and will not allow me to help her, so I take this means of befriending her, and you will not betray me, I know. With good wishes, your friend,
>
> "HELEN GARLAND."

"Good heart and true," murmured Bernard Lesca, and a softened light came over his grave, dark face. He attributed Helen's act to simple heart-warm charity. He could not read between the lines her eager thought: "Now, I shall see him often. I shall be free to come and go while this picture is in progress; there will be no more long days and weeks of separation. I can be near him once again, and see and hear him."

All this motive was sealed from Bernard's eyes, and he saw only the sweet compassion of woman to woman. He thrust the letter into his breast, and turned to his fair visitor with an eager, admiring scrutiny.

"Miss Garland has told you that I wished to engage a model?"

"Yes, sir."

"I shall be delighted if you can come to me, and as soon as possible. Is your time otherwise engaged, or could you spare me two afternoons each week?" And he named such liberal terms of payment that the wistful face brightened into lovely bloom and color.

"Oh, yes, sir; any day you like to name." The sapphire blue eyes, to which joy had lent lustre, almost dazzled him with their light as she raised them thankfully to his own. "I have been working so very, very hard for such a little money, I don't know how to understand being paid so well for doing nothing at all."

"Such beauty as yours is not every day to be found," says Bernard, lightly. "I call myself very fortunate that you have come my way, thanks to Miss Garland. Well, shall we arrange for Wednesday, then? I shall expect you at one o'clock. You must be prompt, please"—with a little sudden business-like air. "I am a hard taskmaster in regard to time."

"Oh, I will be prompt," a glad thrill in her voice; "it seems almost too good to believe that I *am* coming."

On Wednesday, true to her word, Miss Day appears, a good ten minutes ahead of time. She looks so radiantly lovely, in her poor black dress and faded blue vail, that Mr. Lesca is almost startled as he admits her; but he poses her, nevertheless, in a matter-of-fact fashion, and is soon absorbed and busy.

Presently Miss Garland arrives, in a wonderful costume of ruby plush, with a soft white plume sweeping round her velvet black hair, and caressing the crowded braids at the back of her stately head. She is elated and gracious—charmed with the model's attitude—with her sunbright head and clear perfection of profile.

The model, in her severe, simple, Madonna drapery of white cashmere, with her hair knotted plainly back, makes a strange contrast to this nineteenth-century elaboration of attire, the color and rustle and "frou-frou" of modern elegance.

Between the two Mr. Lesca sits and paints with a calm, observant face, quietly thoughtful of the poor girl and gravely tolerant of the rich one.

As the sitting progresses Miss Garland never fails to be present. Through storm and sunshine her carriage brings her to the door that is the gate of her earthly paradise.

More than all the rest of her life, thrice told, are those few brief hours of each week passed in the dim, dusty, crowded studio, and in the presence of Bernard Lesca.

She is so gentle, so soft and tender. Happy as a pleased child, she looks through his folios of finished sketches, or watches him quietly as he works. Her soul seems to unfold itself gladly, yet reverently, in the sunshine of his smile and friendly welcoming eyes. But a day comes at last that brings a little blurred and hurried note instead of Helen.

> "My father has been very, very ill, dear Mr. Lesca," she writes to him, with a trembling hand—"a serious attack of lung trouble. We sail for Florida to-day. I cannot even see you a moment to say good-by, but you will not forget your friend, I know. We hope to return in April next, and meanwhile I shall expect to hear from you often, and will write at length as soon as we arrive at Magnolia. Kind regards and farewell to Miss Day. I am so sorry I could not see you, and I hope you will be sorry, too, and miss me a great deal. Don't forget to report progress of our picture. With a heart full of good wishes, your friend, HELEN."

Bernard reads these lines with surprise and friendly regret. He receives them for what they seem—a gracious parting salutation, full of condescension and kindness. He does not dream that in reality they convey the passionate, almost heartbroken farewell of a proud and lovely woman.

When he reads them aloud in all innocence to Miss Day, a burning flush spreads over her face and neck. Then, as Bernard looks at her, he feels his own color rise. A curious restraint falls on each. They seem to realize, for the first time, that they are alone together, and already begin to miss Helen.

* * * * * *

The short, bright, busy Winter days passed quickly by; and with the first soft airs of Spring, Miss Garland came back to the city of her heart.

Her father had regained his health; the season at Magnolia had been a delightful one, and all things had conspired to make her life full and pleasant; but the old hunger and longing would not let her rest.

When Bernard's letters came, she was joyous and elated. The rest of the time she spent in waiting for them.

They were pleasant, kind and genial—nothing more; but it is strange on what poor and insufficient food love—especially woman's love—can feed itself, and live.

So back to the city came Helen Garland, with the flush of health on her cheeks and the light of an ardent hope in her glorious dark eyes.

The first morning after her arrival, a "spirit in her feet" led her swiftly and safely to the door of Bernard Lesca's studio.

This time her carriage was left behind—it seemed such delight to walk through the old familiar streets once more, with the sun shining in her face, and the wind blowing lightly by.

Through the heavy, frowning porch, along the wide hall and up the endless stairway she hurries, with a quick-beating heart, and taps lightly at the well-known door. Then his voice calls to her, and she enters.

"Miss Garland."

"Bernard!"

It is the first time she has ever named him thus familiarly, and his eyes express a pleased recognition of the fact. He presses both her hands in his own warmly.

"Well, this is a delightful surprise. I had not hoped to see you so soon. How well you look. You came by the steamer yesterday, I suppose?"

The sunlight is very bright in the studio this lovely morning. She sees him very plainly—he has never looked so handsome nor so happy. Her thirsty eyes drink from his as she says, eagerly:

Are you glad to see me—really glad? Oh, the time seemed so long! Bernard, I am so happy, happy! I can scarcely believe I am with you once again!"

They are standing close together; her proud, tender face is raised toward him, and tears are crowding her thick, dark lashes.

She makes a little gentle movement, and lays her beautiful hand on his shoulder. He starts back instantly.

"What is this?" he asks, in a low voice of intense surprise. For a moment or two Helen does not answer; and then she says, softly and unsteadily, in a voice scarcely audible through tears:

"Forgive me. You must know—do you not, that I love you? It has been such a long time. I waited for you to speak—but my wealth has stood between us. Yes, I know. But, Bernard, if that were all—and if you love me——"

"Oh, hush, hush!" quickly he interrupts her. "For God's sake say no more! I meant to tell you, but you did not give me time. I am married! I was married a month ago!"

"Married!"

Her white lips form the word without uttering it. She has turned so pale and faint that Bernard hurries toward her, and seats her gently in a little cushioned chair. Her hands lie clasped in her lap. She looks up at him piteously, and says, in a broken whisper:

"Is it true? Must I believe it?"

"It is true, Miss Garland."

"Well, that is all. I *will* believe it; and I wish you happiness, with all my heart, Bernard! You see," smiling sadly, "I call you Bernard, but you do not call me Helen. You will never call me Helen *now*."

"Surely I may call you Helen. You will let me always be your friend?"

"Oh, no; dear, no," she answers, simply. "I loved you too well for that. We can never be friends! So, it is all over—my long, sweet, troubled dream! But tell me of your wife. Are you happy? Do you love her?"—what anguish hid beneath those coaxing tones! "And whom did you marry, Bernard? Tell me at least her name."

And Bernard, turning a little away from the dark, despairing, beautiful eyes, answers softly:

"Indeed I am happy, Helen; and I love my wife dearly. I have married Frances Day!"

"Oh!"

She bites her lip to force back the bitter cry; and the

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blood rushes to her face and brow. There is a long minute of silence—her face slowly pales again, and she says at length, in a strained, curious voice, unlike her own:

"How strange it seems that I should give her to you—that I should find her, follow her through the streets and bring her here—for *this!* I think if I had never known her, perhaps—you would have loved me! No; do not speak!"

She interrupts him hastily.

"Whatever you say will break my heart. There is no help—no hope? Only, Bernard," her voice changing to sorrowful entreaty, "promise me that you will not tell her—that you will keep my wretched secret from all the world—but most of all, from *her*. Will you promise, Bernard?"

"Most truly and faithfully; but there is no need of any promise, Helen. Do you not know that I would die rather than betray such confidence as yours?"

"I know; forgive me," she answers quickly. "You were always so good—so noble. Forget, if you can, my weakness and folly. I, too, will try to forget."

She rises to her feet with something of the old stateliness, and offers him her hand in farewell. Without another word, and with a little parting smile, sadder than any tears, she is gone.

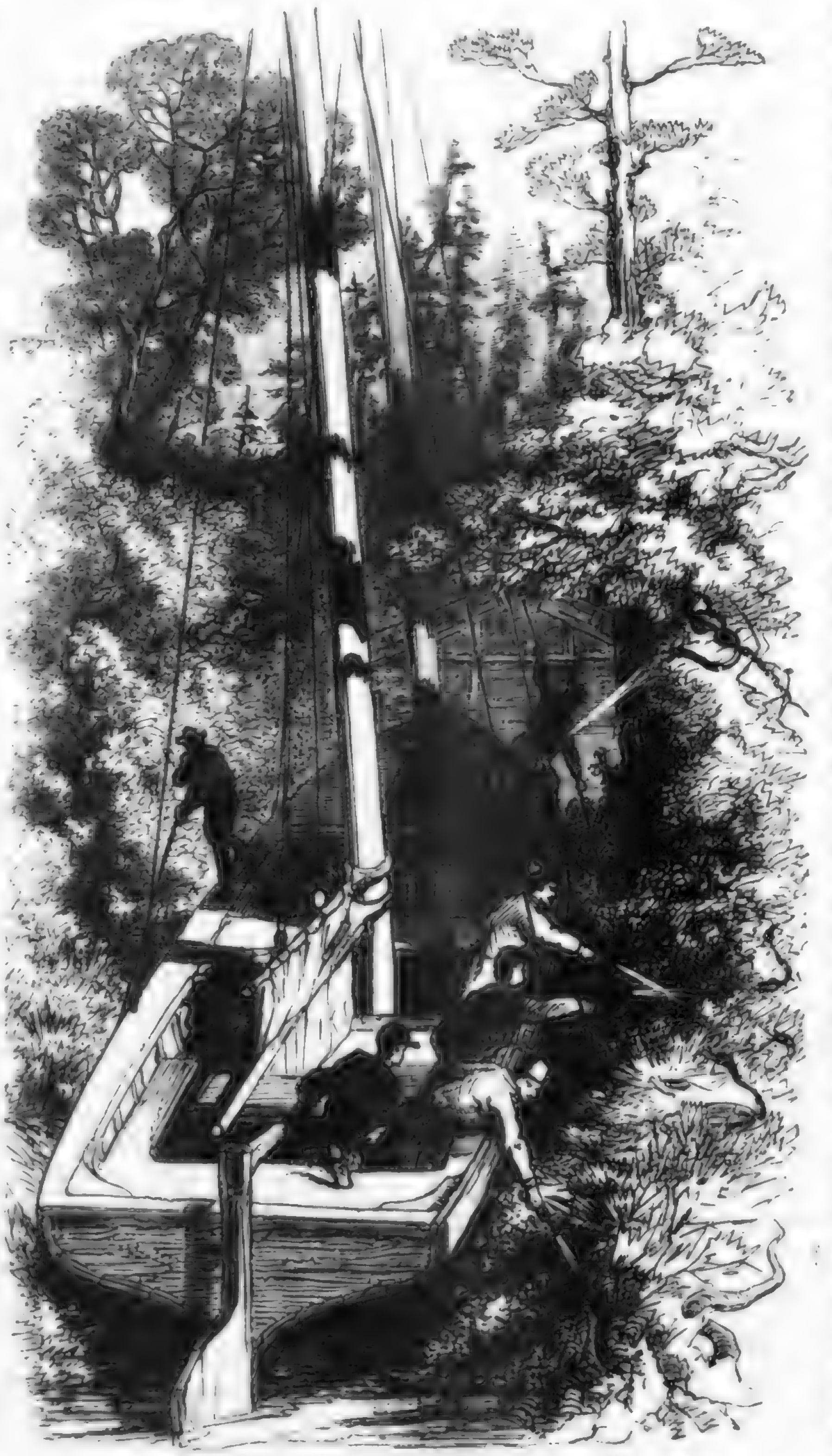
* * *

Society, ever on the alert for a little wonder and gossip, is quite astonished by the change one Winter in Florida has produced in Helen Garland. Since she has returned to New York, society declares her life is little better than a nun's. She goes absolutely nowhere, except to church, and is seen by no one. Society forgets to add, that the sorrowful and the afflicted see her very often, and the prayers of the little children call her blessed.

OUR COMMON SNAKES.

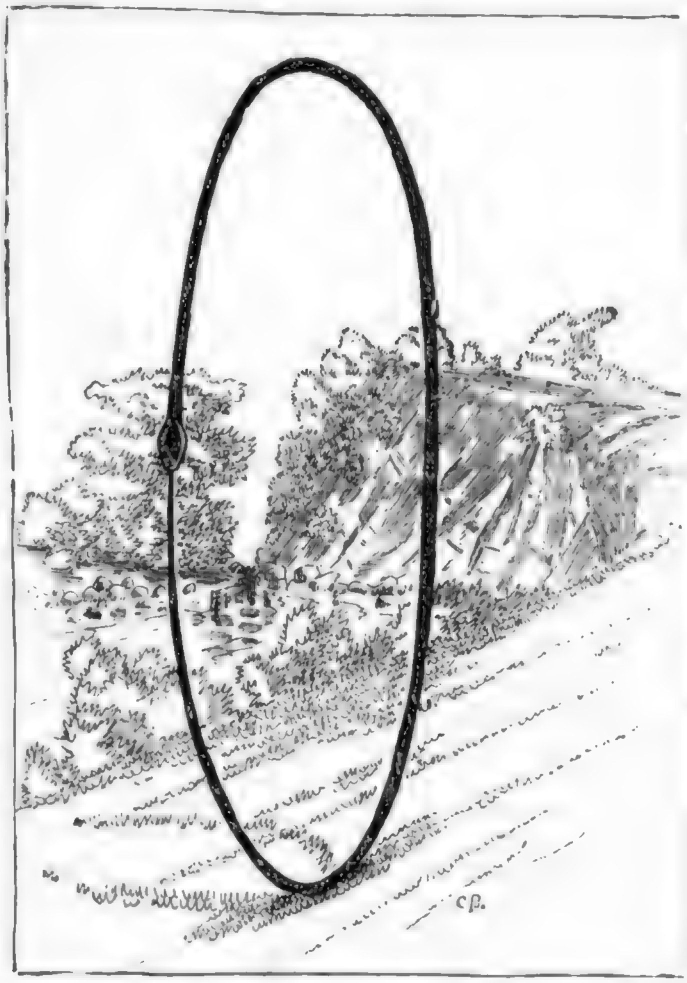
By C. F. Holder.

Perhaps no class of animals so widely distributed and so common in everyday life are so little known and understood as the snakes. This is not because the science of herpetology has been neglected or overlooked, as the scientific institutions of the various cities of the country are replete with fine collections of most of the reptiles and exhaustive works upon their habits and customs. Yet, notwithstanding this, the snake still forms the subject of ever-recurring tales, fabulous in the extreme, that seem handed down from generation to generation with a faithfulness that would do credit to the New Mexico Indians who preserve their records in this way. Curiously enough, many of these strange stories are current among those who, from the nature of their life, would be expected to be well and accurately posted upon the habits of the animals. Thus many farmers and horticulturists can be found that religiously believe that the milk-snake (*Ophiobolus clericus*) deprives cows and milk-giving animals of their supply. An intelligent farmer, sane on other subjects, informed the writer that for a long time his cows failed to give a proper supply of milk, and it was a great mystery until, one morning before milking he saw a milk-snake *between two of the cows*, and killed it on the spot, after that having no trouble. This man could not be convinced of his mistake, although he acknowledged that it was impossible that so small a snake could have held a half-pint of milk, even if forced into its body.

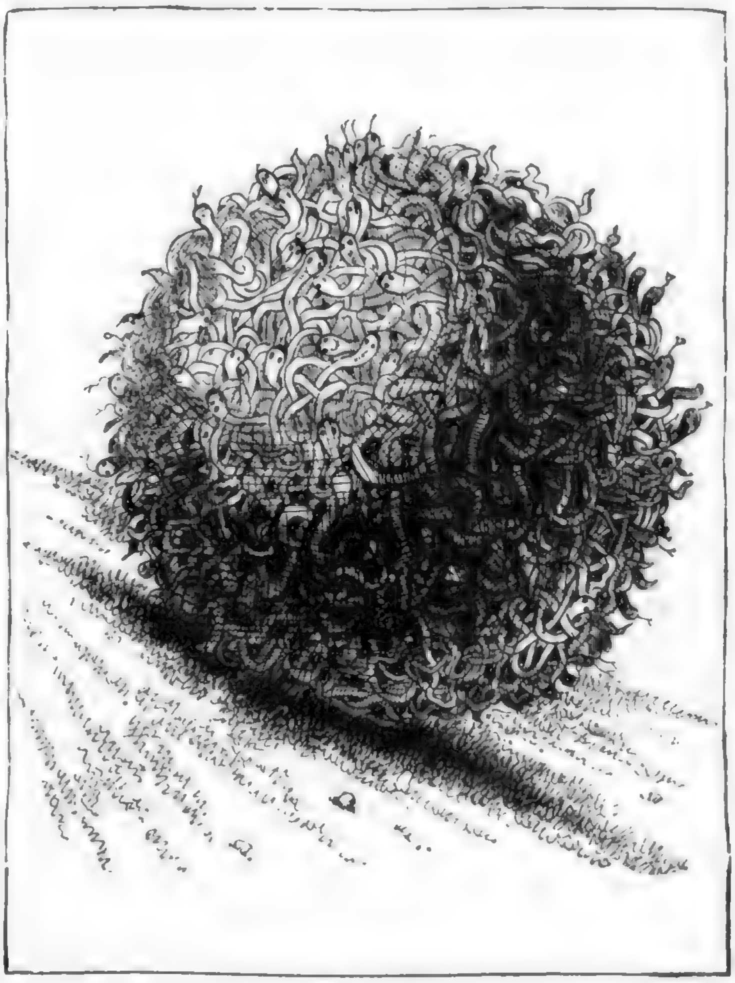


SHOOTING MOCCASINS IN A SWAMP CANAL.

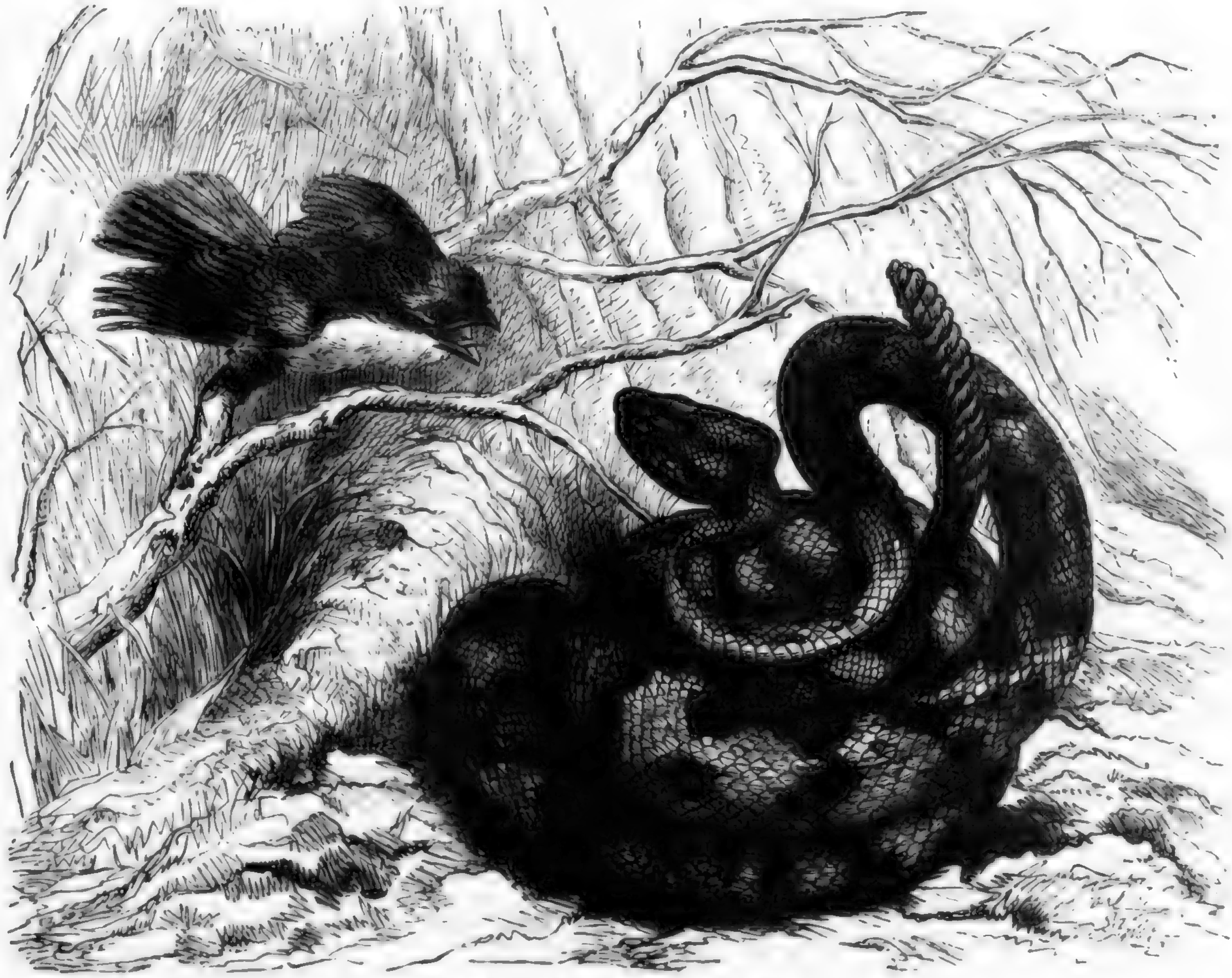
In a Western paper devoted to sporting matters there appeared recently a long article on the habits of snakes.



THE HOOP SNAKE, ACCORDING TO POPULAR STORIES.



A BALL OF SNAKES.



A RATTLESNAKE CHARMING A BIRD.

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It contained a statement, often seen and believed by many, that a certain snake of the South (the whip-snake) seizes its tail—which has a sting (?)—in its mouth, and rolls away in the form of a wheel, stopping suddenly and striking the enemy with the sting. Such stories are current by the score, and perhaps denial only strengthens belief.

We have in America, north of Mexico, about one hundred and thirty species of snakes, nearly all having a wide geographical distribution. They constitute the first order (*Ophidia*) of the reptiles, and having long cylindrical bodies, are footless, without a shoulder-girdle, and covered with a coat of scales which shed simultaneously at times in the Summer months. They are formed from the epidermis, and generally overlap each other as in the fishes; but in other cases, as the *Acrohordus*, etc., they do not, and are tubercular. The eyes of snakes have no lids in the strict sense of the term, being covered permanently by a delicate film, or membrane, that takes the place of the lid, thus explaining the strong stare that all snakes have, and that is so disagreeable to many; so it may be said that the snake cannot shut its eyes.

When we examine the skeleton, we see that it is arranged to allow the greatest amount of freedom of movement and flexibility. The pieces of bone (vertebræ) that go to make up the long tapering backbone number over four hundred in some species, are hollow in front and convex behind, literally working on a ball-and-socket plan, each one, excepting the first or atlas, bearing a pair of ribs, one on each side.

The processes of the vertebræ are provided with what are called articular facets, that lock into or grasp each other, thus strengthening and giving a greater degree of flexibility to the backbone. In the head, however, we see the most remarkable modification, that enables the snake to prey upon animals that seem larger than itself. The jawbones would seem to be a combination of elastic springs having no gauge to their tension; thus the quadrate bones that connect the lower jaw with the skull are movable, allowing the enormous gape that all who have seen a snake swallow its prey are familiar with. Besides this, the bones of the jaw itself and palate are more or less movable, also tending to assist greatly in the distension of the throat.

As the snakes do not tear or mutilate their prey, their teeth are not set in sockets, and are merely for two purposes: first, to poison and stupefy the prey; and second, to prevent its escape, acting as hooks by which the body is hauled over the victim. These holding-teeth are developed on the palatine, maxillary, pterygoid and mandibular bones, and in some cases on the premaxillaries. Their action is most remarkable. We have seen that the bones of the lower jaw were not fastened closely to each other, so in swallowing prey the teeth on one side are advanced, securing a hold, then on the other side, and so on, until the victim is hauled into the snake's throat overhand, as if so many hooks were alternately pulling at it.

The poisonous snakes, as the rattlesnakes, have two long, sharp fangs, that are modifications of the maxillary teeth referred to above; each appearing as if flattened out like a knife-blade and bent up, forming a hollow tube, or groove, open at both ends. The upper portion of the hollow fang is fastened to a bone in the cheek which moves with ease, so that when not in use the fangs can be folded back—packed away, so to speak—until needed.

Undoubtedly all animals, even man, have in their saliva a deadly poison, though in the latter it is extremely diluted, and of use only in assisting the digestion of our food. In the poisonous snakes, however, we find it accumulated in sacks that are modifications of the salivary gland, and placed on each side of the upper jaw. A delicate canal extends from the poison-gland under the eye forward to the edge of the jaw, and there opens into the fang above the tube of the tooth; and if we examine here, we shall find rudimentary fangs, all ready to grow out if the large one is lost. To use the poison, the snake has merely to strike its prey, the muscles of the jaw being so arranged that, as soon as the fang enters the flesh of the victim, certain muscles press upon the glands, squeeze the poison through the little canal down through the hollow fang, and the work is done.

In their actions snakes are most graceful. The gliding motion is effected by the movements of the large or ventral scales, that are successively pushed forward, the hinder edges resting on the ground and forming a support. These scales, fulcra, or pushers, are fastened to the ribs by muscles, and by holding a snake the swelling movement can readily be felt.

The internal anatomy of snakes is interesting on many accounts, but perhaps the most striking feature is the want of symmetry in the organs that in many animals are generally paired; thus the lung proper is single, long and large, while the other is extremely small and rudimentary.

The young of snakes are produced in three ways, though two are nearly identical. Some are oviparous, or lay eggs that are generally connected and deposited under moist vegetation, where they are hatched by the heat generated. The most remarkable egg-laying snake is the Natrixtorquata, of Europe, where the embryo develops before the egg is laid, the young only being hatched two months after it is deposited.

A few snakes, as the vipers, are viviparous; that is, bring forth their young alive. Such is, according to Schneck, the spotted spreading adder, in a female of which he found eighty-seven young, six inches long. Other snakes are ovoviviparous, the snake retaining the egg in the body until the young are hatched.

In color the snakes vary much, but are generally adapted to their surroundings, the green snakes being found in green grass and vegetation, while the gray snakes frequent rocky districts, where they are alike protected. The skin is shed in one piece at various seasons of the year, being forced off in some cases by the snake forming a ring with its tail and squeezing the rest of the body through it, or by wriggling through the bushes. The poisonous snakes may always be recognized by their broad, flattened heads, and generally short and thick bodies. They also, as a rule, possess a vertical keel running along the centre of each scute. The non-poisonous snakes have long bodies, with the head small, no distinct neck, and the scute not keeled.

Probably the best known of our common poisonous snakes are the rattlesnakes, that with the moccasins and copperheads form the dangerous family *Crotalidæ*, distinguished by the large ugly head and the absence of teeth in the upper jaw excepting the long fangs, and the pit in the head. They are all viviparous; that is, the egg is retained in the female until it is hatched, the young then being expelled alive.

What is called the Northern rattlesnake, or *Crotalus horridus*, has probably the widest geographical range, being found in nearly every State in the Union, from the borders of the Gulf of Mexico to Northern New England, and west to the Rocky Mountains. It has a most forbidding appearance, and never could be mistaken when once seen, having an enormous head, triangular in shape, and large, brilliant eyes, with a fiery iris. Between the eye and the nostril is a deep pit, that is peculiar to this family of snakes. The general color is ash, with bands and patches of reddish-brown and gray, the abdomen being a reddish-straw color, dotted with black. They attain a length of about four feet.

As the name indicates, they have a rattle that is a horny appendage to the tail, formed of separate button-like objects, that rattle together when the tail is vibrated. This often warns human beings, and perhaps arouses a curiosity in other animals that proves fatal. The popular belief that a rattle is added every year is not borne out by facts. In a specimen observed by the eminent herpetologist, Dr. Holbrook, two rattles appeared within a year, and Dr. Buchannan's specimens attained four in that period. Mr. Peale, the naturalist, kept one of these snakes fourteen years. When he obtained it it possessed eleven rattles, and though it lost several every year, new ones took their place, and at its death it retained the original number, although, during the fourteen years of confinement in the Philadelphia Museum, it had increased four inches in length. So it will be seen that it is impossible to determine the age of these animals by this means. The number of rattles ever attained is also uncertain; the greatest number observed by Dr. Holbrook was twenty-one, all of which were perfect; but a writer in the *Columbian Magazine*, in 1786, recorded a specimen that had forty-four.

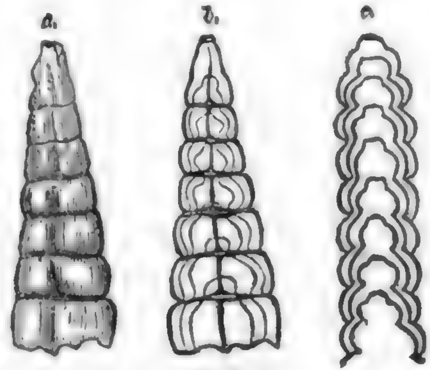


Fig. 1.

a. Tail of a Mexican rattlesnake. *b.* Substance of semi-transparent horn; thin and very perfect: natural size, and showing at the apex the smaller links developed while the snake was young, and gradually increasing with age. *c.* The same held against the light, showing how the interior links interlock.

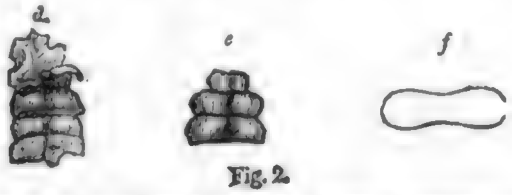


Fig. 2.

d. A very much worn rattle from a small Oregon rattlesnake, pulled apart, in order to display the form of the links. *Exact size.* *e.* One single-link detached from a rattle. *f.* A section of one link.

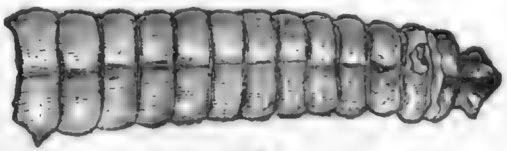


Fig. 3.

The rattle of a Mexican rattlesnake. *Exact size.*

The rattlesnake is mild and peaceful if unprovoked, and never has been known to follow a human being for purposes of attack. A friend of the writer, an army officer, was sitting on a stump in Florida with his hands upon his knees, looking down upon the ground, when a large rattlesnake, not, however, of this species, slowly crawled between his legs, and moved away. The officer had the nerve to remain perfectly quiet, which was necessary, he said, there not being a drop of whisky within two hundred miles.

They prey upon small animals, as rats, squirrels and rabbits, and can always be safely approached when stretched out, only striking when they are coiled. They are not climbers, rarely, if ever, being found in trees, and their alleged powers of fascination are purely mythical, this lying merely in the horror their presence inspires in the lower animals as well as in man. Paralyzed by fear, the victim is often incapable of flight, and stupidly awaits its fate. This I think will explain all the so-called cases of fascination, and the reader can well apply it to familiar examples by recalling instances where men, women and children have been attacked by animals, and rooted to the spot, as it were, by fear and surprise. Men have been so horrified and confused at an approaching train, that they have stood until tossed from the track, yet, in entering the plea for damages, the plaintiff's lawyer never claims that the injured party was fascinated by the engine.

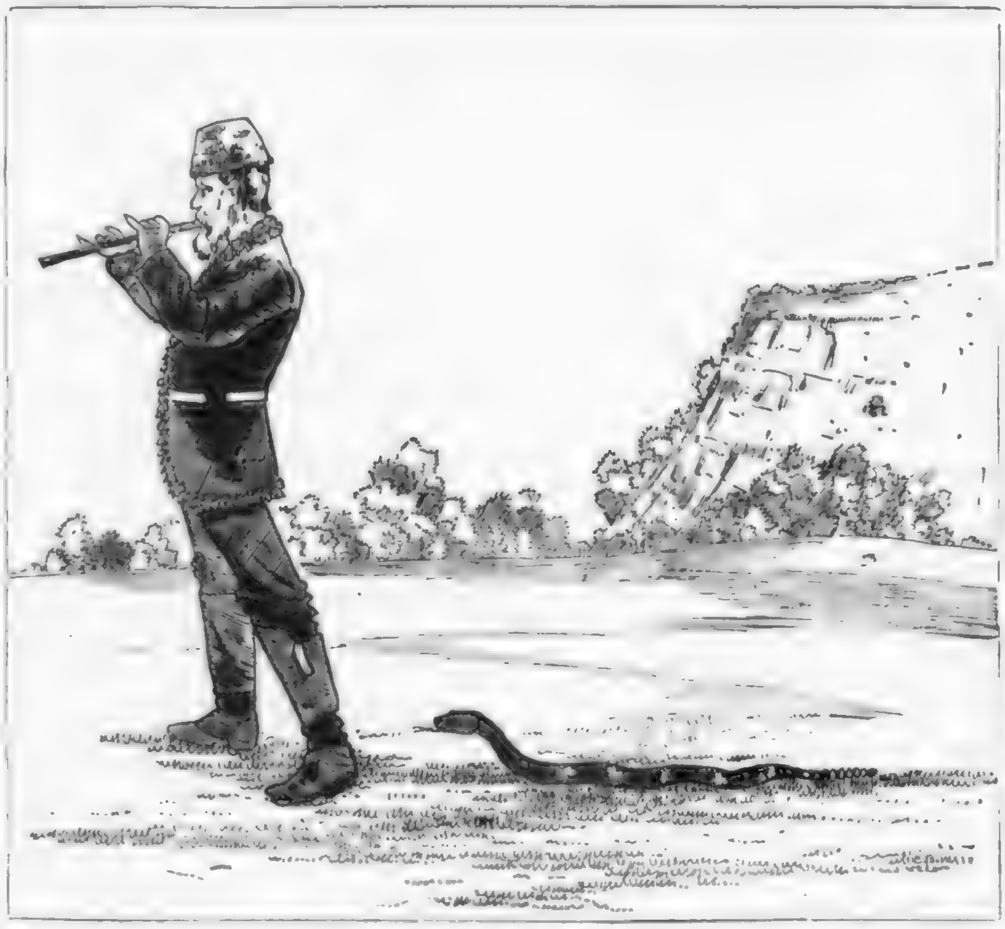
These dangerous snakes are extremely common in New York State, and especially in the mountainous and secluded parts of Pennsylvania. On the shores of Lake Champlain they are also very abundant, and some years ago two men, in three days, destroyed over eleven hundred rattlesnakes on the sides of Tongue Mountain, in Bolton Township, N. Y.

One of the vagaries of fashion is to have cardcases, bags, belts, pocketbooks, etc., of the rich skins of these animals. Their oil is also quite valuable, as well as the living snakes themselves for museums. So an extensive business is now carried on, and many men are engaged as professional rattlesnake-hunters.

Especially in Sullivan and Ulster Counties is this curious business followed; and, according to a gentleman living in Middletown, very snug sums are made every year in the sale of rattlesnake oil, which is believed to possess wonderful curative powers by a large proportion of the inhabitants of not only those but of adjoining counties. Many snakes are killed during the Summer season, but the grand gathering of the crop is in the Fall, when they have returned to their dens and wintering places. These retreats are well known to the snake-hunters, and they choose sunny days in October and November for raiding them. On such days the reptiles crawl out of their dens in the rocks, and huddle together by the score, different varieties frequently being found massed together. The snakes are dull and sluggish at that time of the year, and come out to bask in the sun. The hunters arm themselves with the old-fashioned flails, and when they come upon a pile of snakes, proceed at once to thrash the life out of them, but few escaping.

The rattlesnakes are assorted from the other species and carried home, where the oil is tried out as lard is from pork. No treatment of the oil is necessary. It is bottled up, and is ready for the market. As high as one dollar an ounce has been paid for it by believers in its value as a liniment for rheumatism and all kindred ills.

In the Winter months these snakes enter upon a state of hibernation, burying themselves in the ground, entwined or singly, coming out in early Spring.

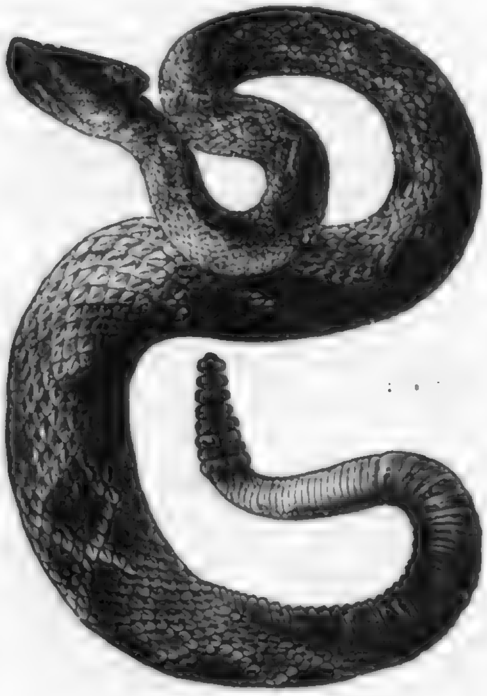


CHARMING A SNAKE.

Perhaps no subject connected with snakes has attracted so much attention as the vexed one as to their care for their young. A snake would scarcely be expected to show much maternal affection, but such is the case, and in a most remarkable manner—in fact, taking their young in their mouths if alarmed. I am indebted to Prof. G. Brown Goode, Curator of the Smithsonian Institute, for some interesting evidence that he has accumulated on this question. The belief that rattlesnakes thus protect their young is an old one, though often doubted, but it may now be considered settled that such is the fact.

Dr. Edward Palmer, a well-known traveler and collector, states that, when in Paraguay with the *Water-witch* expedition, he saw seven young rattlesnakes (*Candisona terrifica*) run into their parent's mouth. After it was killed they all ran out. These snakes, parent and brood, are preserved in the National Museum, Washington.

Palisot de Beauvois, an eminent French naturalist, Member of the Institute and Councilor of the University of Paris, thus details an observation made near the close of the last century: "When making my first excursion into the Cherokee country, I happened, while botanizing, to see a rattlesnake in my path. I approached as softly as possible; but, just as I was about to strike, imagine my surprise to see it, after sounding its rattle, open a very large mouth, and receive into it five little serpents, each about the size of a goose-quill. Astonished at this singular spectacle, I retired some distance and hid behind a tree. After some minutes the animal, believing itself out of danger, again opened its mouth, and allowed the little ones to escape. I advanced; the little ones retreated to their stronghold, and the mother, carrying her precious treasure, disappeared among the underbrush, where I was not able to find her."



THE RATTLESNAKE.

We have the opinion of Dr. Jeffries Wyman, Professor Gill, and other physiologists, that there is no reason why the young snakes may not live for a time within the parent. It would be very difficult to smother a reptile, even in such close quarters; and lizards, toads and snakes have often been rescued, unharmed, after a sojourn in a snake's stomach. It is a well-known fact that living tissues are acted upon very feebly by the gastric juice.

In all, Professor Goode has the testimony of nine careful observers, who have seen the mother snake, by a signal, call her brood into her mouth. Examples of this are very common among fish, and would certainly not appear more wonderful in snakes.

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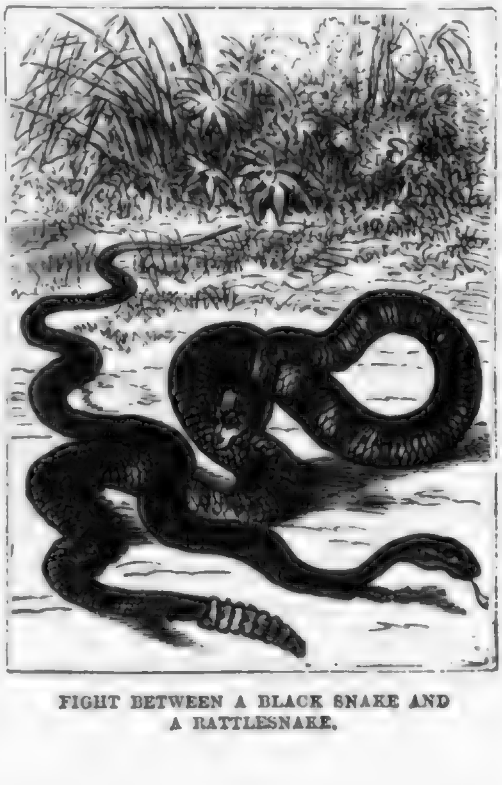
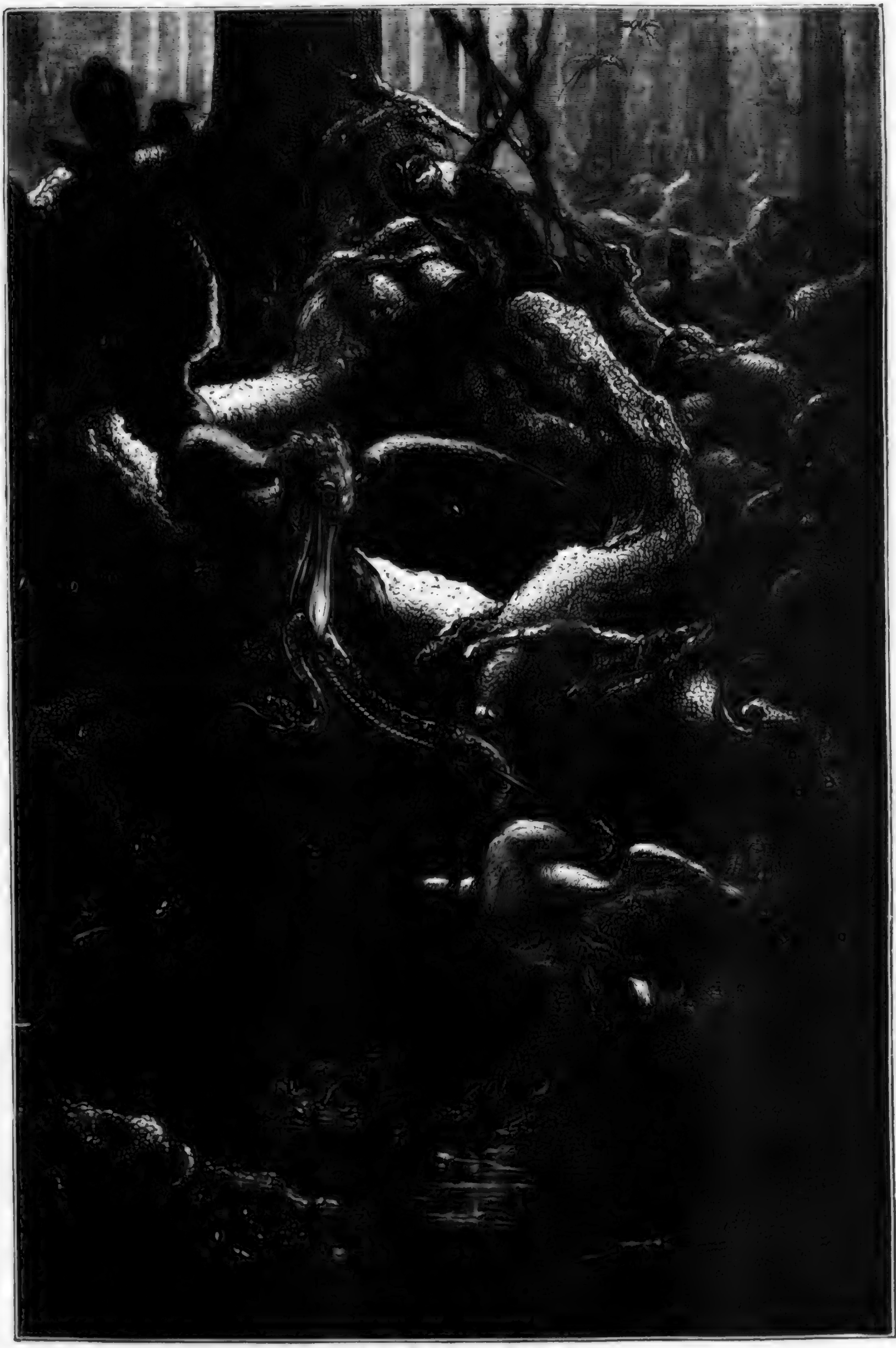


FIGHT BETWEEN A BLACK SNAKE AND A RATTLESNAKE.



DWELLERS IN A FLORIDA SWAMP.

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other rattlesnakes, the diamond attains a length of eight feet, and is strictly a Southern species, only found on the Atlantic south of the Carolinas. In the same locality is found the ground rattlesnake, about thirteen inches long. Others are the red, Mitchell's, horned, "side-winder" tiger, St. Lucas, banded, Arizona, spotted, scutulated, confluent, and the black-tail rattlesnakes, all of the genus *Crotalus.* In the genus *Caudisona* are found the Mexican ground, the Southern ground, the Sonora ground, and the black rattlesnakes — a ferocious array. The bite of nearly all of these is extremely dangerous, though in the smaller it is not necessarily fatal. Almost all animals succumb to them, and man, if proper remedies are not at hand. It is a general belief that the hog is exempt; but this is at least not the rule, and where these reptiles are common, these animals are often killed by them.

Almost every locality has its seer with a remedy for snake-bites; whisky, however, is generally the most successful. This was well shown in New York City in 1883, where a showman was bitten by a large rattlesnake, and recovered by being kept under the influence of large doses of whisky. Being a temperance man, he asserted that he suffered more from the liquor than he did from the bite.

It is stated that De Lacerda, of the French Academy of Sciences, has established the fact that *permanganate* of potash is the best antidote to the poison of snakes. The experiments were exhaustive, and deemed satisfactory. The scientist injected the active venom of a deadly snake, diluted with distilled water, into the cellular tissue and veins of a dog, and found that the antidote stopped the manifestations of venom injuries. The experiments were made in the presence of the Emperor of Brazil and a large company of scientists, and the fortunate experimenter has been decorated by the Emperor for his valuable discovery.

Certain rules should be observed in case of snake-bite, and perhaps will not be out of place if recorded here. Generally the wound determines the character of the snake; thus, if the marks left by the teeth are arranged in two lines of punctured wound, there is no need of anxiety, as the snake is not poisonous; but if the wounds are two punctures, remedies should be immediately applied, as in nine cases out of ten the animal is venomous. The following is the treatment to be adopted: First, if the wound is on the arm or leg, two ligatures should be made above it as tightly as possible, thus preventing the absorption of the poison; second, the wounds should be immediately opened to the depth of the puncture, so that the blood may readily flow, and for this purpose apply hot water, if at hand; third, the wound should be sucked immediately, either by the patient or some one else, or cupping-glasses, if at hand, applied; fourth, wash the wound with ammonia, and rub the vicinity with it; cauterize with a red-hot iron or sulphuric acid, butter of antimony, or nitrate of silver—all these are good if used immediately; fifth, take large doses of ammonia; one, two or three wineglasses, of the eau-de-luce; if this cannot be had, take from one to six glasses of brandy or whisky at short intervals, or sufficient to bridge over the prostration, as for this it is that whisky is used—it is not in itself an antidote; sixth, mad-stones, or charms, etc., are only to be used in case the patient wishes to die.

The poisons of all snakes have certain characteristics in common. In the fresh state, according to Drs. Weir, Mitchell and Reichert, of Philadelphia, the venoms are in the form of a slightly turbid yellowish fluid, varying more or less in degree of viscidity, odorless, and invariably of acid reaction. In their dried state they are soluble in water at ordinary temperatures, save for a slight cloudiness, which but slowly settles. Thus dried they resemble ordinary egg-albumen, and when prepared in small quantities in a porcelain capsule, innumerable radiating lines of fracture occur, which break the mass, the long, needle-like pieces closely resembling acicular crystals; indeed, the resemblance is so striking that the uninitiated are frequently deceived as to the true physical condition of the venom.

In describing the external symptoms produced by the different crude venoms, Mitchell and Reichert observe that such symptoms do not differ radically, except in degree. From all alike there is produced some primary heart-disturbance, temporarily lowered blood-pressure, fatal enfeeblement of the respiratory centres, local effusion of blood, with lessening or loss of its power to clot, and, when the animal subjected to the venom survives some hours or a day, noticable breaking down of the capillaries, and tending to putrescence and gangrene. Of the different poisons, cobra venom is the most intense in its poisoning power, that of the copperhead next, then the venoms of the moccasin and the rattlesnake. In the course of their researches these investigators have been led to consider that the serpent venom does not contain an alkaloid, as had been surmised by other inquirers, but that it is in every case made up of three distinct proteid bodies, of which two are soluble in distilled water and one is not. The first of these proteids they declare to be a peptone—*peptic venom;* the second, a globulin resembling paraglobulin—*globulin venom;* the third resembling albumen—*albumen venom.* Respecting the active properties of these particular parts, the following is deduced from the experiments related: The peptone venom, which remains uncoagulated by boiling, which will dialyze, and which responds to all the characteristic tests by which its place in the family of proteids is determined, is poisonous, but is far from possessing all the poisonous characters of the compound venomous fluid from which it is derived, being slower in its action, and producing local effects which are œdematous in character and ultimately putrefactive. The venom globulin, on the other hand, is a poison of such virulence that one-twentieth of a grain of it is sufficient to kill a strong pigeon in the course of two hours, and to give rise, within a few minutes after injection, to enormous infiltration of blood into the neighboring tissue. But this venom has no effect on the blood-pressure, in which it differs from the venom peptone, under which that pressure is reduced. The albumen venom is doubtfully poisonous, and, on the whole, the full action of the natural or crude venom, as it is produced by the serpent, may be considered as represented by the two distinctive parts, called by the authors peptone venom and globulin venom.

The juggling of the Hindoo fakirs with the deadly cobra is familiar to all, and it is now known that it is done at times without resort to trickery; but it is not generally known that similar experiments have been tried with the rattlesnake in this country.

Chateaubriand says: "One day, when we had stopped in a plain on the banks of the River Genedic, a rattlesnake entered our camp. We had a Canadian amongst us who played on the flute; wishing to amuse us, he approached the animal with this new kind of weapon. At the approach of his enemy, the splendid reptile at once coiled itself up spirally, flattened its head, puffed out its cheeks, and showed its envenomed fangs, while its forked tongue moved rapidly, and its eyes burned like redhot coals; its body became inflated with rage, rose and fell like a pair of bellows; its dilated skin bristled with scales; and its tail, which produced a sinister sound, oscillated with lightning rapidity. The Canadian now began to play upon his flute. The snake made a movement expressive of surprise, gradually drew its head backward, closed its inflamed mouth, and, as the musical sounds struck it, the eyes lost their sharpness, the vibration of its tail relaxed, and the noise which it made became weaker and weaker, and finally died away altogether; the coiled-up line became less perpendicular, the coils of the charmed snake opened, and in their turn rested in wider concentric circles on the ground. The scales of the skin were also lowered, and immediately recovered their wonted brilliancy; and, turning its head slowly toward the musician, it remained immovable in an attitude of pleased attention. At this moment the Canadian walked away a few steps, drawing low and monotonous tones from his flute; the reptile lowered his neck, opened a way among the fine grass with its head, and crawled in the steps of the musician who thus fascinated him, stopping when he stopped and following him when he began to move away. The snake was thus conducted from our camp, in the midst of a throng of spectators—as many redskins as Europeans—who could scarcely believe their eyes."

Of all the poisonous snakes of this country, the copperhead *(Ancistrodon contortrix)* is the most dreaded. It is also known as the cotton-mouth, moccasin and red-eye in the South. It is common from the Catskill region to the Gulf States. It attains a length of two feet; is of a hazel hue, the head having a bright coppery lustre. The copperhead conceals itself in shady spots in meadows of high grass, feeding upon small animals, and rarely attacking large animals unless stepped on; in this way horses are sometimes killed by them. The mother copperhead has also been observed to take its young in its mouth when danger threatened them.

The water-moccasin *(Ancistrodon piscivorus)*, from its pugnacious disposition, is perhaps more dreaded than any of our poisonous snakes. While the rattlesnake will slink away from danger, the moccasin will attack man or brute with savage ferocity, and thus is treated with respect by the negroes of the South. It is found from the neighborhood of the Pedee River to the Gulf States, and to some extent in the Mississippi Valley; while another species—the *Ancistrodon piscivorus pugnax*—is found in Texas, and called the Texas moccasin.

But the stronghold of the moccasin is in the vast swamp of Southern Florida, where the members of a recent expedition state that they exist in enormous numbers, having to be pushed aside as they advanced, and crawling into the boats and canoes at night. They are essentially water-snakes, chasing fishes and small reptiles in the streams of the rice-plantations. They may be recognized by the dark-brown colors on the upper portion of the head, and the yellowish line extending from the snout to or over the nostril. They rarely attain a length of over twenty inches, and are short in proportion.

In Tennessee one specimen of a moccasin—*A. atrofuscus*—commonly called highland moccasin, was found in 1833, and has never been seen since, so it would appear that there are three species of these reptiles. The latter is now in great demand by naturalists.

The moccasins show the same curious care for their young already mentioned. A few years ago a gentleman, directing some hands at work on the lawn of Dr. Phares, of Woodville, Miss., heard a low, blowing noise, and on looking saw a large water-moccasin, and a large number of young hurrying to her head and disappearing so rapidly that he first thought they ran under her. He soon discovered that they went into her slightly opened mouth, which was held close to the ground till they had all entered. She then attempted to escape, but was cut in two with a hoe. A large number of young, eight or ten inches long, were taken from her.

A gentleman in Georgetown, S. C., writes: "I had for several days noticed a very large moccasin coiled around the limb of a small tree near the pond. I concluded to capture it, and accordingly procured a large rabbit and placed it some way up from the pond, to tole her away from the water. She soon came down and disappeared under a large log; when next seen she was near the bait, having traced it along the log on its opposite side. When she had nearly swallowed the bait we made an advance; quickly disgorging it, she gave a shrill, whistling noise, and five young snakes ran from under the log and ran down the throat of the old one. We cut off her head and found the five young, which made efforts to get away."

One of the most beautiful snakes found in the United States, venomous, but not necessarily fatal in its bite, is the bead-snake (*Elaps*). It has permanently erect poison-fangs, but is extremely mild in its disposition. The coloring of the harlequin, as it is sometimes called, is exceedingly rich, the principal color being red, with seventeen broad black rings, each bordered with yellow. It ranges from Virginia to Arkansas, four other species being known in Florida and Texas. In South America they are extremely dangerous. They are generally found under ground, often being hoed up by the hands working at sweet potatoes.

One of the commonest of the non-poisonous snakes is the striped or common garter-snake (*Eutænia sirtalis*), ten species of which are known in the United States. In early Spring they are almost the first of the reptiles to roll out of their holes, where they have been hiding in balls or clusters. The writer has seen them in New York before the snow was fairly away. Though easily aroused, and striking quickly, their bite is little more than a scratch. In the Spring they are always hungry, and I have seen one chase a toad for fifty feet over a gravelly road, finally catching it. I captured the snake, and fed it with three adult toads within two hours. If the victim was seized by the head his fate was soon determined, for when a hind leg was caught, the other, for a while, seemed to offer an obstacle, and called to mind the story that once went the rounds of the papers, to the effect that a toad, seeing itself about to be swallowed, seized a stick and held it crosswise in its mouth, thus averting the danger.

The garter-snake is remarkably prolific, and in the Spring their numbers about pools are sometimes astonishing. It has been suggested that they are both viviparous, as well as ovoviviparous, from the fact that seventy-eight young have been taken from a single female, some being found free and others in sacks. With a brood of forty or fifty young, the striped snake would seem to have a difficult time in protecting its offspring by taking them in her mouth. They have this habit, however, as is well shown by some of the reports received by Professor Goode.

A writer from Chesterfield, N. H., says: "I saw a striped snake on the hillside, and noticed something moving about her head, and counted twenty little snakes, from one and a half to two inches long. I made a move,

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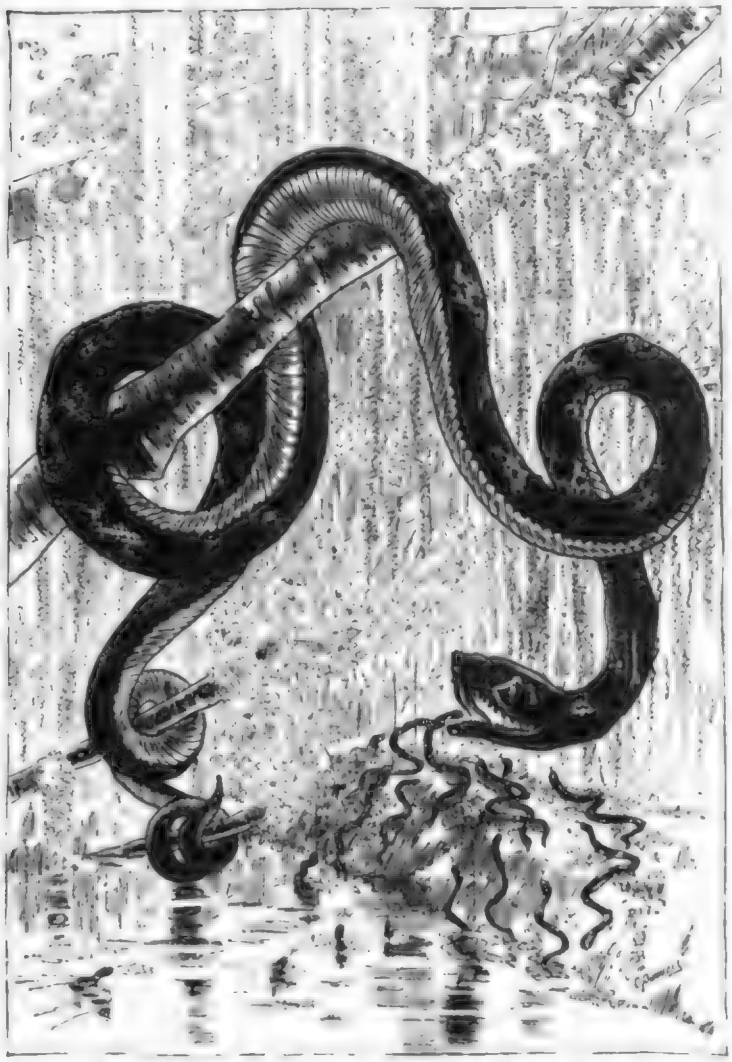
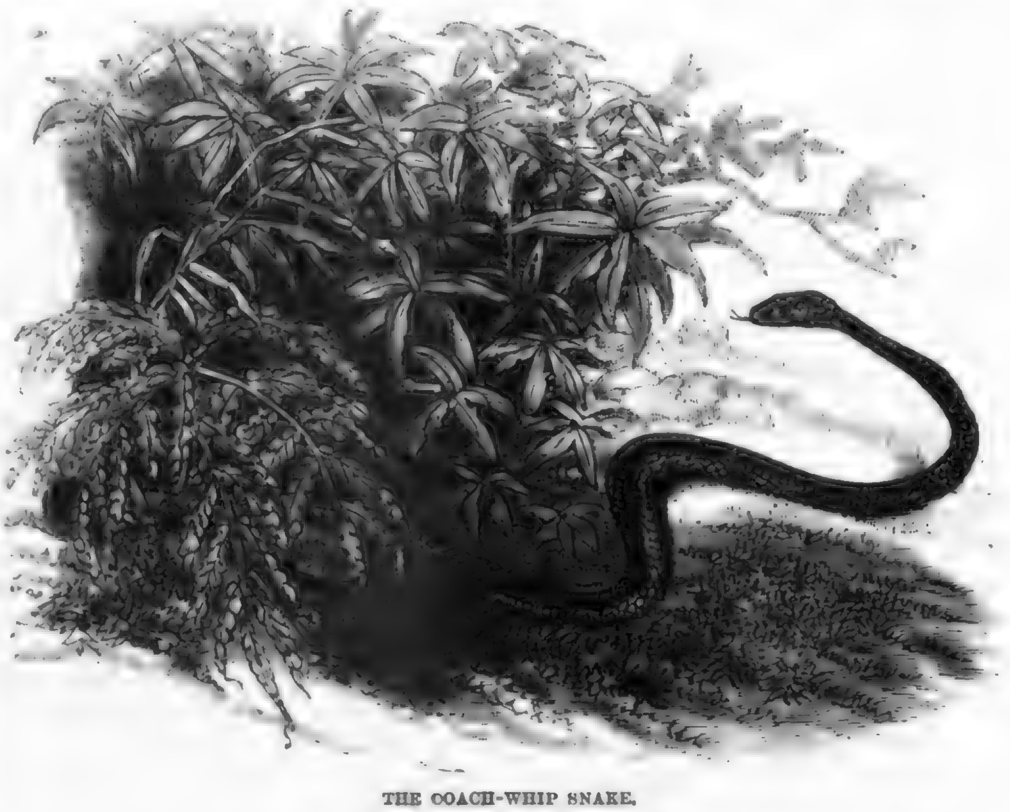


WATER-SNAKE RECEIVING ITS YOUNG IN ITS MOUTH.

and the old one opened her mouth, and they went in out of sight. I stepped back and waited, and in a few moments they began to come out. Then I made for the old snake, and killed her, and forced out several."

Another gentleman writes: "Some years ago I came across a garter-snake *(Eutænia saurita)* with some young ones near her. Soon as she perceived me she hissed, and the young ones jumped down her throat, and she glided beneath a stone heap. Another time I caught a snake of the same species, but, as I thought, of immense size, which I took home and put in a cage. On going to look at her some short time afterward, I discovered a great number of young ones (about thirty, if I remember rightly), and whilst I was still looking at the sudden increase, two more crept out of the old one's mouth, and finally, after a little while, a third one did likewise."



THE COACH-WHIP SNAKE.

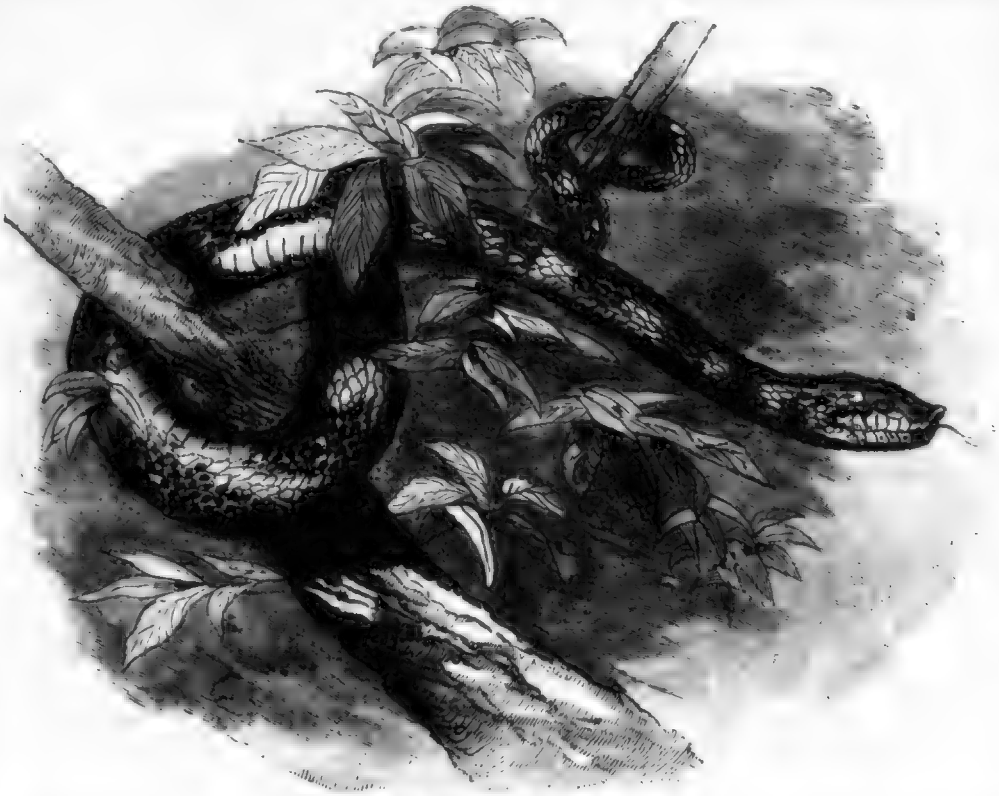
The black snake *(Bascanion constrictor)*, that is a match for the rattlesnake, often squeezing it to death, is a familiar form, and widely distributed. A party of hunters recently observed in Pennsylvania a black ball, two feet in diameter, rolling slowly down a hill, and found, on examination, that it was composed of hundreds of these reptiles. In appearance they are very attractive, from a decorative point of view, being of a steel-blue uniform color, with a rich tessellated arrangement of scales. In their natures they are wild, untamable, powerful and active foes, often engaging in encounters with other snakes, especially the rattlesnakes, quickly killing and forcing them to disgorge their prey. In their movements they are so rapid, that they are often called the racer.

In the breeding season they are bold, often going out of their way to attack passers-by, and have been known to chase an intruder for some distance. According to Holbrook, they will even descend from a tree to attack the one who is teasing them.

The black snake is the one that most frequently appears in the local press in the guise of a charmer, and as we have previously suggested, this power, so often imputed, is merely imaginary. The reptile preys upon birds in their nests, penetrating thickets in search of them; and often the cat-bird and the red-winged blackbird are seen acting strangely, crying and fluttering before the reptile in fear and rage, while thus *charmed*, frequently falling a victim in their attempt to protect their young. At such times, the cries of distress of the old bird have called a number of birds of different genera, who assemble to join forces against the common enemy, finally forcing it to retreat.

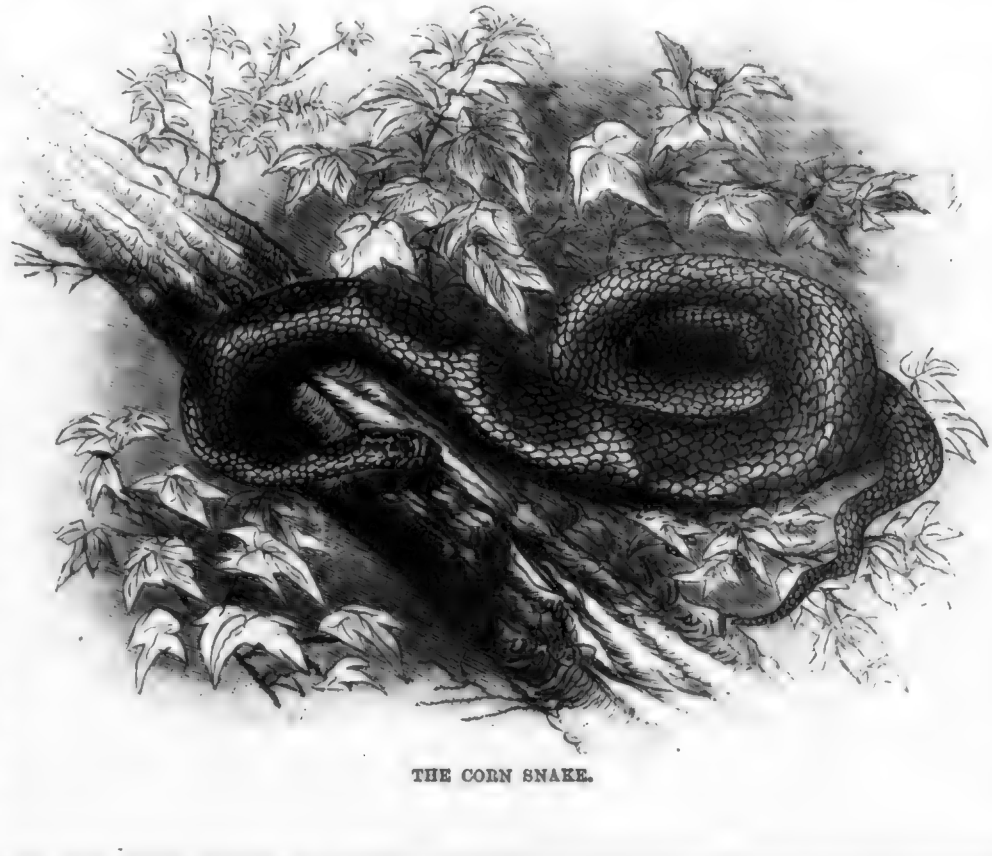
Like other snakes mentioned, the black snake is said to protect its young by taking them in its mouth. The Rev. Chauncey L. Loomis, M. D., of Middletown, Conn., saw the Alleghany black snake open its mouth, and seven young pass down its throat, upon which the mother darted swiftly away.

In speaking of this interesting phase of snake life, Professor Goode says, referring to the testimony on various genera: "The total number of testimonies in my possession is one hundred and twenty. Sixty-seven wit-



THE HOG-NOSE SNAKE.

nesses saw the young snakes enter the parent's mouth; twenty-two of these heard the young warned by a whistle, or hiss, or click, or sound of the rattles; five were considerate enough to wait and see them reappear when danger seemed over, one seeing the act repeated on several days. These saw young snakes coming out of a large one's mouth, and not having seen them enter, were naturally much astonished. Five struck the parent, and saw the young rush from its mouth; eighteen saw the young shaken out by dogs, or running from the mouth of the dead parent. Thirty-six of those who saw the young enter the parent's mouth, found them living within its body. Only twenty of the sixty-seven allowed the poor affectionate parent to escape. Thirty-three who did not see the young enter found them living within the parent's body. Testimony of this character concerning the ovoviviparous species is, however, to say the least, dubious."



THE CORN SNAKE.

The coachwhip-snake *(Masticophis)*, a long, slender form, of the Southern and Gulf States, from its attenuation and rapid movements, has been vested with remarkable powers by the credulous. The Indians formerly asserted that it had the power of cutting its antagonist in twain by its whip-like motions; others thought that it formed itself in a wheel by holding its tail in its mouth and rolling away. Many of these curious fables are still believed in the South.

An interesting fact concerning the common milk-snake *(Ophiobolus triangulum)* has been shown by Professor C. F. Brackett, of Princeton, illustrating how, immediately after birth, the young make use of their instinctive faculty. He says: "A workman who was mowing in my father's hayfield came upon a moist, moss-grown knoll, and his scythe cleft off a portion of the thick moss and sphagnum, and revealed several (at least a dozen, I should say) small soft bodies, which he declared to be snakes' eggs. I, at that time, having no knowledge of such matters, was incredulous, and proceeded to tear one of them open, when, to my surprise, there appeared a small, perfectly-formed milk-adder, which immediately assumed a pugnacious attitude, and brandished its tongue as defiantly as an old snake would have done. Other eggs were torn open with like results. Soon the old snake appeared, and after endeavoring apparently to encourage the young family thus suddenly initiated into the world, it put its mouth down to the ground, and every one that had been liberated from the egg voluntarily and hastily disappeared within the abdomen of the old one. Last of all, I put the point of a pitchfork through the old snake, and fulfilled the Scriptural injunction of bruising its head, when, with a pocketknife, I opened the abdomen, and found the young ones still active."

The hog-nose snake, or blowing adder *(Heterodon platyrhinos)*, common in the Eastern States, is, notwithstanding its disagreeable aspect, perfectly harmless.

Among the most attractive forms are the green snakes. The *Teptophis æstivus*, common in the South, is of a brilliant green color, and a perfect mimic of a vine, and would rarely be taken for a living creature when lying amid the branches of a tree. They have a habit of coiling in birds' nests, often surprising the egg-hunter by bounding away. Allied species, further to the South, have been seen to leap twenty feet into the air, falling to the ground and escaping. They are perfectly harmless, and, like the common green snake of the North, can be handled with impunity; are easily tamed, feeding from the hand. A lady once appeared in public with three such pets—one about her neck as a necklace, the others clasped about her wrists as bracelets.

The water-snake *(Nerodia sipedon)* is an extremely common form in the Eastern United States; and an allied form, known as the red-bellied water-snake, is common in Michigan, while several other species are well known in various localities. They are inoffensive creatures, and prey upon small animals. In Ohio they are quite common, and a farmer of Mechanicsburg, Ohio, says that, seeing a large one on Deer Creek, he procured a large pole for the purpose of killing her. One stroke slightly wounded her, and she immediately made for the water. After she had swam about her length, she wheeled, placing her under jaw just out of the edge of the water, then opening her mouth to the fullest extent. Some dozen young snakes, three to four inches long, then seemed to run, or rather swim, down her throat, after which she clumsily turned in search of a hiding-place. He opened her, and found about twenty living young snakes, two or three seven or eight inches long. This shows them to have the same peculiar habit noticed in so many others.

The water-snakes are generally found about water-courses, often hanging in the branches of trees over streams, into which they rapidly drop. Dr. Bell, the English naturalist, tamed a European species of this genus. His pet would distinguish him among a crowd, and crawl to him, passing into his sleeve, where it curled up for a nap. Every morning it came to the doctor's table for its share of milk. For strangers it had an aversion, flying and hissing at them when touched.

Among other snakes more or less known in the South is the king-snake (*Ophiobolus gelulus*), also called thunder-snake. They are richly mottled, and in Georgia attain a length of four feet. They are known to prey upon other snakes.

The coon, pine, fox and chicken snakes are other varieties more or less familiar, that space will not allow more than mere reference to.

In tracing the history of the snakes, we find that the earliest occurs, not in the Garden of Eden, but in the Eocene Tertiary period, and their fossil remains are found in various parts of the country. At this early time, millions of or thousands of years ago (the reader can make his own estimate), several species of a great water-snake *(Titanophis)*, at least eighteen feet in length, lived on the New Jersey coast. Remains of others, allied to the existing boa-constrictor, have been found in the Eocene lake deposits of the West; so, comparatively speaking, the snakes are of modern origin.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

In a recent article on the breeding and growth of oysters, Mr. Ernest Ingersoll points out the following facts in respect to the service of the shells to the animal, as a means of defense. Nature does not require the oyster to go abroad in pursuit of food, but undertakes, by a simple apparatus for inducing currents of water, that it shall be brought to them in a never-ceasing supply, without other exertion on their part than to open their mouths and sleepily let the nutritious streams course their way into and out of the digestive cavity of the body, where an automatic action of the stomach abstracts the food and rejects the superfluous water. With this fixed location and method of subsistence, oysters manifestly would have no occasion or opportunity to make use of weapons, either for active offense or for resistance. Nevertheless, Nature does not choose to leave them exposed to their foes in a fleshy mass, protected, if at all, only by stinging or bitter qualities which might make them noxious to the taste, such as are possessed by the unharmed hydroids and actinians. The only alternative, apparently, is to give them a stout armor. This is the service which the heavy shells perform in oyster-life. That it is only partly effectual, a short acquaintance with the subject suffices to show—a fact that seems to argue strongly against the validity of the view—that this matter was arranged with precision from the beginning, and must necessarily be the most perfect that could be devised. Protected by these shells, anchored immovably, the adult oyster sets at defiance the great majority of enemies which it would have good reason to fear were it naked. Its egg-stage and embryonic career were beset with perils which it had no means to guard against, and escaped wholly by chance. During its young life it was at risk of being eaten by a large number of creeping things and swimming things, against whose predatory teeth its then new tests were an insufficient safeguard. But now, in adult age, with feet well planted, muscles strong to hold its doors closed against intrusion, and a triple-plated, rough-coated shield of limestone over its head, the foes able to prevail against it are reduced from a whole sea full to a small catalogue of carnivorous fishes, mollusks, crabs and starfishes—the last most destructive of all.

Some highly interesting information has been brought to light by Mr. Horatio Hale concerning the Tutelo Indians, a tribe now extinct, who partly dwelt in Virginia, on the Upper Roanoke River, at the time of the settlement of Jamestown. Mr. Hale concludes, from his researches, that this tribe belonged to the great Dakota stock, now represented only by the Sioux and other tribes beyond the Mississippi. He believes, from a study of their language, that this tribe was the parent stock of the Dakota race, which probably long ago migrated across the Alleghanies, forced westward by incursions from both the Iroquois and Algonquin tribes living in the north. This remnant, the Tuteloes, were left behind, and after a time their language came to be the French or Latin of this part of the world, since it was universally understood by all the Indians living in Virginia. The Tuteloes were constantly at war with the Senecas and other Iroquois tribes, and finally were nearly annihilated, when they went to live in Carolina, with more powerful tribes, who might help them. After the great peace arranged among the Indians by Governor Spotswood, in 1722, the Tuteloes followed the Tuscaroras northwest and united with the Six Nations. Their settlements were near Ithaca, where, in 1779, their town was destroyed by Sullivan's expedition. Following this disaster, they fled with many others to Canada, and were given lands on Grand River. But the cholera epidemics of 1832 and 1848 swept the remnant of the tribe nearly away, and in 1871 the last full-blooded Tutelo died, in the person of old Nikowha. From him Mr. Hale obtained a list of words and many particulars, which are not only interesting in themselves, but of the highest relative value in clearing up the history of our primitive races.

The automatic records made by horographs in various parts of the world show that immediately following the great Javan volcanic eruptions of last year a succession of atmospheric gravity waves, propelled by the explosions, traveled round and round the globe. Four distinct transits are well ascertained, traces of a fifth, and indications of even a sixth wave appear. These waves, starting in all directions from Krakatoa, are only recorded east and west, since no instruments exist in northern and southern regions. From thirty-four to thirty-six hours were occupied by each wave in making the circumference of the globe; but variations in velocity, according to the great circle traversed, and according to direction, are observed. Thus the records show that the wave which followed the equator went more rapidly than that which passed across Europe—a fact supposed to be due to the greater heat of the atmosphere and the excess of water overland. Another interesting fact of late information concerning these extremely remarkable volcanic disturbances, is the distance to which the sounds produced were audible. Word comes from competent witnesses, who heard the report of the series of violent explosions which constituted the eruption, in Ceylon, Burmah, Manila, New Guinea, and on the west coast of Australia. Later writers in *Nature* assert that the detonations, sounding like distress-guns at sea, were plainly heard at Diego Garcia (Longitude 72 degress 35 minutes east of Greenwich, latitude 7 degrees 20 minutes south), and at Rodriguez. The former of these localities is 2,200 miles, and the latter nearly 3,000 miles, from Krakatoa; but the distance is unbrokenly across the waters of the Indian Ocean.

The geographical results of the Greely Arctic expedition most valuable to students are said to be the details in regard to the form of the western part of Grinnell Land, and the physical features of that area, together with the discovery of abundant game and evidences of recent Eskimo occupation in its northern part. The additions to the shore-line of Northern Greenland, made chiefly by Lieutenant Lockwood, are also of high interest, and confirms (if confirmation were needed) the deductions from data given by observation of the tides, that Greenland was an island, which was made by Bussels some time ago.

The remarkable investigations and results carried out by Bastian, Koch, Pasteur, and others, in the microscopic study of the bacteric germs supposed to originate the infectious or "zymotic" diseases, have produced a popular impression that the matter is fairly well settled. But conservative authorities assure us that "the number of diseases in regard to which a positive affirmation can be made that they are caused by a micro-organism, and by a specific micro-organism, is still very small, and neither cholera nor typhoid fever can as yet be included in that number." Cholera belongs only to that class in regard to which there is a strong probability that they result "from a specific germ, propagating amid favorable surroundings, and finding entrance to the system of the victim under favorable circumstances."

Something Like an Eye.—One of the wonders of the insect world is their marvelous eye-power. It is difficult, for instance, to strike a fly with the hand, because it has, figuratively speaking, got eyes at the back of its head, its four thousand eye-lenses enabling it to see all round. Each one of these eyes is a perfect one in itself. It has its own corner and its own lens. Some anatomists suppose that these eyes only form a single picture to the insect; but if they each act separately, as there appear good grounds to suppose, the vision of the human hand descending upon the fly in an aggressive manner must be telegraphed to its brain as a most monstrous picture of cruel fists. The common white (or cabbage) butterfly of suburban back gardens, is even more largely gifted with eyes than the fly. It has seventeen thousand eye-lenses—the same number as the dragon-fly. Beetles are still better provided, twenty-five thousand eye-lenses being the number allotted to them. "To creatures thus endowed with microscopic vision, a cloud of sandy dust must appear like an avalanche of massive rock fragments, and everything else proportionately monstrous."

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

At a negro ball, in lieu of "Not transferable" on the ticket, a notice was posted over the door: "No gentleman admitted unless he comes hisself."

"How do you like it?" asked a yachtsman of a young lady, as the boat went up and down in the trough of the waves. "Oh—I—I—it's too awfully swell!" was the distressed reply.

"Is it possible, miss, that you know not the names of some of your best friends?" inquired a gentleman of a lady. "Certainly," she replied; "I don't even know what my own will be a year hence."

A printer in Australia, whose office is half a mile from any other building, and who hangs his sign on the limb of a tree, advertises for an apprentice. He says: "A boy from the country preferred!"

"Tommy," said a fond father to his little boy, who had received a linen-mounted book of pictures as a present, "what are you crying for?" "Because I can't tear my picture-book, papa," was the ingenuous reply.

Nice Article to Fit.—A young man who took his affianced to hear Nilsson warble her sweetest songs, asked the young lady how she liked the singer's *répertoire*. "Very much, indeed. I think it fits her beautifully!" was the surprising reply.

The Mind-cure Doctress—"A person is never ill. If you think you are ill, you will feel ill; but you are not." *Patient*—"And if you think I pay you, you get the money; but then you don't? Oh, yes, I understand! It is very simple—delightfully simple."

A man who has just produced a book of poems met Gilhooly lately, and this was the conversation they had: "Did you read my book?" "Oh, yes, I read it!" "How did you like it?" "My dear sir, I assure you that I laid it aside with a great deal of pleasure!"

"Everything has its use," said a philosophical professor to his class. "Of what use is a drunkard's fiery-red nose?" asked one of the pupils. "It's a lighthouse," answered the professor, "to warn us of the little water that passes underneath it, and reminds us of the shoals of appetite, on which we might otherwise be wrecked."

"A Lawyer, Too."—A few days since a well-known lawyer, when about to start on a railway journey, after taking his seat, found, on looking over his change, that the clerk had given him a dollar too much. He accordingly returned, and informing the clerk of his mistake, handed back the money. For a moment the clerk stood speechless; then, recovering himself, exclaimed: "Please stand still one moment, sir, and let me look at you—and a lawyer, too!"

Medicine and Rhyme.—Dr. Jenner, having discontinued his professional attentions to a patient on account of her improved condition, sent a couple of ducks to the mother of the convalescent lady, accompanying the present with the following note:

"I've dispatched, my dear madam, this scrap of a letter
To say that Miss Lucy is very much better;
A regular doctor no longer she lacks,
And therefore I've sent her a couple of quacks."

The lady addressed returned thanks with this:

"Yes, 'twas polite, truly, my very good friend,
Thus a couple of quacks to your patient to send;
Since there's nothing so likely as 'quacks,' it is plain,
To make work for the regular doctor again."

"What is the matter?" asked a lawyer of his coachman. "The horses are running away, sir." "Can you not pull them up?" "I am afraid not." "Then," said the lawyer, after judicial delay, "run into something cheap."

"Are your domestic relations agreeable?" was the question put to an unhappy-looking specimen of humanity. "Oh, my domestic relations are all right," was the reply; "it is my wife's relations that are causing the trouble."

Rather Severe.—An empty coxcomb, having engrossed the attention of a company for some time with himself and his petty ailings, observed to a noted physician, who sat near him, that he could never go out without catching cold in his head. "No wonder," said the doctor; "you always go out without anything in it."

"I feel I am growing old," says the lady, mincingly, to her guests, "for really I am beginning to lose my hair." (Of course she has bushels of it, and it is black as a raven's wing.) "Then, ma," exclaims her little child, with the innocent frankness of infancy, "why don't you lock up the drawer when you put it away at night?"

At a recent marriage the bride was requested to sign her name in the register at the sacristy. Excitement caused her fingers to tremble; she took the pen, signed, and made an enormous ink-blot. "Must I do it over again?" she blushingly asked her husband. "No, that will do; but——" "Oh, don't scold me; I will pay more attention the next time!"

A Lady's Want.—"I want a Henry Two Eyes hat," said she. The assistant, altogether at fault, replied, "If you will excuse me a moment I will see if we have it in stock," and went away to see if anybody could tell her the shape nearest to a Henry Two Eyes hat. It was as good as a Christmas riddle, and wanted as much puzzling over as a society-paper acrostic; but at last they made out that what was required was a Henry II.

In the Concert-room.—*She*—"Isn't it lovely? I never did hear such delicious music. So tender, so plaintive, so refined, so soul-possessing!" *He*—"I am delighted to know that you are such a music-lover; but this is nothing to what you will hear when they have got through tuning their instruments." She wishes she had not begun her ecstasies quite so soon; but, poor thing, how was she to know that this wasn't a fugue, or a sonata, or gavotte, or something or other?

"Puts" and "Calls."—"My dear," said a young wife to her husband, who had been rather badly bitten in Wall Street at the time of the recent failures there, what is the meaning of the words 'puts' and 'calls' which I see in the newspapers so often?" "It means," he replied, with quite an unnecessary display of savageness, as his wife thought, "that when some idiot puts his money into the hands of a broker to speculate with for him and then calls for it again, he doesn't get it."

The Dim Future.—She hadn't made up her mind about it, and they were widely, oh, so widely separated—in the parlor from each other, maybe as much as three feet. There was a pensive silence, fringed with doubt, between them. She was engaged in deep meditation with herself, and was looking at nothing on the floor when he said: "Matilda, why not give me an answer to my proposal?" "Why, I was just thinking how you will look when you get old," she thoughtfully replied.

Mr. Clewdrop was slowly walking down the street, when he saw one of his friends wildly striding toward him. "What is your hurry?" asked Mr. C., catching him by the coat. "Don't stop me!" yelled the other, struggling to get free; "turn me loose!" "Anything wrong?" gasped Clewdrop. "No, no! but let me go." "What are you rushing for?" "Oh, hang it, I'm walking for a match!" "If that's all," smiled Clewdrop, feeling in his vest-pocket, "I can give you one without you walking yourself to death for a match."

Stout Attack.—At a Queen's birthday-ball, in India, Lord Dalhousie, states General Sir O. Cavenagh, happened to accost a portly and somewhat sanctified officer high on the staff, who was not given to ball-going, except as a matter of duty. Asking him what he thought of the gay scene before them, the worthy colonel replied that it was all vanity and vexation of spirit. "Yes," said Lord Dalhousie, pointing first to the glittering Star of the Bath upon the colonel's breast, "here is the vanity, and"—then lower down, where apparently there had been considerable difficulty in getting the buckle of the swordbelt to meet—"there is the vexation of spirit."

Self-delusion.—A stalwart and imposing Senator from a Western State was walking up and down the Senate-chamber behind the chairs. His hands met at the small of his back, and one of them held the other. His step was stately, and his head leaned forward a trifle. On his face was the far-away, abstracted expression which is usually interpreted to mean that the owner of it is in deep thought. On a sofa in the corner of the Senate-chamber sat a Senator from another Western State, talking to a friend. Pointing to the Senator who was pacing back and forth, in full view of the galleries, the sitting Senator said to his friend, "There's a man who is laboring under a very strange hallucination." "What is it?" inquired the startled friend. "Why, he thinks he's thinking!"

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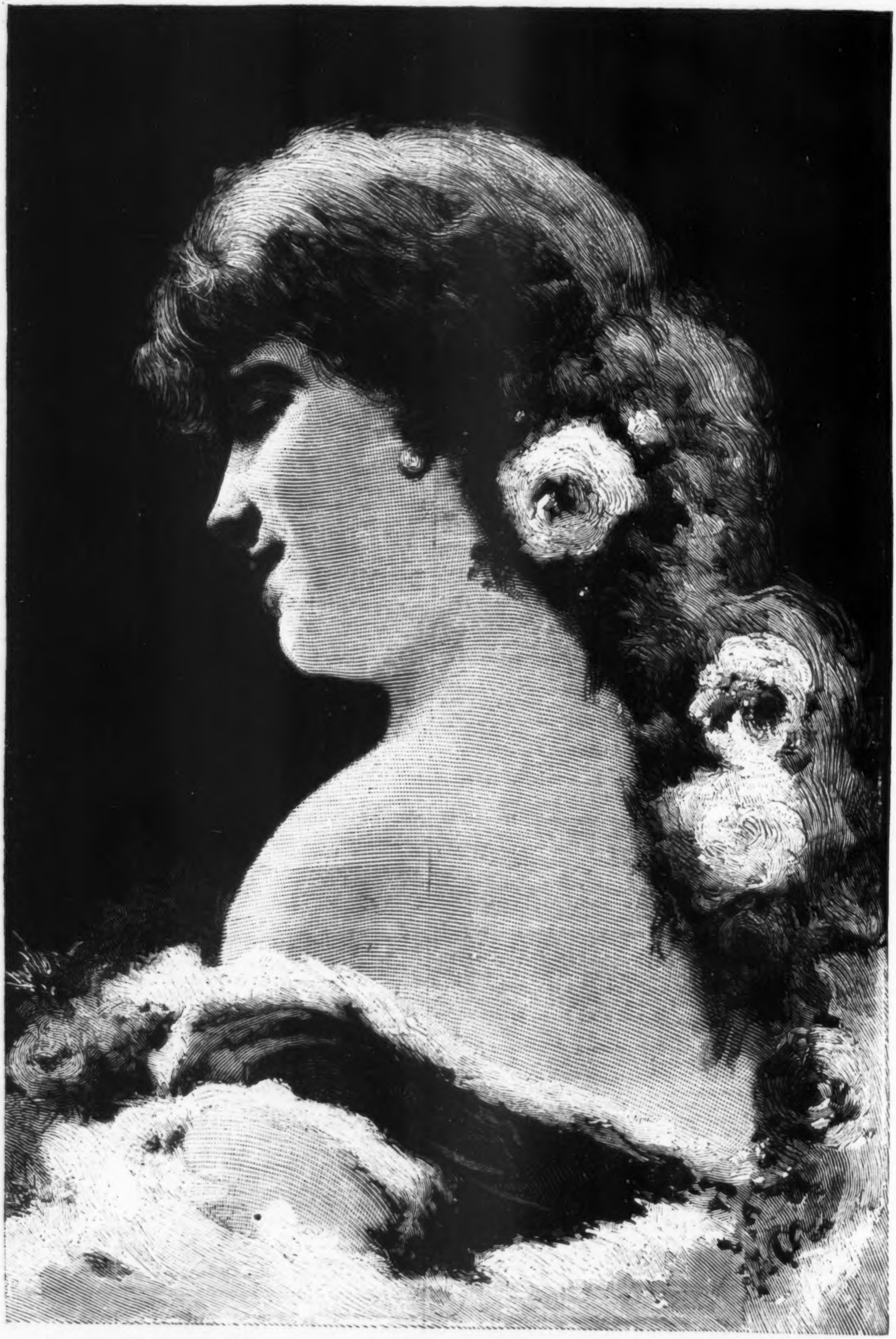

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